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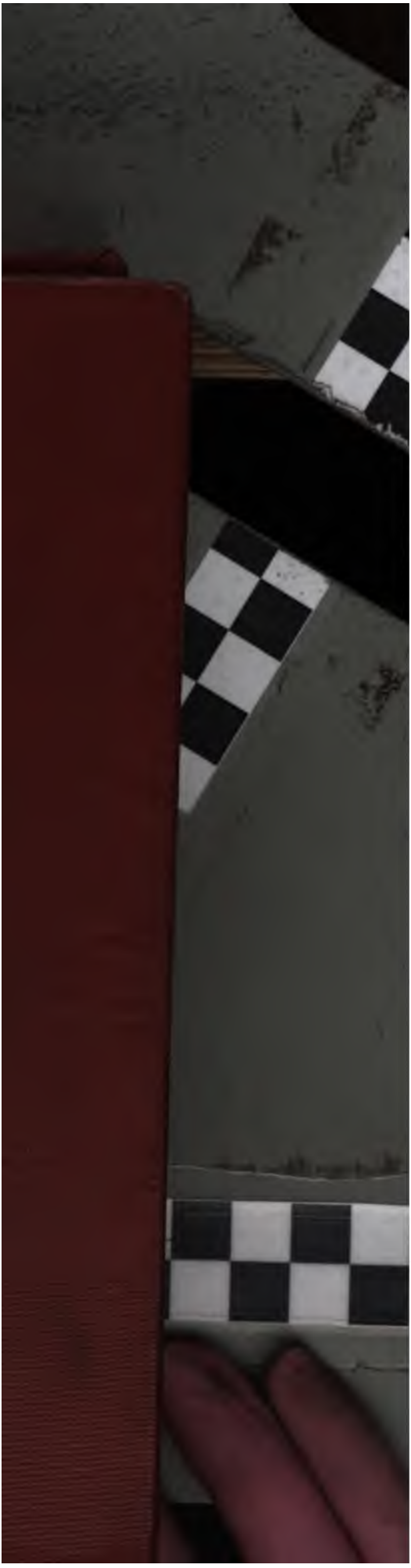

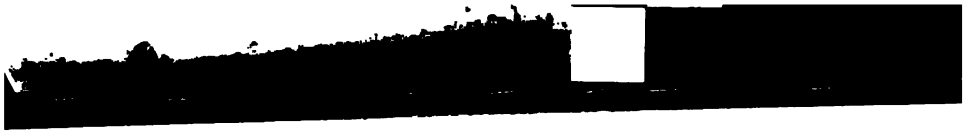

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FUGITIVE POETICAL TRACTS.

First Series.

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Fugitive Tracts

WRITTEN IN VERSE

WHICH ILLUSTRATE

THE CONDITION OF RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL FEELING IN ENGLAND

And the State of Society there during Two Centuries

First Series—1493-1600

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PREFACE.

THE value of contemporary monuments, however ſlight they may be individually, as materials from which the hiſtorian of a country or a ſpecial epoch may draw his information, is too generally underſtood and appreciated at the preſent time to render neceſſary any apology for the appearance of theſe two volumes. It is as well to ſtate that the preſent undertaking was ſuggeſted partly by Mr. David Laing's excellent volumes of "Fugitive Scotiſh Poetry, principally of the ſeventeenth century," 1825-53, 2 vols. 8vo.; and partly by M. Fournier's "Variétés Hiſtoriques et Littéraires," which form ten volumes in Jannet's *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne*. Great care has been taken, in this caſe, to give the preference to ſuch pieces as appeared to be more or leſs intrinſically important, and to poſſeſs higher titles to preſervation than their accidental rarity. The ſelection is ſufficiently varied in its range; hiſtory, biography, theology (chiefly

in the ſhape of tracts for or againſt the Reformation), and ſocial ſcience are fully repreſented; and the work has been divided into two ſections or ſeries, the firſt embracing the period from 1493 to 1600, the other, the ſeventeenth century.

I may alſo perhaps point out the exceptional intereſt of the productions from the preſſes of Pynſon and Wynkyn de Worde, with which the ſeries opens; the remarkable little relic from the pen of Sir Thomas More, and (above all) the ſingular tract by Thomas Newbery, called *Dives Pragmaticus*, of which the literary value ſeems to be almoſt entirely unknown, and which is not ſurpaſſed in curioſity by anything of the kind in our language. It is in every ſenſe unique, nor is it a very extravagant hypotheſis, that Shakeſpeare derived a hint for his Autolycus from this ſource.

The pieces have been ſelected from various libraries, public and private. It is hardly neceſſary to ſay that no collector, however ardent and however fortunate, could expect to become the poſſeſſor of one tenth part of the treaſures here aſſembled together in a ſhape tolerably convenient for reference. Of the ſixty-one tracts and broadſides forty-one are, to the beſt of my knowledge, unique, and all the others are of the utmoſt rarity; and it is a circumſtance which may be worth noting that Mr. Heber, the moſt indefatigable of

bookhunters, does not appear to have met with more than four out of the entire number, three of them being in the ſecond ſeries, only a ſingle one in the firſt.

Mr. Hazlitt, who undertook for me the ſelection of the tracts, with the ſuperintendence of them through the preſs, has furniſhed ſuch an account of each as appeared to be ſufficient for the immediate purpoſe, and it therefore becomes unneceſſary for me to add anything further in the way of explanation.

HENRY HUTH.

30 Prince's Gate.
March, 1875.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICES.

WHATEVER remarks occurred to the editor in preparing the ſheets for preſs, he has here placed by themſelves in the ſame order in which the tracts themſelves are arranged; and all that it now ſeems neceſſary to do therefore here, is to explain the general plan and principle on which we have proceeded. The original ſpelling and punctuation have been ſcrupulouſly retained, repreſentations of the old title-pages have been given ſo far as the letter-preſs portion was concerned, and in every material reſpect our reprints may be regarded as counterparts of the books employed for all purpoſes of reference. But where the early copy happened to poſſeſs a title with ſome common, but perhaps intricate, engraved border, it was conſidered beſide the object in view to reproduce it. The only exceptions to this rule are Nos. I., III., and XIII., where the graphic embelliſhments were clearly integral features, as it were, of the tracts, and where accordingly the illuſtrations introduced are fac-ſimiles. In all other inſtances we have contented ourſelves with the capabilities of type.

W. C. H.

Kenſington, *January*, 1875.

I.—*The Life of Petronylla.* [1493.]

This little poetical relic is deſcribed (not very accurately) by Herbert (edit. of Ames, pp. 285-6), from a copy then in the poſſeſſion of Mr. George Maſon. Only two appear to be

known, and one of them, formerly in the libraries of Mr. Bright and Mr. Corſer, of Stand, and now in that of Mr. Huth, has here been employed. As a piece of early metrical biography, coming almoſt within the ſcope of the *Legenda Aurea* or *Lives of Saints*, but not included in any ſeries which has been examined,[1] the *Life of Petronylla* is undoubtedly intereſting, and it has alſo its clear value as a ſpecimen of language, and as probably one of the earlieſt productions, if not *the* earlieſt, of Pynſon's preſs. Its appearance may be aſſigned to 1493 or thereabouts. The firſt book printed by Pynſon with a date belongs to that year. It is rather ſtrange that Ames and his followers, if they ſaw the tract, ſhould have merely remarked that it was "very old," without directing attention to the rudeneſs of its ſtyle, the abſence of ſtops and pauſes, and the unmiſtakeably early character of the type with which it is printed.

The cut, which occupies the opening page, is a facſimile of that which accompanies the old copy, and in fact our reprint follows the original exactly leaf for leaf. There is no regular title.

II.—*The Foundation of the Chapel of Walſingham.* [1493.]

The title of this tract was firſt mentioned, it is believed, by Hartſhorne in his *Book-Rarities of the Univerſity of Cambridge*, 8vo., 1829, and of courſe it is entered in Hazlitt's *Handbook*, 1867, p. 422. But it was unſeen by our earlier bibliographers and typographical antiquaries. The copy in the library of Magdalen College, Cambridge, is the only one known to exiſt. The tract conſiſts of four leaves without any regular title, Richard Pynſon's mark (but a different one from that employed in the *Life of Petronylla*) occupying the firſt and laſt pages. Here, as in the former piece, the language and typography are alike primitive; and there are no points.

[1] The life of St. Pernell in the *Vernon MS.* appears to be different. See Mr. Halliwell's *Account of the Vernon MS.*, 1848, p. 6.

III.—*The Virtue of the Mass, by John Lydgate.* [1500-5.]

In the eleventh stanza this production is expressly claimed by JOHN LYDGATE, yet it has never, to the editor's knowledge, been included in any list of his writings, original and translated—not even in the very complete one furnished in Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*, 8vo., 1802.

We have here an early specimen of Wynkyn de Worde's celebrated and prolific press, of which so many undescribed examples have occurred within the last twenty years. The unsettled state of punctuation at this time is illustrated by the capricious way in which we find the stops and pauses distributed throughout; and in Hazlitt's *Handbook*, 1867, the poem is, no doubt, placed too late, the editor having had at that date no opportunity of examining it personally. The copy to which we have resorted is preserved in the public library at Cambridge, nor is a second to be traced.

The allusions to popular beliefs in the eleventh page, though not conveying much novel information, are valuable from the antiquity of the composition in which they occur, and curious, besides, in connection with the supposed miraculous properties of regular attendance at mass. The name of St. Raphael, who is here commended as the patron of medicine, is not noticed by Nicolas in his list of Saints, nor do antiquaries record Gabriel the Archangel as the tutelary saint of "good rydynge."

IV.—*A Little Treatise that sheweth how every man and woman ought to fast on the Wednesday.* [1510-20.]

This is a pleasant little tract, and unlike most of the pieces of the kind and period, to which it belongs, appears to be original and indigenous. It is not unlikely that we owe it to the pen of Lydgate or some other devout and credulous clerk, who made it his aim to assemble in one point of view all the known cases, where folks had suffered or benefited by their neglect of the ecclesiastical injunctions in regard to abstinence,

or the contrary. The Engliſh examples are very curious, eſpecially that of the Duke of Norfolk, of which an account is given by Stow.[1]

The preſent production is now firſt republiſhed from a copy, preſumed to be unique, in the library of Magdalen College, Cambridge. The original, a ſmall quarto of four leaves, has no regular title-page, but commences with the head line given in our reprint, beneath which are four common cuts. At the end is one of Wynkyn de Worde's ſmaller devices. The piece is very careleſſly printed, and a few obvious errors have been rectified. It may be ſaid of this and the other publications of the ſame claſs and ſcope, which have gone before, that they have a ſpecial intereſt of their own, as throwing light on the religious feelings and opinions, which prevailed in England during the half century which preceded the Reformation, and ſhould be prized on that account, notwithſtanding the ſlender pretenſions which they have to literary and poetical merit.

V.—*The Paſſion of the Fox.* 1530.

This remarkable tract is very curſorily noticed by Herbert in his edition of Ames, p. 181. The original copy, now reprinted for the firſt time, and having the reputation of being unique, forms part of the public library at Cambridge. A ſhort deſcriptive account of it was communicated to the preſent writer by Mr. Henry Bradſhaw ſeveral years ago, and that will be found inſerted in the *Handbook of Early Engliſh Literature*, 1867, p. 659, to which analyſis or outline the reader may be referred. The ſcene of the alleged adventure is, it will be ſeen, laid near Shafteſbury; but Mere itſelf is in Wiltſhire.

[1] "The eyght of Nouember [1429] the Duke of Norfolke was like to haue beene drowned, paſſing from S. Marie Ouery ſtayres through London bridge, betwixt foure and fiue of the clocke at night, his barge being ſet vpon the piles [and] ouerwhelmed, ſo that to the number of 30. perſons were drowned, and the duke with two or three other that eſcaped were drawne vp with ropes."—STOW'S *Annales*, ed. 1615, fol. 369. This duke was John Mowbray, who enjoyed the title from 1424 to 1432.

The *Paſſion of the Fox* appears, ſo far as can be collected from the rather obſcure character and treatment of the ſtory, to be an allegorical narrative, originating in ſomething which the writer had ſeen in a dream; but it was well worth including in our Series from the curioſity of its ſtructure, its local intereſt, and its rarity. The paſſage where the fox bequeathes his ſeveral parts and qualities to individuals of different profeſſions or trades is of unuſual intereſt; it reminds us ſomewhat of one in *Wyl Buck his Teſtament;* and the idea is common to other productions. See Hazlitt's *Popular Poetry*, 1864, i. 91.

VI.-XII.—*The literary flyting betwene Thomas Smyth, William Gray, &c.* 1540.

The originals, from which theſe extraordinary effuſions are reproduced for the firſt time, are ſeven unique broadſides in the library of the Society of Antiquaries at Somerſet Houſe. They have been long well known to antiquaries and ſcholars, and Mr. Furnivall entertained an intention of reprinting them. The ſeries had its riſe in the ballad inſerted in Percy's *Reliques*, edit. 1812, ii. 68; which is ſuppoſed from collateral evidence to have been compoſed and publiſhed between June 11 and July 28, 1540; and there is little doubt that the whole controverſy was confined within the following month or two. The virulence and vulgarity of the abuſe exchanged between the two diſputants reminds us of the ſtill older, but not equally ſerious, paper-warfare between Dunbar and Kennedy, and between Alexander Montgomery and Sir Patrick Hume, of Polwart.

The initials *G. L.* attached to the laſt piece have not been identified. As to Gray, ſee Hazlitt's *Handbook*, 1867, and his *Collections and Notes*, 1875, *in v.*

XIII.—*The Book of the Fair Gentlewoman Lady Fortune* (1540), *by Sir Thomas More.*

This poetical trifle, as it was not improbably regarded by its illuſtrious author, has never been reprinted, not having been

included in the folio edition of More's *Works*, 1557. The original is preſerved in the library at Lambeth Palace, nor is any duplicate known. It is a coarſely and incorrectly printed tract of eight leaves, ſmall octavo ſize, with the cuts which we have re-engraved. They are of no particular importance, however, as the printer employed them indifferently on ſeveral occaſions, and that on the fourth page was his common device, being intended to typify the ſign of St. John the Evangeliſt at Charing Croſs.

Although the *Book of Lady Fortune* may be thought to poſſeſs no ſtriking poetical recommendations, the circumſtances ſeemed ſufficient to warrant its admiſſion into theſe pages. Some of the more palpable errors of the preſs have been corrected.

See Hazlitt's edit. of Warton's *Poetry*, iv. 90-1. Warton never ſaw the piece, however, nor Herbert; and Ritſon ſays: "The Book of Fortune is unknown."

XIV.—*The Upcheering of the Maſs.* 1547.

In the original edition, of which three or four copies exiſt, this ſatirical tract from a layman's pen forms a ſmall octavo or duodecimo volume of eight leaves. It may be preſumed, that it was written ſhortly before the Reformation, at a time when greater freedom of expreſſion was tolerated upon ſuch ſubjects, and the prieſthood had fallen into ſome ſhare of diſrepute. It proceeded from the well-known preſs of Day and Seres, and was evidently iſſued without any concealment or fear of ſuppreſſion.

XV.—*A Compendious Treatiſe in metre, by George Marſhall.* 1554.

Two copies of this tract, remarkable on account of the topic with which it deals, are known to be preſerved: one, from the collections of Mr. Chalmers, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Corſer, now in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Huth; the other in the library at

Lambeth Palace. It was altogether unknown to our earlier bibliographers, but is mentioned by Maitland and by Hazlitt. The title-page of the old copy is enclofed within Cawood the printer's ordinary architectural compartment.

The author profeffes to have conceived the idea of writing on this theme, while he lay in bed, penfive and reftlefs: a common artifice, in which he merely followed the poetical allegorifts, fome of whom had left him models beyond his powers of imitation. Marfhall is, in truth, a feeble and languid writer; and he perhaps defcribes himfelf more accurately than he intended or imagined, when he fpoke in the prologue of his work of his being "empty of learning, furnifhed with rudenefs;" but his "Treatife in metre" is entitled to attention, nevertheleſs, from the peculiarity of its character and the fcarcity of writers on the fubject about the Marian period.

XVI.—*A Brief Chronicle of the Bifhop of Rome's Bleffing, by Thomas Gibfon.* [1550.]

This, like the preceding article, is a fort of metrical fummary of the fubject of which it treats, arranged in chronological order, and taking our kings from Harold down to Edward VI., who was on the throne at the time of its publication, as we eafily collect from fome lines towards the end.

The author, Thomas Gibfon, was a native of Morpeth, in Northumberland. The Lambeth copy of his *Brief Chronicle* is believed to be unique.

XVII.—*An Anfwer to a Papiftical Exhortation.* [1550-3.]

This is alfo a production of Edward VI.'s time, and was likewife from the pen of a reformer. Of the two copies known to be in exiftence, one is at Lambeth, and the fecond was in a volume fold among Mr. Inglis's books four years ago (1871, No. 1138). From the *Anfwer* alone we learn that a piece, alfo in verfe, was publifhed with the title of *An Exhortation to avoid falfe doctrine*, and the original and the reply are here

publiſhed, we ſee, in alternate paragraphs. Like the *Upcheering of the Maſs* the ſtyle and metre are ſomewhat on the model of *A Poor Help*. All theſe contributions to one of the then great queſtions of the day—State Church man *verſus* Pope's man—deſerve to be made acceſſible. Some of the moſt important are given in Hazlitt's *Popular Poetry*.

XVIII.—*A Godly Pſalm of Mary Queen, by Richard Beeard.* 1553.

Beeard was incumbent of the church of St. Mary-at-Hill, London, and is known as the writer of two broadſides in verſe, connected with the celebrated controverſy between Churchyard and Camel, beſides the preſent tract. See Lemon's *Catalogue of the Society of Antiquaries' Broadſides*, 8°, 1866, pp. 10-11.

The *Godly Pſalm* now reprinted for the firſt time from a copy, ſuppoſed to be unique, in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, was unknown to Herbert, and though deſcribed by Ritſon, cannot have been ſeen by him, as he gives the date 1557, and does not mention the poem at the end by Thomas Bownell. The original is a ſmall octavo of ſix leaves.

The panegyrics on Mary are as few and ſcarce as thoſe on her two ſucceſſors are numerous. The literary worth of ſuch compoſitions is not uſually very high; but they have their points of intereſt, and are, as it were, "brief abſtracts of the time."

XIX.—*A ſhort anſwer to the book called "Beware the Cat."* 1561.

This broadſide, of which the only known copy is in the library of the Society of Antiquaries at Somerſet Houſe, has often been quoted, but never hitherto reproduced *in extenſo*. As it will appear on peruſal, the piece is a ſtrong doſe of invective, couched in the moſt unmitigated terms, offered to William Baldwin, editor and part-writer of that important hiſtorical miſcellany, *The Mirror for Magiſtrates*. Baldwin had

at ſome period—probably immediately prior to the publication of this groſs paſquinade—iſſued anonymouſly, but profeſſedly as by one Stremer, a very curious volume, entitled *Beware the Cat*, of which there were almoſt certainly four editions,—1561, 1570, 1584, 1652. The firſt reſts ſo far on the authority of Ritſon; of the ſecond, a fragment (including the title) was in Dr. Bliſs's poſſeſſion; an unique copy of 1584, wanting the title, but having a colophon, is now in the library of Mr. Huth, after belonging to a ſeries of collectors; while for the impreſſion of 1652 we muſt be content at preſent to truſt the not too truſtworthy Bagford. It is to be ſaid, however, in favour of the exiſtence of ſuch a book, and of the chance of it ſtill turning up, that Jane Bell, the alleged printer of it, was the ſucceſſor of the perſon whoſe name is in the colophon of the 1584 copy.

The whole of the preliminary matter attached to the edition of 1584 is given in Mr. Huth's volume of *Prefaces*, &c., 1874, pp. 69-75, and Mr. Halliwell printed a few copies lately of the entire work, but unluckily from an inaccurate tranſcript.

XX.—*Spare your Good.* [1560.]

This tract, it appears, was printed at leaſt thrice, before it came from the preſs of Antony Kytſon, and portions of a copy by Wynkyn de Worde are given in *Cenſura Literaria*, 1ſt ed. vol. 9. With the unique copy of Kytſon's edition in the Bodleian are bound up two ſmall fragments, each conſiſting of the title, with the text on the back of it, but in a mutilated ſtate. Theſe, however, ſeem to differ from each other, from Kytſon's quarto, and from the de Worde, in certain *minutiæ*, thus affording us ſubſtantial evidence of *four* impreſſions of the work. Three of them, it is true, exiſt only in a more or leſs fractional ſhape; but the teſtimony is ſufficient. In reproducing this highly curious piece from the only entire copy known, no liberty has been taken with the text beyond the correction of two or three palpable errors, ſuch as *ſholude* for

ſhoulde, &c. The original (a 4to. of four leaves) has the title over an ordinary ornament, beneath which occurs a large cut, as mentioned by Hazlitt, p. 571. There is no imprint.

XXI.—*A Book in Engliſh Metre of the rich merchant-man, called Dives Pragmaticus.* 1563.

We are deſirous of guarding ourſelves as far as poſſible againſt an overſtatement of the importance or rarity of any of the items forming part of this collection; but we believe that we do not exceed the truth in ſaying that the production now under notice is one of the greateſt curioſities in the entire range of early Engliſh literature. The book, a ſmall quarto of eight leaves, was unknown to Herbert; but Ritſon deſcribes it from the only known copy, at that time in the poſſeſſion of the Duke of Roxburghe, and at the Roxburghe ſale in 1812, purchaſed for the library at Althorp. To the liberality of the preſent Lord Spencer the editor has been indebted for the opportunity of inſerting the tract here. In every ſenſe it is unique; and many of the alluſions and illuſtrations are truly valuable. Probably there was ſcarcely an article in uſe at the period, which is not to be found named in this novel catalogue of goods on hand by our literary Autolycus. In fact, we ought to be prepared for a ſomewhat extenſive enumeration, when he ſtarts by telling us, that he has "to ſell of all thynges vnder the ſkye;" and accordingly there is every commodity, from a firſt-claſs merchant veſſel or the complete materials for conſtructing a houſe, down to a recipe for killing rats. The bookſeller and ballad crier, of courſe, are not overlooked:—

"Fables and balades, ſad, mery, and braue"—and he alſo advertizes—

"Primers and a b c es, and bookes of ſmall charge."

Here was a depôt, from which Captain Cox might have furniſhed out his entire collection in one morning!

XXII.—*An Anſwer to the Proclamation of the Rebels in the North.* 1569.

This and the following piece relate to the unfortunate rebellion headed by the Earls of Weſtmoreland and Northumberland, upon which conſiderable light is thrown by Sir Cuthbert Sharp's *Memorials*, 8°, 1840, and Dr. Raine's Surtees Society volume, *Depoſitions reſpecting the Rebellion of* 1569, &c. 8°, 1845. Herbert (edit. of Ames, p. 701) curſorily mentions the preſent piece, but had evidently never ſeen a copy; it was unknown to Ritſon; and indeed the copy, which occurred at Mr. Bright's ſale in 1845, was deſcribed as unique. At leaſt three others are preſerved, and our reprint is from one in the library at Lambeth Palace. A ſecond is at St. John's College, Cambridge; and another was a few years ago in the hands of a bookſeller at Norwich, from whom it paſſed indirectly into the collection of Mr. Huth.

Seres the printer, who ſubſcribes this *Anſwer* with his initials, contributed a ſhort metrical prayer to a little volume, alſo from his own preſs, entitled *A Dialogue agaynſt the Tyrannye of the Papiſtes*, 8°, 1562.

XXIII.—*A New-Year's Gift, by Edmond Elviden.* 1570.

A glance at this tract will ſhew, that it belongs to the ſame ſubject as the foregoing one. Its exiſtence was unknown to bibliographers, until a copy occurred at Mr. Bright's ſale in 1845, nor is a ſecond yet traceable. The deſtruction of ſuch books is neither to be regretted nor wondered at. The writer, who produced two or three other volumes of the ſame ſtamp, but without the hiſtorical intereſt of the preſent, was one of a ſchool of literary men who, in the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign, ſeem to have endeavoured to outvie each other in dryneſs and hardneſs of ſtyle, fantaſtic barbarity of expreſſion and monotonous alliteration. The riſe of men like Spenſer, Shakeſpeare, Drayton, Sackville, &c. entirely eclipſed them, and had the effect, no doubt, of transforming what it had coſt

them a good deal of trouble to put together into kitchen ſtuff, grocers' wrappers, and the like. The ſole inducement to preſerve ſuch a performance as Elviden's *New-Year's Gift* was its aſſociation with an important incident in Elizabeth's reign and (as it is believed) its abſolute uniqueneſs. The old copy is a ſmall octavo of 10 leaves.

XXIV.—*A true report of an horrible murder done in the city of Briſtow.* 1573.

The peculiar character of this little relic, of which an unique copy is in the Britiſh Muſeum (eight leaves in 8°), recommends it to attention. It is divided into two portions; the firſt being an account of the diſcovery of the murder during ſleep by the narrator, D. S.—initials not to be appropriated with any degree of certainty, unleſs they belong to the D. Sterrie, who publiſhed a poetical broadſide in 1586 (Hazlitt, p. 576); the ſecond conſiſts of "an Admoniſhment" or moral by Jud Smith, author of a verſion of Solomon's Song, 12°, 1575 (*B. A. Poetica*, No. 950, Ritſon's *Bibl. Poet.* p. 333, &c.) Notwithſtanding the abſence of poetical merit, there is ſomething attractive and intereſting in the little ſtory, as it is told by D. S. in ſufficiently copious detail, whatever may be thought of the quality of the *Admoniſhment.*

XXV.—*A Short Diſcourſe, by Thomas Nelſon.* 1586.

This and the three ſucceeding articles refer to the conſpiracy known as Babington's, about which ſeveral ballads, as well as other tracts by Whetſtone, Crompton, &c. appeared. The ſixteen perſons implicated were executed in September, 1586, and the proceſs of diſembowelling alive exerciſed on thoſe who ſuffered the firſt day made ſuch an unfavourable impreſſion, that the executioners allowed the ſecond batch to hang, till life was extinct. A highly curious and valuable MS., formerly belonging to Anthony Babington, of Warrington, and

containing poems by Nicholas Breton, among others his *Amoris Lachrymæ*, which is printed in his *Bower of Delights*, 1591, is in the library of Mr. F. W. Cosens.

Nelson, the writer of this tract, was a bookseller or stationer, and composed an epitaph on Sir Francis Walsingham, printed in 1590. See Mr. Collier's *Old Ballads*, 8°, 1840 (Percy Society), and Hazlitt, p. 415.

The *Discourse* itself, in fact, first appeared in the form of a broadside, which is to be seen in Collier's *Roxburghe Ballads*, 1847, p. 189; and the dedication, prayer, and names of the traitors, added as a novel feature, conveniently served to fill the quarto sheet, of which the original pamphlet consists. The copy here employed has passed through the hands of Mr. Bright and Mr. Corser, and is now in Mr. Huth's collection; another is in the British Museum.

XXVI.—*Verses of Praise and Joy.* 1586.

We have here another of the poetical tracts upon Babington's plot, and it is reprinted from the only copy known, formerly Bright's and Corser's, and now in the British Museum. It is a small quarto of four leaves. The most remarkable and intrinsically valuable portion is "Tychbornes Elegie," which is written with some degree of elegance, or at least pathetic propriety.

XXVII.—*Certain English Verses.* 1586.

These verses are extant, like the former, in an unique copy in the British Museum, from the Bright and Corser collections. The running title throughout is "The Triumphes of Trophes *in Saphic verses* of Iubiles," which was partly the editor's motive for transcribing the tract, as it precedes by just ten years the Sapphics which occur in Colse's *Penelope's Complaint*, 4°, 1596. See Mr. Huth's volume of *Prefaces*, &c., 1874, p. 161. The original is printed on four quarto leaves.

XXVIII.—*A Dutiful Invective, by W. Kempe.* 1587.

The prefent effufion, written in long lines, is no doubt to be attributed to the pen of Kempe, the Plymouth fchoolmafter, rather than to the popular actor, his namefake and contemporary, whofe talents lay in a different direction. The late Mr. Dyce, in his republication of Kempe's "Nine Days' Wonder," 1840, was the firft to fuggeft fuch a readjuftment of authorfhip; and we entirely concur in his view. Copies of the original are in the Britifh Mufeum and in Mr. Huth's library, and it is poffible that a third may be at Britwell. It makes four leaves in 4°.

XXIX.—*The Bleffednefs of Britain, by Maurice Kyffin.* 1587.

In the library at Lambeth Palace is an almoft uncut copy in the original vellum cover of this fomewhat tedious, though exceedingly loyal, lucubration by Maurice Kyffin. It is unique; and of a fecond impreffion in 1588, with additions, the only known copies are in Mr. Huth's library (from Mr. Corfer's fale) and in the Britifh Mufeum. The tract is an elaborate expatiation on the bleffings enjoyed by England under Elizabeth's rule.

XXX.—*Fame's Trumpet Sounding, by Henry Roberts.* 1589.

Roberts was an occafional writer of the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, to whofe pen we owe the long feries of fugitive trifles enumerated by Hazlitt. All are rare, feveral unique, and a few entirely loft. The Grenville copy in the Britifh Mufeum of *Fame's Trumpet's Sounding* appears to be the only one preferved; it is a fmall quarto of eight leaves. The difappearance of fuch things may be accounted for; but it is rather fingular that Roberts alludes, in his life of Mildmay, to "a booke in print nowe extant to be feene," called, according to a marginal memorandum, "A note to know a good man," and that, fo far as our prefent information goes, no fuch work

has ever been heard of. It may, however, have been publiſhed without Mildmay's name and under a ſomewhat different title.

XXXI.—*A Handful of Gladſome Verſes, by Thomas Churchyard.* 1592.

In the Britiſh Muſeum is a thick quarto volume, containing an aſſemblage of tracts, chiefly poems and pageants, by Dekker, Churchyard, Munday, &c. It is, for the moſt part, in the fineſt condition, and ſeveral of the pieces in it are unique — this production by Churchyard, which the poet ſpecially mentions in the liſt attached to his *Challenge*, 1593, being one. Compare Mr. Huth's volume of *Prefaces*, &c., 1874, p. 146. Nor is its rarity by any means its only title to attention; for in the courſe of the few pages of which it conſiſts, we meet with a fair number of intereſting references and a few paſſages of merit, looking back fondly on the "good old time."

XXXII.—*A Wiſhed Reformation of Wicked Rebellion, by Thomas Churchyard.* 1598.

If Robin Goodfellow had been at the compoſitor's elbow, while he was ſetting up this temporary pamphlet on affairs in Ireland, a more extraordinary ſpecimen of ſpelling could hardly have been the reſult, for it is nearly impoſſible to believe that Churchyard himſelf can have given his pen the rein, and put forth ſuch an orthographical abortion. The probability, on the contrary, is that the author, on diſcovering the havoc which the printer had made with his work (perhaps during his abſence), ſuppreſſed the piece, and deſtroyed it in diſguſt. At any rate, the copy at Lambeth ſeems to be a ſolitary ſurvivor; it is a production *ſui generis*. See Mr. Collier's *Bibli. Cat.* i. 137-8. Mr. Collier is of opinion that the ſpelling is in Churchyard's uſual ſtyle. It differs rather widely from that found in ſuch of his other productions as we have ſeen—notably, in the two included in theſe volumes.

THe parfite life to put in remembraunce
Of a virgyn mooſt gracious and entere
Which in all vertu had ſouereyn ſuffyſaunce
Callyd Petronylla petyrs doughter dere
Benygne of porte humble of face and chere
All other maydyns excelled in faireneſſe
And as hir legende pleynly doth vs lere
Though ſhe were fayre more commẽdyd for mekenes

And more ouer as hir ſtory ſayth
By petyrs doctryne and informacion
In cryſtis lawe and ſtable in that feyth
She was ſo groundyd for ſhort concluſion
Called the clere myrroure of all perfection
For good exaumple by goodys prouidence
Preuyd in ſekeneſſe hir lyf maketh mencion
In all hir ſekeneſſe had parfyte pacience

Though ſhe had of brennynge greate feruence
Twene colde and hote vexacion inportable
There was no grutchinge but vertuous Innocence
Gaue thanke to god of hert and thought moſt ſtable
From hir entent nat founde variable
So was ſhe groundyd on parfyte charite
Profeſſyd to god to pſeuere immutable
In hir auough made vnto chaſtyte

Hir perfection breuely to diſcryue
She was acceptyd ſo in the lordys ſight
To be noumbryd one of the maydyns fyue
Afore Jheſu that bare their laumpys light
Which may nat clipſe no derkeneſſe of the night
But euer Ilych abydinge in vertue
This Petronylla might cleyme of very right
To hir ſpouſe oure bleſſyd lorde Jeſu

And as hir lyfe recordeth by ſcripture
Of this virgyn by myracles full notable
It fyll onys of ſodeyne auenture
Petyr ſittinge ſadly at the table

With his diſciples ſuch as were mooſt able
In all vertue Titus dyd abrayde
And of compaſſion with lāgage reſonable
To ſaynt Petyr euyn thus he ſayde

With humble ſupport of youre audience
Peyſed youre power and youre holyneſſe
What may this mene concludynge my ſentence
That ye make hole all theym that haue ſekeneſſe
And Petronilla quaketh in hir acceſſe
Youre owne doughter in full pitous wiſe
And ye alas hir langoure to repreſſe
Lyſt nat onys byd hir ariſe

Saynt petyr thanne of faderly pyte
Bad hir ariſe and ſerue theym at the table
And ſhe all hole of hir infirmyte
He gaue hir charge to be ſeruyſable
She lyke a virgyn of port mooſt agreable
What euer he bad ſhe alwey diligent
Of humble wyll by tokenes mooſt notable
Lowly to accompliſſh his commaundement

And ſhe fulfylled his byddynge in certeyn
Withoute grutchinge of virgynall mekeneſſe
Petyr bad hir goo into hir bed ageyn
Lyke as toforne brennynge in hir ſekeneſſe
For criſtes ſake ſhe dempt it for rightwyſneſſe
And of humylite groundyd in all vertue
Hir maladye was to hir a gladneſſe
All that ſhe felt for loue of criſt Jheſu

On whom alone ſhe dyd hir hert grounde
Withoute chaunge or foreyn doubleneſſe
In hir prayers ſhe was ſo ſtable founde
Folke that were ſeke their langoure to repreſſe
And as hir life can truly bere wytneſſe
Hir inwarde herte ſo brent in charyte
Though god and nature gaue hir great fayrenſſe
Yit more commendyd was hir humylite

A pure virgyn perſeuered all hir lyfe
Both for condicions and great ſemelyneſſe
The Erle Flaccus deſired hir to his wyf
Cam and requeryd hir did his beſyneſſe
For hir port and womanly nobleſſe
Hir demenynge and gracious viſage
Albe that he excellyd in richeſſe
He beſy was to haue hir in mariage

To yeue anſwere ſhe was nat recheles
But alwey one of thought and corage
Toke him aſyde oute of all the prees
Benygnely and demure of langage
Gaue anſwere for hir auauntage
That he ſhulde the day of hir weddynge
Bringe matronys wyues maydyns yonge of age
Hir to conuey vnto his dwllynge

He gan reioyſe Flaccus anone right
In his inwarde hertly aduertence
Lyke hir requeſt this Erle this proude knight
Made him redy to come to hir preſence
She all this while lay in abſtynence
In prayer wakynge this virgyn vertuous
With fellicula mooſt preuy in ſentence
Of hir ſecrees brought forth in one hous

Of petronylla thus it is concludyd
Who ſo liſt her lyfe playnly to rede
Of his purpos Flaccus was deludyd
And by a preeſt callyd holy nychomede
Brought to hir couch and lyenge there bedrede
As god liſt for hir graciouſly to wurch
With hoſyll ſhrift yeldyd vp hir gooſt in dede
A parfite mayde preuyd of all holy church

Fellicula gan afore prouyde
Maugre flaccus to lyue in maydynhede
His loue his hate both ſhe ſet aſyde
Lyued vii dayes metles in dede

Slayne by this tyraunt which made hir ſides blede
Lyke rede roſes ran doun hir chaſt blode
And after that he ſlough nychomede
Laſt by deſpite at Tybre in the flode

Their martyrdome they dyd thus fulfyll
With roſys rubyfyed cōplete their paſſyon
With white lyllyes was holy petronylle
Magnefied for chaſt affection
Saynt petyrs doughter hir lif maketh mencion
Exſaumple of pacience in ſekenes whan ſhe lay
With purple wede to the heuenly mancyon
Hir ſoule went vp the laſt day of may

Which is a ſeſon playnly of the yere
That all ſoulys make melodye
And nightyngalys with amerous notys clere
Salueth Eſpus in hir armonye
The ſharpe thorne towarde the partye
Of hir herte kepeth wakyr hir corage
That nouther cokkowe nor howle by enuye
May for no flouth fynde in hir avauntage

Take of this mater an applycacion
To ſay parnell of herte glad and light
That euer was wakir of hole entencyon
To ſerue Jheſu nat fluggy day nor night
Callyd the nightyngale with heuenly fethers bright
Gaue thanke to god in langoure and ſekeneſſe
Venqueſſhid iii enmies thrugh grace of goddis might
And made hir ende in vrgynall clenneſſe

Petronilla virgyn of great vertue Oracio :
Clad all in floures of ſpūall freſſhneſſe
Petyrs doughter for loue of criſt Jheſu
Ladeſt thy lyf in prayer and clenneſſe
Of herte ay founde mooſt meke in thy ſekeneſſe
To do ſeruiſe with humble diligence
Unto thy fader thy ſtory be reth witneſſe.
Callyd for thy merytes myrrour of pacience

God and nature gaue the greate fayreneſſe
To excelle all other of port and of beutye
Trauaylyd with feuerys and many ſtronge acceſſe
Gaue thanke to god thy legende who liſt ſe
Vertu was preuyd in thyn infirmyte
Wherfore we pray with humble reuerence
Do mytigacion of all that ſeke the
And with their acceſſe vertuous pacience

Be mene to Jheſu for vs in all myſcheef
That he of mercy oure ſekeneſſe liſt aſlake
And of thy meritys more to make a preef
Socoure thy ſeruauntys where they ſlepe or wake
O bleſſyd Pernell nowe for thy faders ſake
Ageyne all acceſſys and ſtroke of peſtilence
All that deuoutly their praier to the make
Sende theym good helth with vertuous pacience

And who that cometh vnto hir preſence
On pylgrimage with deuocion
Late him truſt pleynly in ſentence
Shall fynde grace of his peticion.

Empryntyd by Rycharde Pynſon.

The Foundation of the Chapel of Walſingham.

[*In the unique original the only title is the printer's mark, with his name.*]

Of this chapell ſe here the fundacyon
Bylded the yere of cryſtes incarnacyon
A thouſande complete ſyxty and one
The tyme of ſent Edward kyng of this regyon

BEholde and ſe ye gooſtly folkes all
Which to this place haue deuocyon
Whan ye to our lady aſkynge ſocoure call
Deſyrynge here hir helpe in your trybulacyon
Of this hir chapell ye may ſe the fundacyon
If ye wyll this table ouerſe and rede
Howe by myracle it was founded in dede

A noble wydowe ſomtyme lady of this towne
Called Rychold in lyuynge full vertuous
Deſyred of oure lady a petycyowne
Hir to honoure with ſome werke bountyous
This blyſſed virgyn and lady moſt gracyous
Graunted hir petycyon as I ſhall after tell
Unto her worſchyp to edefye this chapell

In ſpyryte our lady to Nazareth hir led
And ſhewed hir the place where gabryel hir grette
Lo doughter conſyder to hir oure lady ſayde
Of thys place take thou ſuerly the mette
Another lyke thys at Walſyngham thou ſette
Unto my laude and ſynguler honoure
All that me ſeche there ſhall fynde ſocoure

Where

Where ſhall be hadde in a memoryall
The great joy of my ſalutacyon
Fyrſt of my ioyes grounde and orygynall
Rote of mankyndes gracyous redempcyon
Whan gabryell gaue to me relacyon
To be a moder through hymylyte
And goddys ſonne conceyue in virgynyte

This viſyon ſhewed thryſe to this deuout woman
In mynde well ſhe marked both length and brede
She was full gladde and thanked oure lady than
Of hir great grace neuer deſtytute in nede
This forſayd hour in haſte ſhe thought to ſpede
Called to hir artyfycers full wyſe
This chapell to forge as our lady dyd deuyſe

All this a medewe wete with dropes celeſtyall
And with ſyluer dewe ſent from hye adowne
Excepte tho tweyne places choſen aboue all
Where neyther moyſter ne dewe myght be fowne
This was the fyrſte pronoſtycacyowne
Howe this our newe Nazareth here ſholde ſtande
Bylded lyke the fyrſte in the holy lande

Whan it was al fourmed than had ſhe great doute
Where it ſhold be ſette and in what maner place
Inaſmoche as tweyne places were founde oute
Tokened with myracle of our ladyes grace
That is to ſay tweyne quadrates of egall ſpace
As the flees of Gedeon in the wete beynge drye
Aſſygned by myracle of holy mayde marye

The wydowe thought it moſt lykly of congruence
This houſe on the fyrſte ſoyle to bylde and arere
Of this who lyſte to haue experyence
A chapell of ſaynt laurence ſtandeth nowe there
Faſte by tweyne wellys experyence doth thus lere

There

There ſhe thought to haue ſet this chapell
Which was begonne by our ladyes counſell

The carpenters began to ſet the fundamente
This heuenly houſe to arere vp on hye
But ſone their werkes ſhewed inconuenyente
For no pece with other wolde agre with geometrye
Than were they all ſory and full of agonye
That they coud nat ken neyther meſure ne marke
To ioyne togedyr their owne proper werke

They went to reſte and layde all thynge on ſyde
As they on their mayſtreſſe had a comaundement
She thought our lady that fyrſte was hir gyde
Wold conuey this worke aftir hir owne entent
Hir meny to reſte as for that nyght ſhe ſente
And prayed our lady with deuoute exclamacyon
As ſhe had begonne to perfowrme that habytacyon

All nyghte the wydowe ꝑmanynge in this prayer
Oure blyſſed lady with heuenly mynyſtris
Hir ſylfe beynge here chyef artyfycer
Areryd this ſayd houſe with aungellys handys
And nat only reryd it but ſet it there it is
That is two hundred fote and more in dyſtaunce
From the fyrſte place bokes make remembraunce

Erly whan the artyfycers cam to their trauayle
Of this ſayd chapell to haue made an ende
They founde eche parte conioyned ſaunſfayle
Better than they coude conceyue it in mynde
Thus eche man home agayne dyd wynde
And this holy matrone thanked our lady
Of hir great grace ſhewyd here ſpecyally

And ſyth here our lady hath ſhewyd many myracle
Innumerable nowe here for to expreſſe

To

To ſuche as viſyte thys hir habytacle
Euer lyke newe to them that call hir in dyſtreſſe
Foure hundreth yere & more the cronacle to witnes
Hath endured this notable pylgrymage
Where grace is dayly ſhewyd to men of euery age

Many ſeke ben here cured by our ladyes myghte
Dede agayne reuyued of this is no dought
Lame made hole and blynde reſtored to ſyghte
Maryners vexed with tẽpeſt ſafe to porte brought
Defe, wounde & lunatyke that hyder haue ſought
And alſo lepers here recouered haue be
By oure ladyes grace of their infirmyte

Folke that of fendys haue had acombraunce
And of wycked ſpyrytes alſo moche vexacyon
Haue here be delyuered from euery ſuch chaunce
And ſoules greatly vexed with goſtely temptacion
Lo here the chyef ſolace agayneſt all tribulacyon
To all that be ſeke bodely or gooſtly
Callynge to oure lady deuoutly

Therefore euery pylgryme gyue your attendaunce
Our lady here to ſerue with humble affeccyon
Your ſylfe ye applye to do hir pleſaunce
Remembrynge the great ioye of hir Annunciacion
Therwyth conceuynge this bryef complacyon
Though it halte in meter and eloquence
It is here wryten to do hyr reuerence

All lettred that wyll haue more intellygence
Of the fundacyon of this chapell here
If ye wyll aſke kokes ſhall you encence
More clerely to vnderſtande this forſayd matere
To you ſhall declare the cronyclere
All cyrcumſtaunce by a noble proceſſe
Howe olde cronyclers of thys bere wytneſſe

O englonde great cauſe thou haſt glad for to be
Compared to the londe of promyſſyon
Thou atteyneſt my grace to ſtande in that degre
Through this gloryous ladyes ſupportacyon.
To be called in euery realme and regyon
The holy lande oure ladyes dowre
Thus arte thou named of olde antyqu[y]te

And this is the cauſe as it apereth by lyklyneſſe
In the is belded newe nazareth a mancyon
To the honoure of the heuenly empreſſe
And of hir moſte gloryous ſalutacyon
Chyef pryncypyll and grounde of oure ſaluacyon
Whan gabryell ſayd at olde nazareth Aue
This ioy here dayly remembred for to be

O gracyous lady glory of Ieruſalem
Cypreſſe of ſyon and ioye of Iſrael
Roſe of Ieryco and ſterre of Bethleem
O gloryous lady our aſkynge nat repell
In mercy all wymen euer thou doſt excell
Therfore bliſſed lady graunt thou thy great grace
To all that the deuoutly viſyte in this place

Amen [1]

[1] Beneath occurs Richard Pynſon's mark, as at the beginning.

¶ The vertue of ye mass.

YE folke all whiche haue deuocyon
To here maſſe fyrſt do your beſy cure
With all your inwarde contemplacyon
The morall menynge of our gooſtly armure
Whan a preeſt with mynyſters more and laſſe
Arayeth hym by recorde of ſcrypture
The ſame tyme whan he ſhall go to maſſe

Fyrſte ſe that your eyen be very contemplatife
And calleth vnto mynde with hole affeccyon
How the maſſe here in this preſent lyfe
Of gooſtly gladneſſe is theſe dyreccyon
To houe a memory all of cryſtes paſſyon
Our bame, our tryacle helth, our medycyne
Agayne gooſtly gladneſſe our reſtoracyon
As doctours remembre in theyr doctryne

Of dyſcrecyon yf ye lyſt to conſyder
As ye be bounte of very trouth and ryght
You to preſerue that ye do not ſlyder
Of all that daye for lacke of gooſtly lyght
Fyrſt euery morowe or phebus ſhyne bryght
Let pale aurora conducte you and dreſſe
Unto the chyrche of cryſt to haue a ſyght
For cheſe preſeruatyſe ayenſt all gooſtly ſykeneſſe

Entrynge

Entrynge the chyrche with grete humylyte
To here maſſe fyrſt at your vpryſynge
Dyſpoſe your ſelf knelynge on your knee
For to be there fyrſt at his begynnynge
And fro the tyme fyrſt of his reuysſhynge
Departe not tyll that he hath do
To all your werkes it ſhall be grete furtherynge
To abyde the ende of In principio.

Kepe you from noyſe and Iangelynge importune
The houſe of god is ordeyned for prayere
With ſyght and ſcelence ſadly dooth contynue
In your defaute that men no noyſe here
Gaſe not aboute demure of loke and chere
As I ſayd erſt tyll the preeſt haue do
Your good you ſhall encreaſe in fere
So ye abyde the ende of In principio.

In ſacryfyce of ỳ olde lawe
With the heed men offred vp the tayle
For a good begynnynge men ſholde not withdrawe
Tyll it were ended Moyſes gaue counſayle
A werke begon is of more auayle
If a good ende acorde well therto
And for encreaſe of your gooſtly trauayle
Abyde the ende of In principio.

Judica me deus.

The holy man the pere Celeſtyne
Lyke as I fynde wryten in his lyfe
Of dyrecte deuocyon & grace whiche is deuyne
By god inſpyrate ymagynatyfe
To enpreſſe the power of the fendes mortall ſtryfe,
Ayenſt theyr malyce for to make reſyſtence
Badde preeſtes ſholde with herte contemplatyfe
Before the awter in cryſtes hygh preſence

Say

Say fyrſt this pſalme with loke dyrecte to heuen
Iudica me deus) with hole herte entere
Theyr conſcyence purge fro the ſynnes ſeuen
Or they preſume to go to the awtere
The ſame pſalme ſette in the ſawtere
For a memoryall of the captyuyte
How Iheruſalem ſtode in grete daunger
At Babylon that frowarde fell cyte.

This pſalme complayneth as Lyre dooth recorde
Theyr longe abydynge within Babylon
Songes of theyr exyle myght not accorde
With the cantycles of Iuda and Syon
Of hope dyſpayred theyr comforte was nere gone
Lyke as this pſalme ſheweth in fygure
But god by grace reſtored them euerychone
Home to Iheruſalem by recorde of ſcrypture

Take of this pſalme the moralyte
Before reherſed and on the other ſyde
Be dylygent with all humylyte
On the maſſe folowynge for to abyde
Haue this in cuſtome and god ſhall the guyde
All that daye to gouerne thy paſſage
In what peryll ſo euer thou go or ryde
The to defende fro trouble and domage,

And to gyue folk the more occaſyon
To haue this pſalme in the more reuerence
And here the maſſe with more deuocyon
As they be bounde of trouth and conſcyence
I am full ſet to do my dylygence
After my ſympleneſſe this lytell pſalme to tranſlate
With humble ſupporte of your pacyence
Where as defaute is put the faute in lydgate.

Iudica

Iudica me deus.

O thou my lorde mooſt myghty and eterne
O gracyous Iheſu of mercy and pyte
Deme thou my quarell me alſo dyſcrene
Among myn enemyes or I encombred be
My dredefull enemyes that ben in nombre thre
The fende / the fleſhe / brygantes mooſt mortall
The falſe worlde full of duplycyte
O Iheſu helpe or they gyue me a fall.

Quia tu es deus fortitudo mea.

For thou arte lorde onely of brede and lengthe
Of ryght conſydered I dare ryght well expreſſe
Thou art my ſupporte and my ghoſtly ſtrengthe
Why wylte thou lorde ſuffre my ſympleneſſe
For to procede in ſorowe and dyſtreſſe
Whyle myne enemyes proudely me aſſayle
O blessful Iheſu of mercyfull goodneſſe
Graunte of thy grace that they may not preuayle.

Emitte lucam tuam.

Sende downe ẏ lyght lord sēde downe ẏ ryghtwyſneſſe
The lyght of thy grace for conſolacyon
Thy ryghtwyſneſſe my paſſage for to dreſſe
By parfyte prayer by contemplacyon
To reſt in quyete lorde ſende thy grace downe
Me to conuey that there be none obſtacle
Towarde the hygh hyll of ſyon
Within thy holy celeſtyall habytacle

Et introibo ad altare.

And I ſhall entre lorde to thyn awter
Made ſtronge in ſpryte grounded in ſadnes

The

The ver. of ỳ maſſe

For as me ſemeth courage face and chere
Reioyced ben with ſpyrytuall gladnes
My youthe agayne renewed to his freſhenes
Whiche of olde cuſtome in vyces was apalled
Tyll thyn experye gracyous goodnes
Hath my laſte ende agayne to mercy called

Conficebitur tibi in cythara.

I ſhall be ſhryuen and confeſſed vnto the
In thylke harpe whiche for our awter good
Was ſette and wreſted at caluarye on a tree
Whan all thy ſenewes were ſtrayned on a rode
Mary and Iohan vnder the croſſe ſtode
With wepynge eyen ſowned of tyme
Tyll the repaſt of our eternall fode
On eeſter morowe roſe vp before pryme

Quare triſtis es anima mea.

O thou my ſoule how mayſt thou heuy be
Syth cryſt hath bought the with his paſſyon
What cauſe haſt thou for to trouble me
Thy lorde was ſlayne for thy redempcyon
Gaue he not alwaye to thy refeccyon
On ſhyre thurſdaye in fourme of wyne and brede
His owne bleſſyd body in conſolacyon
And on good frydaye was not he for the deed

Spera in deo

Truſt in god and be ryght well certeyne
Uoyde of dyſpayre and ambyguyte
For vnto hym I ſhall be ſhryuen agayne
My gooſtly Ioye agayne all aduerſyte
Whiche of my chere is the felycyte

Whyle

Whyle he my ſocour is alas whome ſholde I drede
Agayne all worldly perylles and infernall pouſte
He ſpared not his blode for me to blede.

Interpretatio miſſe.

Upon his heed an amyte fyrſt he layeth
Whiche is a ſygne a token and a fygure
Outwarde ſhewynge grounded on the fayth
The largeable by recorde of ſcrypture
Is ryght wyſnes perpetuall to endure
The longe gyrdle clenneſſe and chaſtyte
Bounde on the arme the fauon dooth aſſure
All ſobreneſſe knytte with humylyte

The ſtole alſo ſtretchynge ferre on length
Is of doctours the aungelyke doctryne
Mowgre heretykes to ſtande in theyr ſtrength
From cryſtes law neuer to declyne
Cheſuble aboue with charyte to ſhyne
As bryght as phebus in his mydde ſpere
Holdeth euer his courſe in the ryght lyne
To frende and foo ſtratche out his bemes clere,

Parfyte preeſt made ſtronge with armure
Before the awter as chryſtes champyon
Shall ſtande vpryght make no dyſcomfyture
All our thre enemyes to vaynquysſhe & bere down
The fleſſhe/ the worlde/ ſathan the fell dragon
Fyrſt to begyn or we ferder paſſe
With contryte herte and lowe confeſſyon
And ſo to proſede deuoutly to the maſſe

To god aboue ſette holy his deſyre
So that his charyte ſhyne clere and bryght
Before the goſpell nedes he muſte haue fyre

Torche

Torche/ tapre/ or elles were candell lyght
Token that cryſt who conſyder a ryght
Is veray bryghtnes of lyght whiche is eterne
To chaſe awaye the derkeneſſe of nyght
In parfyte lyfe to guyde vs and gouerne

Officium miſſe.

Begynnynge the office by treble reherſe called
Of cuſtome vſed with the repetycyon
Tokeneth the fyre brennynge in the entrayled
Of olde prophetes by inſpyracyon
Whiche had a faythfull feruent inſpeccyon
Of cryſtes comynge by all theyr prophecyes
Of his byrthe and of his incarnacyon
For whiche the offyce is reherſed thryes

Kyrie and chriſte in nombres thryes thre
Wordes of greke playnly determyne
Kyrie for mercy callynge to the trynyte
With gooſtly grace his people to enlumyne
The nombre is token orders nyne
Our orayſons and prayers to preſent
To cryſt Iheſu mooſt gracyous and benynge
Goodly accepte the fyne of our entent.

Gloria in excelſis.

Gloria in excelſis nexte in ordre longe
Token of vnyte and of perfyte peaſe
At cryſtes byrthe herde in latyn tonge
Hygh in the ayre by aungelles doubtles
Preſent ſheperdes whiche of the encrees
Towarde bedleem holdynge a bryght ſterre
By grace enſpyred they put themſelfe in prees
To ſe thylke chylde whiche ſtynte ſholde our werre

 This

This treble peas in bedleem fyrſt began
Whan cryſt was borne of grace it dyde fall
Fyrſt peas bytwene god and man
Bytwene god and aungelles and alſo nacyons all
Grounde of this peas laye in an oxes ſtall
Poorely lapped lorde of the hyghe empyre
Let vs echone vnto his mercy call
Sende hym peas that hertely peas deſyre.

Orationes.

For all cryſten deuoutly for to praye
The preeſt at maſſe ſhall ſaye an oryſon
For lyuynge people that they may or they deye
Haue repentaunce ſhryfte and comunyon
Soules in payne releas and pardon
Grace thrugh all nacyons loue and charyte
Pacyence to the folkes in pryſon
Helpe to all nedy that lyue in pouerte

Epiſtola

The pyſtle nexte is fygure of ſonde
Whan cryſt fyrſt ſente as the boke maketh mencyon
His dyſcyples and made them take on honde
To preche his name in euery regyon
Peter/ Andrewe/ Iames/ Iohan he ſente downe
Theyr pyſtles/ by whome vertue gan ceaſe
All the ſynagoges dominacyon
And cryſtes fayth by vertue gan encreaſe

The pyſtle is a very token and fygure
As ſayen doctours of lawe and prophecye
Of cryſtes comynge by euydent ſcrypture
As patryarkes before dyde ſpecyfye
And Iohan baptyſt the ſone of zacharye
As a bedell tolde bow Emanuell
Before remembred of olde Iſaye
How on that name ſholde growe the goſpell

And

And ſembably ſo as the morowe graye
Is a meſſenger of phebus vpryſynge
And bryngeth tydynges of the gladde daye
So the pyſtle by prophecy of redynge
To vs declareth mooſt gracyous tydynge
Of the goſpell recorde for that partye
Mathewe the euangelyſt affermeth by wrytynge
Of Iheſu cryſt all the genelogye.

Gradale.

After the pyſtell foloweth the grayle
Token of aſcendynge vp fro gre to gre
In vertue vpwarde procadynge ſtondemele
The grounde fyrſt at humylyte
Ryſeth by grace faythe hope and charyte
With parfyte comynge and humble pacyence
With compaſſyon and fraternyte
In chryſtes paſſyon ſet hole theyr confydence

Alleluya.

Alleluya in ordre nexte followynge
Tokeneth prayer for our ſaluacyon
Thryes reherſed for our laude and prayſynge
With deuoute herte and hole affeccyon
Unto cryſt dyrecte that ſuffred paſſyon
Our ſouerayne lorde mooſt parfyte and good
The trayte the ſequence for ſhorte concluſyon
Songe in his laude that for vs ſhedde his blode

Euangelium

The goſpell begynneth with token of Tau
The boke fyrſt croſſed and after the forheed
Iheſus our ſhelde our ſtrength in all vertue
On good fryday cladde in purple reed
A crowne of thornes ſette ſharpely on his heed
Four euangelyſtes remembre it in ſubſtaunce
Us to defende from all worldly drede
In cryſtes' goſpell ſtande hole our cheuyſaunce

Credo

Credo.

The goſpell redde a crede after he ſayth
Solempne dayes for a remembraunce
Of twelue artycles lonynge to our fayth
Whiche we be bounde to beleue in creaunce
Rather to dye than ony maner varyaunce
In ony poynt were in our herte founde
For fayth with werke to god dooth grete pleaſaunce
Let vs therfore beleue as we be bounde

Offertorium.

By interpretacyon who wyſely can aduerte
The offertory is made of offrynge
As whan a man offreth to god his herte
Rycheſt oblacycyon rekened by wrytynge
And for Melchyſedeche bothe preeſt and kynge
Gaue breed and wyne to Abraham for vyctory
For whiche oblacyon in fygure remembrynge
In eche daye at maſſe is ſayd an offertory

Token that Iheſu our ſauyour and our lorde
Agayne our febleneſſe and our impotence
Reſt on the awter called goddes borde
His holy blode relykes of mooſt reuerence
We to receyue them with deuoute dylygence
In fourme of brede and wyne for a memory
Fygure that the lambe chefe of Innocence
Offred his body grounded of the offertory

Prefatio

Nexte the ſecrete after the offertory
The preface foloweth before the ſacrament
Aungelles reioyce with laude honour and glory
Fro heuenly courte by grace they are ſent
And at the maſſe they abyde and be preſent
All our prayers deuoutly to reporte
To hym that ſytteth aboue the fyrmament
Soules in payne they refreſhe and comforte

Sanctus

The olde prophete holy Iſaye
Sawe in heuen a crowne of dygnyte
Where Seraphyn ſonge with euery Ierachye
Sanctus / ſanctus / before the trynyte
After the preface reherſed tymes thre
With voyce melodyous and after that oſanna
With in excelcis before thy maieſte
Before the ſacrynge of our gooſtly manna

Memento

Of mementoos at maſſe there be twayne
The fyrſt remembreth of folke that ben alyue
The ſeconde is for them that ſuffre payne
Whiche by the maſſe be releued by theyr lyue
Out of torment as clerkes can deſcryue
Syngynge of maſſes and cryſtes paſſyon
And remembraunce of his woundes fyue
May mooſt auayle theyr remyſſyon

Eleuatio ſacramenti.

With all your myght and your beſt entent
Awayteth after the conſecracyon
At the lyftynge vp of the holy ſacrament
Sayth Iheſu mercy with hole affeccyon
Or elles ſaye ſome other parfyte orayſon
As ye haue in cuſtome deuoutly
Or elles ſaye this lytell contemplacyon
Whiche is wryten here in ordre by and by

Hayle Iheſu our helth our gooſtly fode
Hayle bleſſyd lorde here in fourme of brede
Hayle for mankynde offred on the rode
For our redempcyon with thy blode made rede
Stonge to the herte with a ſpere heed
Now gracyous Iheſu for thy woundes fyue
Graunte of thy mercy before I be deed
Clene houſell & ſhryſte whyle I am a lyue

O lambe vp offred for man in ſacryfyce
Nayled to the croſſe of mercyfull mekeneſſe
Whoſe blode downe trayled in mooſt pyteous wyſe
To ſcoure the ruſt of all my wyckedneſſe
Of all my ſynnes to the I me confeſſe
Now lorde mercy put not in delaye
But graunte me Iheſu of thyn hygh goodneſſe
Meke ſhryfte and houſell before myn endynge daye

O bleſſyd frute borne of a pure vyrgyn
Whiche with thy paſſyon boughteſt me ſo dere
For Maryes ſake thyne eeres downe enclyne
Here myne orayſon by meane of her prayere
The for to pleaſe teche me the manere
Uoyde of all vertue ſaue onely of thy grace
Graunte in the fourme lorde as I ſe the here
The to receyue I may haue lyfe and ſpace

My lorde my maker my ſauyour and my kynge
Whan I was loſt thou were my redemptour
Supporte and ſocour here in this lyuynge
Ayenſt all enemyes my ſouerayne protectour
My cheſe comforte of all worldly labour
Graunte me lorde confeſſyon and repentaunce
Or I of deth paſſe the ſharpe ſhoure
The to receyue vnto my pleaſaunce

Let thy moder lorde be preſent in this nede
That I may clayme of mercy more than of ryght
Myn herytage for whiche thou dydeſt blede
And graunte me Iheſu of thy myght
Eche daye of the to haue a ſyght
For gooſtly gladneſſe in to my lyues ende
And in ſpyryte to make myn herte lyght
The to receyue or I hens wende

O

O paſcall lambe in yſaye fygured
Our ſpyrytuall manna breed contemplatyfe
Sente downe from heuen whiche we be aſſured
Ayenſt all fone ſtrengeſt confortatyfe
Tokened in paradyſe vpon the tree of lyfe
Whiche ſholde haue reſtored Adam vnto his place
Graunte me Iheſu for a reſtoratyfe
The to receyue or I hens paſſe

Thou arte in fygure o bleſſyd Iheſu
Ayenſt Sathan myn heuenly champyon
My Ioſue my prynce of mooſt vertue
That henge ſeuen kynges vpon Gaboan
Gooſtly Sampſon that ſtrangled the lyon
And ſlewe the dragon with all his heedes ſeuen
Graunte or I deye cryſte for thy paſſyon
I may receyue this breed deſcended downe fro heuen

As I ſayd erſt of aungelles thou arte food
Repaſt vnto pylgrymes in theyr pylgrymage
Celeſtyall breed to chyldren that ben good
Fygured in Iſaac thyrty wynter of aege
To caluarye whan thou toke thy paſſe
O Iheſu mercy graunte or I be deed
And or decrepitus put me in dotage
To haue a repaſt of thy celeſtyall breed

By gooſtly truſt/ charyte/ hope/ and fayth
Myn aduertence my mynde and my memory
All of accorde my ſoule vnto the ſayth
Haue on me mercy o ſouerayne kynge of glory
Whiche ſytteth hygheſt in euenly coſyſtory
Iheſu let mercy ſurmount thy rygour
That thy paſſyon alaye my purgatory
Fyrſt by receyuynge of the my ſauyour

Pater

Pater noſter

For to excyte and meue your courage
To deuoute prayers of hole offeccyon
The pater noſter vnto all maner aege
Is mooſt accordynge & mooſt ſouerayne of renowne
Iheſus hym ſelfe made this orayſon
And taught his dyſcyples how they ſholde praye
Muſe not thereon make no comparyſon
To his doctryne all cryſten muſt obeye

Shorte and compendyous vpſtretchynge to heuen
Unto the heygh celeſtyall mancyons
Eche clauſe colde deuyded in to ſeuen
Mooſt notable gracyous petycyons
Clerkes all concluded in theyr reaſons
Aboue all prayers it hath the ſouerente
So it be ſayd in your affeccyons
Of ghooſtly loue and parfyte charyte

Without charyte auayleth no almeſſe
To clothe naked ne hongry folke to fede
Uyſyte the ſeke nor pryſoners in dyſtreſſe
Harborowed the poore nor none almeſſe dede
If charyte fayleth your Iourney may not ſpede
Nor all theſe vertues yf trouth be well ſought
Your pater noſter nor your crede
Where charyte auayleth lytell or nought

Beware ye preeſtes whan ye maſſe ſynge
That loue and charyte be not ferre abſent
O gooſtly people before make rekenynge
That your conſcyence and you be at one aſſent
Or ye receyue that holy ſacrament
Enuey and rancour that they be ſet aſyde
And parfyte charyte be aye with you preſent
That grace to godwarde may be our ſouerayne gyde

Pater

Pater noſter yf it be ſayd a ryght
It dooth exclude all imparfeccyon
So that grace holde the torche lyght
That charyte by true affeccyon
And feruent loue haue the domynacyon
From his place all hatred to remewe
That falſe enuy haue no poſſeſſyon
Whan this prayer is ſayd in his ordre dewe

Agnus.

Of agnus dei at maſſe be ſayd thre
The fyrſt twayne beſechynge for mercy
The thyrde prayeth for peas and vnyte
Agayne all perylles mortall and worldly
Cryſt as a lambe was offred on the croſſe
Grutched not but ſuffred pacyently
To make redempcyon reſourme our loſſe

This lambe remembred in Salamons ſonge
Called Cantycorum mooſt amerous of delyte
In reformacyon of our contagyous wronge
Somtyme was ſonge this lambe bothe reed & whyte
Reed and rubefyed by full grete deſpyte
His bleſſyd body with blode ſo was dyſtrayned
The aungelyke wytneſſe coude fynde no reſpyte
With blody droppes his face was ſo be-rayed

This paſcall lambe on Eeſter daye he roſe
Called bothe a lambe and a lyon
A lambe for offrynge whiche laye thre dayes cloſe
Low in the erthe for our ſaluacyon
But at his myghty reſurreccyon
He named was the lyon of Iuda
For whiche the chyrche reioycyng that ſeaſon
Syngeth for gladneſſe oftymes alleluya

This Agnus dei brought with hym peas
To all the worlde at his natyuyte
Grace gladneſſe of vertue grete encreas
For whiche the people of loue and hyghe degre
Kyſſe the pax a token of vnyte
Whiche kyſſynge playnly dooth ſygnyfye
How peas is cauſe of all felycyte
Of folkes gouerned by prudent polecye

Poſt comyn.

At the poſt comyn the preeſt dooth hym renewe
On the ryght ſyde ſay the Dn̄s vobiscom
Fyue tymes he doth the people ſalewe
Durynge the maſſe as made is mencyon
Fygure the daye of his reſurreccyon
Fyue tymes ſothly he dyd appere
To his diſcyples for conſolacyon
And fyrſt of all to his moder dere.

Salue ſancta parens he to his moder ſayd
Whiche was to her reioycynge ſouerayne
Whiche theſe wordes whan cryſt Iheſu abrayd
Upon whoſe vpryſt Mary Magdalyne
With wepynge eyen for conſtraynt of her payne
Abode the ryſynge of her lorde Iheſu
With other Maryes the goſpell telleth twayne
Brought oyntementes mooſt ſouerayne of vertue

Poetes ſaye that loue hath no lawe
Thynges well experte in theſe ladyes thre
Whiche woke all nyght and roſe or the daye dawe
Of womanhede and of femynte
Deſyre loue and womanly pyte
Cauſed them theyr Iourney for to take
Erly in the morowe the ſepulcre for to ſe.
Of cryſt Iheſu all nyght they dyde wake

Let

Let vs as truly in our inwarde entente
As erly ryſe maſſe for to here
With ſuche deuocyon as theſe ladyes went
With parfyte charyte and loue as entere
To ſyke theyr lorde and theyr ſpouſe dere
Take enſample let vs do no laſſe
By mortall menynge folowe we the manere
Erly eche morowe for to here maſſe

After the preeſt ſayth Ite miſſa eſt
He graunteth the people a maner of lycence
To departe and he towarde the reſt
Lyfte[th] vp his handes with deuoute reuerence
Prayeth for all ẏ were in preſence
To haue theyr parte of all that he hath do
Takynge theyr leue deuoutly with ſcylence
The ende abydynge of In principio

Departynge fro maſſe with peas and vnyte
Fygured was ſometyme in Exodo
Whan the chyldren of Iſrahell fro the countre
Retourned agayne maugre kynge Pharao
The reed ſe departed was in two
A pronoſtyke in theyr pylgrymage
That cryſtes maſſe ſholde vs delyuer ſo
From ſathanas myght out of all ſeruage

And eke as clerkes in bokes reherce
Concludynge accordynge all in one
How that Cyrus ſomtyme kyng of Perce
To pryſoners that were in Babylone
Gaue lycence and fredome for to gone
Iheruſalem agayne for to edyfye
Ryght as the fredome of vs euerychone
Renewed was by comynge of meſſye

As

As in deſerte chyldren of Iſrahell
Fedde with manna abode there forty yere
We cryſtes people folowynge the goſpell
Let by grace be of ryght good chere
Our ghooſtly fode at meet and ſoupere
Thrugh this deſerte all peryll for to paſſe
Beſt refeccyon to glad all our chere
Euery morowe erly to here maſſe

Lorde of thy grace whyle that we be here
In this deſerte of worldly wylderneſſe
With lyfe accordynge our maſſe for to here
That peas/ charyte/ compaſſyon/ & clenneſſe
Maye ſo contynue & ſhyne in theyr bryghtneſſe
With holſome hande and alſo almes dede.
To enſpyre the ryche to parte of they rycheſſe
With poore folke in heuen ſhall be theyr mede

Herynge of maſſe gyueth a grete rewarde
Gooſtly helth agayne all ſekeneſſe
And medycyne recorde of ſaynt Berna[r]de
To people Innocent that playne for wykeneſſe
To faythe refresſhynge in weryneſſe
And to folke that gone in pylgrymage
It maketh them ſtronge ſet them in ſykeneſſe
Gracyouſly to explete theyr vyage

The myghty man it maketh more ſtronge
Recomforteth the ſeke in his langour
Gyueth paceynce to them that ſuffre wronge
The labourer it bereth vp in his labour
To thoughtfull people reffresſhynge and ſocour
Gracyous counſeyle to folke dyſconſolate
Suſteyneth the feble conuayeth the conqueror
Maketh marchauntes theyr fayres fortunate.

It

It maketh men more meke to theyr coreccyon
In ghooſtly loue feruent and amerous
It gyueth ſwetneſſe and delectacyon
To all people that ben gracyous
True obedyence and folke relygyous
Grace at departynge & fayth ſaynt Johan to borowe
Defence of all enemyes malycyous
To all that here maſſe deuoutly in the morowe

Herynge of maſſe dooth paſſynge grete auayle
At nede at myſchefe folke it doth releue
Cauſeth ſaynt Nycholas to gyue good counſayle
And ſaynt Iulyan good hoſtell at eue
To beholde ſaynt cryſtofer none enemy ſhall hȳ greue
And ſaynt Loy your Iourney ſhall preſerue
Horſe ne caryage that daye ſhall not myſcheue
Maſſe herde before who dooth theſe ſayntes ſerue

Partynge fro maſſe begynnynge your Iourney
Call ſaynt Myghell you to fortefye
For ſodayne haſte and good proſperyte
And for good tydynge ſaynt Gabryell ſhall you gye
And Raphaell by recorde of Thobye
Shall be your leche and your medycyne
Maſſe herde you[r] hertes dooth applye
Theſe obſeruaunces to kepe eche daye or ye dyne

Albon for Englande / ſaynt Denyſe for Fraunce
Bleſſyd kynge Edmonde for royall gouernayle
Thomas of Caunterbury for his meke ſuffraunce
At weſtmynſter ſaynt Edwarde ſhall not fayle
That none enemy ſhall hurte nor preuayle
But ſaynt George ſhall make you frely to paſſe
Holde vp your baner in peas and in batayle
Eche daye whan ye deuoutly here maſſe

Sclm

Sclm Auguſtinum in faſciculus mo

Thus is the maſſe our ſpere and eke our ſchelde
Our myghty pauyſe our ſwerde and our defence
Our myghty caſtell ovr ſhyltron in the felde
Our ſtrengeſt bolkwerke agayne all vyolence
For who ſo euer abyde with reuerence
To In principio the concluſyon of the maſſe
Grace ſhall gyde hym and conduyte his preſence
Agayne all his fone of hygh eſtate or laſſe

That daye a man deuoutly here maſſe
Whyle he is preſent he ſhall not wexe olde
In goynge thyder his ſteppes more and laſſe
Be of aungelles nombred and I-tolde
His uenyall ſynnes rekened many folde
Of neclygence and othes that be lyght
They be forgyuen for grace paſſeth golde
And all that tyme appereth not his ſyght.

Herynge of maſſe letteth no vyage
As it hath well be proued in certayne
Prayers at maſſe dooth greteſt auauntage
With cryſtes paſſyon to ſoules in theyr payne
The maſſe alſo dooth other thynges twayne
To ſoul and body it dooth conſolacyon
If he paſſe that daye by dethe ſodayne
It ſtandeth for his houſell and communyon

Of meet and drynke receyued at the table
Maſſe herde before be more comfortatyſe
In double wyſe playnly this is no fable
To encreaſe of vertue called vegetatyſe
By remembraunce ſo as the tree of lyſe
Sholde haue preſerued Adam fro ſekeneſſe
So the ſacrament agaynſt all gooſtly ſtryſe
Reneweth a man that daye he hereth meſſe

So

So as manna was reſtoratyſe
To chyldren of Iſraell agayne bodely trauayle
Let vs well truſt in our ymagynatyſe
How moche the ſyght may helpe and preuayle
Of the ſacrament impoſſyble for to ſayle
Us to ſuſtayne in bodely gladneſſe
Agayne gooſtly fone more than plate or mayle
Namely that daye that we deuoutly here meſſe

Maſſe herde before the wynde is not contrary
To maryners that daye in theyr ſaylynge
And all thynge that daye that is neceſſary
God ſendeth to preuayle that daye in theyr fedynge
Women alſo that gone on trauaylynge
Folke experte haue founde therof a prefe
That haue herde maſſe in the mornynge
Were delyuered and felt no myſchefe

So as thyn heed hath a precellence
Aboue all membres in comparyſon
So cryſt Iheſu of magnyfycence
Thrugh his dyuyne dyſpoſycyon
Sette the maſſe for ſhorte concluſyon
As on ſhyrethurſdaye the goſpell ye maye rede
For a prerogatyſe aboute euery orayſon
To helpe all them that to hym call at nede

Some folke affyrme in theyr opynyon
And ſaye that they haue redde it in ſtory
A maſſe is egall to cryſtes paſſyon
To helpe ſoules out of purgatory
Of all vertues greteſt dyrectory
Whiche conuayeth and ledeth a man by grace
Herynge of maſſe enprynte in thy memore
To knele or ſtande and chaunge not thy place

All

All theſe thynges peyſed in a balaunce
Let folke on the morowe erly vp ryſe
Fyrſte of entent to do god pleaſaunce
In theyr hertes wyſely aduertyſe
No tyme is loſt durynge that ſeruyſe
For whiche let no man playnly be in doute
But god ſhall dyſpoſe in many wyſe
To encreaſe all thynge that they go aboute

Here endeth the vertues of the maſſe. Imprynted at London by Wynkyn de worde.

¶ Here beginneth a lytel treatyse that sheweth how euery man & woman ought to faste and abstayne them from flesshe on ye Wednesday.[1]

SEquuntur hic decem fructus & fertilitates . Ieiunij : et abstinencie . quibus omnibus . & singulis merita . ac premia . adquiruntur . prout hic Cõsequenter exarat quidam merista.

Ieiunare quidem . castigat corpora pridem
per quod calcatur . mundus deus & pamatur
Cor quoqz carnale . faciet cito spũale
Hoc opus vranicũ . menti dat flaminis actum
Et veniam vere . peccata que vult abolere
Pandere misteria . poterunt ieiunia dia
Sternũt & fastum . faciunt hominem fore castum
Et portas celi . referant cuicũq fedeli.

The wednesdayes/ astynence and holy fast
Haloweth mennes soules/ & maketh theym chast
In the mynde wherof/ clerely shall appere
This lytell brefe treatyse/ wryten in this manere

[1] These four marks indicate the places of four common cuts in the old copy.

In

In the worſhyp of Ihnu/ baptyſt and katheryn
Cryſtofre and margarete/ I make this doctryne
Why thou ſhalte faſt . or flesſhe leue
The wedneſdayes/ as I ſhall by examples preue.
Thyrty and one/ yf thou wylte take hede
And this lytell booke/ other here or rede

THe fyrſt cauſe is/ in ẏ begynnyge of lēt
Out of ẏ chyrche/ is put ẏ ſory penytēt
In token of Adam/ ẏ loſt paradyſe
for etynge of an apple/ of grete pryce

A thouſande . LL . yeres/ after noes floode
Was no wyne dronke . ne flesſhe ete to mañes fode
& for caynes ſyñe/ god curſed ẏ londe & not the ſee
Leue ẏ flesſhe the wedneſday & wt̃ fysſhe fede the/

Kynge edgar/ for loue of ſaynt katheryne
Made feeſtes the wedneſday/ with flesſhe & wyne
In a nyght to hym/ a voyce was ſende
Thou fedeſt not me/ but rather the fende

The duke of Northfolke/ with his meney
Rowed out on a tyme/ & drowned were they
All ſaue the lorde/ and one man in faye
That left flesſhe metes/ vpon the wedneſdaye

Mercury is lorde/ of marchauntes as I rede
Wherfore the wedneſday/ they faſt for good ſpede
And as they do penaunce/ for the worldes wele
I counceyll do ẏ the ſame/ for thy ſoule hele

Iſrahell thrughe faſtynge/ the reed ſee hath paſte
And Ioſue the conquerour/ whan that he faſt
All one daye ẏ ſonne abode/ or Gabaon were ſlay
Than fede the not wth flesſhe/ vpon ẏ wedneſdaye

The

The bysſhop of halomes harper/ all this he ſpake
That dyed longe afore/ he that wyll forſake
flesſhe on the wedneſday/ ſhall haue reſt and Joy
And for frydayes ſouper/ ſhall ſynge wele away

Moyſes faſt to take the lawe/ and ſo dyde helys
That in a fyry chare/ was lyft to paradyſe
Than leue ÿ flesſhe the wedneſdaye/ or on it thynke
Though ÿ haue but lytel more/ than brede & drÿke

Kynge Dauyd faſt for mercy/ nynyue dyde ÿ ſame
And had forÿyft of ſynne/ ÿ vēgeaūce hÿ by name
Than abſteyne the ofte/ thus ſayth ſaynte Auſtyn
He that ſerueth glotony/ is prompte to euery ſynne

Danyell faſted/ and ſawe the preuytees of heuen
And thrugh ÿ myght of god/ ouercame lyons .vii.
Than faſt ÿ whyle ÿ mayſt/ to be clene fro ſynne
for ÿ ne woteſt day ne houre/ whā ÿ ſhalt go hyne

Beſyde yorke a wyfe . this faſtynge toke
To breed and water/ and ones it broke
A fayre chylde her mette/ reprouynge her ſore
Chargynge her beware/ and do ſo no more

As blyſſed Bede/ telleth in his boke
Saynt neȝtan on a wedneſday . for etÿge of a doke
Was beten in his dreme/ full ſore of a chylde
That a moneth in his ſkynne ÿ ſtrokes he felt wylde

A nother cauſe I fynde/ ÿ on a wedneſdaye
Iudas ymagyned/ our lorde to bytraye
And hym to deth do/ as a ſeruaunt mooſt yll
Therfore on ÿ wedneſday/ ſomwhat leue thy wyll

xl. dayes Cryſte faſted/ euerlaſtȳge preeſt & kynge
Wherby his ſhepe ſperpled/ to folde he gan brȳge
And ouercame ȳ deuyll/ ȳ dampned is for euer
Than of faſtynge take hede/ & luſtes loue ȳ neuer

Ferthermore to the decre/ I praye that thou go
And rede de eſu carnium : in capitulo.
Where he ſayth the wedneſdaye/ the frydaye alſo.
Sholde be truely faſted to kepe men fro wo.

In vitas patrum eke/ who ſo wyll take hede
The frydaye to faſt/ ȳ wedneſdaye to abſteyne
from fleſhe and fatte metes/ is was decreed
To obſerue and kepe/ vpon a certayne payne

Saynt Nycholas a chylde/ bothe holy and meke
The wedneſdaye and frydaye/ but ones he ſeke
His moders breſtes/ but whan he wolde them ſpare
The holy gooſt hȳ taught/ thā leue thy luſtes fare

In Irelonde I rede/ of a full grete wonder
A quarry was fall/ and a man laye there vnder.
And was there fyue dayes/ and at laſt was ſhryue
for he dyd on wedneſday : forbere fleſh al his lyue

Ther was a ſhip of dartmouth : ſaylȳg to ſaȳt iame
They caſt out a deed mā/ thā came agayn ȳ ſame
& foūde ȳ body vpō ye ſtrōde/ ȳ ouer borde was caſt
That ſpake & [had] his rightes/ for wedneſday faſt

There was a ſhyp of .lxxx. called ȳ george of lyne
In whome there was truly/ more then. L. xl. men
And all were drowned/ and ſpylled ſaue twaye
That ete no fleſhe/ on the wedneſdaye

Our

Our lorde at his feeſt/ blyſſed brede and fyſhe
V. M. men he fedde/ and there was no fleſhe
Than whan thou ſoupeſt/ fyſhe loke thou vſe
And whyte mete at thy borde/ ẏ ſhalt not refuſe

The wedneſday in ẏ olde lawe/ was faſted truely
For the better helthe/ bodely and gooſtly
Than vſe ẏ no fatte meetes/ ẏ daye in thy dyſhe
Though ẏ make. ij. meles/ ete white mete or fyſhe

Vnder a caſtell wall/ there was founde a man
L. yere. &. l. in the duchy of Vyan
Thyſe wordes he ſpake/ for the wedneſday
Vntyll I haue a preeſt/ I ſhall neuer deye

In a wedneſdaye forſothe/ as I tell it you
He began his faſtynge/ our lorde Iheſu
Than do ẏ ẏ ſame/ I counceyll the & praye
All maner fatte metes/ leue ẏ the wedneſdaye

Beſyde bryſtowe I fyde/ ẏ there was a man
Whiche for faute of riches/ banned hym to ſathan/
He tumbled ouer a clyffe/ his body all to brake
Yet he had his ryghtes/ for wedneſdayes ſake

The wedneſday I rede/ cryſt heled a man
Of the fallynge euyll/ and he ſayd than
That prayer and faſtynge/ take this in mynde
Sholde hele ẏ ſykeneſſe. and a voyde ẏ fende

At the batayll of durhm/ I rede there was a hede
fyfty yere vnder erthe/ that laye ſo longe deed
A ſquyer herde a voyce/ ẏ rode the water by
For wedneſdayes faſt/ after a preeſt I crye

For

For helthe of the ſoule/ all this is ſpoke
Now for the body/ a medycyne thou loke
As Gaylen the leche/ ſayth chaunge thy mele
And truely thy ſtomake/ ſhall haue ẏ better hele

There was in dorȝet/ a grete meruayll to here
On a wedneſday/ was layde a capon to the fyre
Thre houres and more/ and euer he was rawe
Than leue ẏ fleſhe ẏ daye/ for reaſons ẏ I ſhewe

There was a man of lawe/ beſyde wodeſtoke
That fell from his horſe/ his necke was to broke
For he faſted the wedneſdaye/ euer ſpake the heed
Vnto I haue a preeſt/ ſhall I neuer be deed

In the worſhyp of god/ and ſaynt katheryn
Margarete and cryſtofre/ yf thou the abſtayne
For fleſhe on ẏ wedneſday/ & for Iohan baptyſt
Thou ſhalt not lacke : at thyn ende to haue a preeſt

The wedneſday the clargye and our faders afore
Forſoke fleſhe/ and ſome dyde moche more
Faſted to one mele/ theyr ſoules to ſaue
And the kyngdome of heuen/ the rather to haue
The whiche he vs graunte/ that hanged on ẏ rode
Cryſte that vs bought/ with his precyous blode.
A M E N[1]

[1] Beneath is W. de Worde's device.

THE PASSION OF THE FOX.

[*The first leaf, containing the title-page, is missing in the only known copy.*]

AMyddes Nouember that moneth myſty
Whan the ſonne full lowe his courſe dyd ron
As I ſuſpecte in the ſygne of Sagyttary
Without pleſaunce to man/ or confortacyon
Scantly that his bemes apered at none
The ſely byrdes alſo without noyſe makynge
On the bare bowes ſet/ as halfe in ſowne
For fere of blaſty wynter ſo roughly delynge.

In fantaſyes merueylous my mynde was pyght
For a fox whelpe that lacked alate
Though his maners wolde other/ Curribus he hyght
Full pleaſaunte in paſtyme/ pretendynge no debate
To no perſon lyuyng/ but a cruell fate
Enuy hathe hym banyſhed/ I wote not whyther
I fere me of dethe/ but god forbyd that
That ſuche myſchaunce ſhulde vs deceyuer.

O good god nowe haue I loſt my beſt
In his paſtyme/ when he was ſet
Famylyerly obeyenge moſt and leſt
His countenaunce full well dyd counterfet
Dyſſemblers all/ and his meet for to get
Full hyghe wolde he lepe his belles ryngynge
On a playne wall/ where his meet was ſet
Twelue fote and more/ ſo luſtely was the ſprynge

Forwarde and backwarde/ ouer a ſtaffe to lepe
Or in at an hope/ breſtly to dyſcuſſe
Worthe as many apes/ as may go or crepe
Marmoſetes or Catynes that be in felde or houſe
And as craftely he wolde take a mouſe
No catte more merueylous/ nor craftyer to watche
His ſeaſon lyke a fox/ thou was my Curribus
That neuer dyd murther/ by taſte nor by ſmatche.

Thou

Thou neuer deuoured/ pygge/ gofe/ nor capon
I thynke thy nature was chaunged to humylyte
Ufage dothe merueylous thynges/ loke well theron
Thefte nor murther/ none was founde in the
Yet a comune prouerbe is in euery countre
Ufage by no crafte may chaunge natures courfe
And to vfage is gyuen a fpecyall propryte
Tho it amendeth not/ yet fhall it not be worfe.

Let no man mufe tho my fox was gentle
Contrary to his nature/ for that dayly is fene
Some turne fro good to yll/ and fo do the people
And he is counted crafty/ that can conuey clene
And he be taken tarde/ all is not worthe a bene
Than fhall be folfe full lowe/ but my fox dothe
Kepe clofe and fo wyll I/ fomwhat do I mene
Myftruft not the innocent/ in what place that ye go.

Thus the day paffed/ and ftyll I was mufynge
On my poore fox/ but tythynges myght I none haue
Ofte my eres dynned/ as I herde the belles rynge
But fox fawe I none/ alas what myght I craue
My forowe to aflake/ fortune I dyd depraue
That fo turneth the dyes/ and varyeth oure chaunce
Yet on the goddes I called/ my poore fox to faue
Fro myfchaunce & murther & other mysgouernaunce

Thus as the nyght approched/ I wente to my chamber
Purpofynge by reft/ to refresh my brayne
But yet the fox in my mynde was euer
Many perelles caftynge/ I coude not refrayne
But yet aboute myd nyght/ though it was with payne
I fell in a flombre/ and fodeynly as me thought
A mayden apered/ of whome I was fayne
Her merueylous aparell/ was wonderly wrought.

In her vtter garment/ were coloures full many
As me thought thoufandes/ and that varyable
Some reed fome grene/ fome yelowe and motly

Me

Me thought that her chere was very amyable
The coloures to my ſyght/ many and chaungeable
Suche one I had not ſene afore to apere
Excepte it were yris/ that Ouyde in his fable
Counteth vnto Juno/ his mayden & his meſſangere.

Lege oui diũ. li. ii.

But what that ſhe was/ me thought at that ſeaſon
She toke me by the hande/ and bade me to aryſe
So forthe we wente/ to a ſtraunge regyon
In a parte of Aſia/ where as dwell Cymyryſe
Nexte to Amazonia/ who coude it well deuyſe
Where was a mountayne merueylous hye to ſyght
Within in that a caue of ſtraunge edyfyſe
Wherin ſhe ſayd/ I ſhulde reſt me that nyght

The wonderfull habytacle that we founde there
It paſſeth my reaſon to declare playnly
Excepte of the poete I borowe in this manere
Than may I ſhewe it/ thus was it truly
The Augy houſe of ſlepe/ that reſteth full ſurely
Where as no ſone ſhone/ nor beme dothe apere
But in maner as the owle lyght is contynually
Cocke nor dogge to trouble may be founde there

Without blaſtynge or blowynge of wynde troublous
Or ony noyſe elſe/ that myght be thought of man
But of a ſmall water/ of nature merueylous
Lethes it is called/ out of a ſtone it ranne
Pyrlynge on the grauell/ and as I ſawe than
The houſe without gates or dore it was alſo
No occaſyon of troube/ of beeſt ne of man
The way was full of papy/ in as I dyd go.

Lethes obliuio

And many herdes alſo/ to ſlepe full neceſſary.
Whiche thynges be mynyſtred/ acordynge to ſeaſon
The braynes to refreſhe/ with labours that be wery
And ferther as I behelde in this manſyon
A bedſtyd and a bed of merueylous facyon

In

In the myddes of the hall there ſawe I ſtandynge
In it lay and ſlepte/ the kynge of that regyon
The bedſtyd was of heben/ moſt worthy to a kynge.

Heben is a tymbre ẏ is black naturalli

Aboute hym lay dremes/ I am ſure without nombre
As be the leues thycke vpon the tre
Or ſtrawes in the harueſt/ or myddes of ſomer
Merueylous fourmes the ſhewynge without poſſybylyte
But as we entred yris of her propryte
Lyghted all the houſe/ and ſo wente to the kynge
She put of his dremes/ and waked hym properly
Scantly myght he ſe/ as to my thynkynge.

Iris the rayne bowe.

So ſlogyſhe he was/ that downe agayne he laye
As noyſe had me made none at that ſeaſon
She ſhoke hym by the chynne/ & fayre dyd praye
So he a waked/ his heed enclyned downe
Full well he knewe her/ and enquyre dyd he ſoone
What ſhe ment/ and what ſhe dyd in that place
Fro Iuno my lady/ her wyll loke it be done
As you wyll be contynued in her grace.

O god of ſlepe/ the refreſher of nature
By quyet reſt/ auoydynge care and thought
There is nothynge lyuynge/ but it is ſure
Sometyme of reſt/ for this I haue the ſought
The goddes Iuno wylleth/ that thou do els nought
But to this perſon/ thou make relacyon
Of this cruelty/ that nowe alate is wrought
The murdre of this fox/ and great exclamacyon.

Iris doth ſpeke.

Scantly theſe wordes that ſhe had fully ended
Acordynge to the ſentence that ye herde afore
Fro whens ſhe came/ ſhe quyckly than aſcended
Alone ſhe lefte me/ I was ſory therfore
He called vnto hym Morpheus and Phobotore*
Phantaſos alſo/ that merueylous were of perſonage
Theſe thre ymonge all other/ lay ſlepynge on ẏ flore
Of natures dyuers/ brothers of one age.

* Morpheus Phobotor Phantaſor be .iij. goddes of dremes

Morpheus

Morpheus ſayd he/ acordynge to kynde
Shewe thou this man after his petycyon
And Phobotor alſo let nought be lefte behynde
Phantaſos be not ſlowe to make relacyon
Of ſuche thynge as longeth by propre inclynacyon
To thy nature/ and than downe agayne
He layde hym to ſlepe as he was wont to done
I thought hym heuy heded/ or els of feble brayne.

Morpheus me thought began his kynde anone
To ſhewe me the ſymylytude of many a man
Theyr crafty ſubtylte in ordre to ſet ſoone
Phobotor my fox in a chayne had than
My herte was lyght/ and to hym than I ran
I groped for the fox/ but none founde I there
Phantaſos with a ſtafe loked ferſly/ and whan
I profered to come/ he bade me come no nere

Than ſayd Morpheus/ ones whan the fox eſcaped
And pleaſure toke to renne ouer the ſtrete
The curres hym bayed/ and that a ſowter wayted
Taken vp he was/ and kepte without mete
O renarde ye faſted/ bycauſe ye coude not gete
Your vytale I am ſure/ or was it deuocyone
But how ſcaped ye Curribus that ye were not bete
Often for the mayſters ſake/ cruelte is done.

Than was the fox by ſubtylte remoued
To a fortreſſe of enuy/ the ſurer to be kepte
And thretened to dethe/ pryuely was he houed
In an olde houſe/ ſo luſtely yet he lepte
By his belles men knewe whyther he was crepte
Delyuered than he was/ as knowen it is
And he had ſo dyed/ his dethe ſhulde haue be wepte
For nought myght be ſayd that he had done amys.

But nexte whan he eſcaped/ it was not to his eaſe
God knoweth in ỹ towne few frendes dyd he fynde
Theyr pryue workynge/ gate them ſmall prayſe

Morpheus ſheweth onely the ſymylytude of reſonable creatures. Photober ſomtime ſheweth ſerpents, byrdes, and ſuch vnreſonable. Phantasos onely ſtones, houſes, thoſe and ſuch thynge without lyfe.

How

How and what maner they dyd/ as can come to mynde
I ſhall declare ſayd Morpheus in ẏ ẏ cometh behynde
The paſſyon of the fox well it may be named
Pyte it is to ſhewe/ that people ſo vnkynde
Shulde hym ſo murther/ ẏ neuer yet was blamed.

Exclamatio inuidorum

NOw to dycloſe
How he brake loſe
ye may ſuppoſe
Great noyſe was made
Now kyll now ſlaye
That he awaye
Scape not this daye
They watched lane and ſlade
With ſtaffe clubbe and flayle
They wolde aſſayle
The ſayd ſaunsfayle
That Curribus
The chauntry ape
Shulde not them ſcape
It is no iape
To trouble vs
That brybre that theſe
With euyll preſe
Shall loſe his lyfe
For his mayſters ſake
Be it ryght or wronge
Seynge vs ymonge
He is out ſpronge
Anende ſhall we make
Some cryed hange hym
Some ſayd ſaue hym
Some wolde haue ſlayne hym
To haue his ſkynne
One aloude cryde
Gyue me his hyde
What ſoeuer betyde

It

It ſhall be myne
Who wyll me controll
To ſtoppe a hole
By cockes ſoul
In myne owne tayle
The wynde to alaye
That blaſt that waye
No man ſay naye
The fox to aſſayle
Gyue me his belles
I aſke nought elles
An other melles
To haue his chayne
Some without fayle
Called for his tayle
For his auayle
He wolde take peyne
Suche was the murmure
Done with ſuche rygoure
That to this houre
Ye dyd neuer here
Men that ſhulde haue wytte
Make ſuche a fytte
In playne deſpyte
And neuer the nere
The poore fox whelpe
As lackynge helpe
Couched lowe and ſlepte
To theyr thynkynge
For fere of dethe
Scantly toke brethe
Yet vndernethe
He loked ſlyrynge
Full lyke a ſpye
He caſt his eye
Ryght lothe to dye
Chryſt wot he was
He ſtode in fere
That ſo many were
Crepte to that cornere

To haue his caſe
Forthe ſtepte a dame
God gyue her ſhame
Nameles for blame
Yet ſhall ſhe be
Without pyte
She cryede on hye
Soone let hym dye
Wheron muſe ye
Alecto of hell
I may call her well
And there wyll ſhe dwell
Without goddes grace
With fylthy Theſypho
And Megers alſo
The forthe I trowe
She ſhal be in ſhorte ſpace
So in that hete
A ſtaffe full great
One of the ſtrete
Toke than full ſoone
Enuy out on the
For thou without pyte
Haſt made hym to dye
And now is he gone

Thre furyes infernalles Alecto. Megers. theſipho

My body for fere was colder than yſe
For the dethe of my fox/ Morpheus made relacyon
The dolour intrynſecate vexte me ones or twyſe
So ſore that my wyttes were brought to confuſyon
And to here alſo the rude exclamacyon
Made by enuy/ vpon a beeſt gyltles
Alas my herte mourneth for pyte and compaſſyon
That reaſonable people ſhulde be mercyles

Now often it is ſene the gyltles is blamed
And thoſe that be gylty be taken with the beſt
Wronge maketh ryght oftentymes aſhamed
And the greateſt at pleaſure deuoureth the leſt

Veryte

Veryte is glad to kepe hym in his neſt
And he out of his neſt apere/ he ſhal haue many a box
Who is ſtronger than wronge ẏ ſuffereth none at reſt
Chryſt knoweth all this apereth in my fox.

Thus I dyd complayne on fortunes gouernaunce
That ſo vnſtably had tourned a waye her face
Morpheus/ phobotor/ and plantaſos by chaunce
A roll they vnrolled in whiche moche wrytynge was
They bade me rede it/ ſo ſtandynge in that place
Me thought it ſhulde be the foxes teſtament
The letter was ſtraunge that I myght it trace
Rede or vnderſtande it/ but this was the intent.

The teſtament

THe fyftene kalendes of Nouember myſty
In the name of the kyte/ crowe/ and py
I Curribus of Mere dyoceſes of Sarum
Of ſubtyll mynde and wyl condo teſtamentum
Bycauſe that my bones may be at reſt
No iniury pretende to man woman nor beeſt
The fleſhe of my carcas bycauſe it is fayre
I byquethe frely to byrdes of the ayre
That they conuey it aboue the cloudes blake
My bones as ryght is let the erthe take
My mayſters of the chauntry ſhall haue my ſkyne
Gray amyſes to make whan they prebendes wynne
Myne eyes bryght I wolde blynde men had
Myne eres to the defe to make them glad
My tongue to thoſe whoſe tongue is nought
Tho it be longe it neuer lye wrought
The longe heres of my berde to the glayſer
My tethe to burnyſſhe to the boke bynder
My noſe to the vnwyſe that can not make a ly
My fete to ordre ſpyces to the potycary
My lyuer and my longes are medycynable
Take them who wyll I am agreable
My beſom tayle I wolde ſome fole had
That thynketh hymſelf manly or ſad

My

My coler ſo propre decked with belles
The moſt fole of the towne ſhall haue and no man els
My chayne to ſmall it is ywys
To ſerue for theues that do amys
Theſe longed to my carkas naturall
Yet other there be that paſſeth them all
My name y wys tho it be rude
I byquethe certes to ingratytude
My ſprynge chere to euery dyſſembler
My grynynge and laughynge to them ſhal be propre
My Ayes and wyles vnto the weuer
My flaterynge alſo to the bruer
My obedyens to euery good wyfe
My faſt holdynge to hym that wyll make ſtryfe
My lepes and ſkyppes of great quycknes
I gyue to ſeruauntes in theyr buſynes
More is to ſay but my dethe is to nye
Ouer me ſtandeth the ſtaffe without mercy.

Thus as I behelde my face waxed pale
To thynke on vnkyndnes it greued me ſore
Than began Morpheus to ſhewe a newe tale
And bade me retourne fro whens I came before
Than forſoke me Phantaſos and Phobatore
Thus alone was I in merueylous muſynge
I knewe not whiche way to go out of the doore
I layde me to reſt full nye to theyr kynge

Untyll the mornynge the cocke began to ſynge
Full ferre of it was/ but I folowed the fowne
Tyll I came to a gate all whyte ſhynynge
Of yuery were the poſtes/ and there ſate I downe
I began to rowſe/ to ſtretche/ and to frowne
Me thought (the nyght paſt) I called to mynde
My vyſyons merueylous/ ẏ vnkyndenes of ẏ towne
Alas than thought I/ how ſhulde I my fox fynde

I muſed on my dremes whyther they were trewe
The tales and tokens I had well in mynde

Yet thought I them but vanytes and tryfles newe
I counted no perſon that a man ſhulde fynde
Without cauſe gyuynge that wolde be ſo vnkynde
So at that ſeaſon I ſet it at lytell pryce
I went to the churche/ my conſcyence to vnbynde
My duty to be doone/ there ſayd I my ſeruyce

Than fro the churche returnynge agayne
To me were brought tydynges full merueylous
How that in the towne Curribus was ſlayne
His belles away taken/ and layde before the houſe
Alas ſayd I than theſe people enuyouſe
Hathe hym ſlayne/ as Morpheus ſhewed afore
Ha enuy enuy this dethe dolorouſe
Is comen of the/ curſed be thou therfore

My luſt was no lenger this talkynge to here
But cauſed a chylde to brynge hym in
Than renewed my dolour/ ſo gryſely was his chere
His lyppes ſhrunken/ out of his mouthe hangynge
Full longe dyd his tongue/ alacke a pyteous thynge
So ſodeynly chaunged fro myrthe and iolyte
Fro pleaſure to dyſpleſure/ I thynke no man lyuynge
Coude not but wepe/ recordynge the cruelte

O enuy enuy/ to longe haſt thou regned
For in the ſerpent haddeſt thou begynynge
Agaynſt Eue thou began/ in Adam thou optayned
Thou cauſed them to loſe Paradyſe *with* crafty delynge
And Cayn thou induced to myſchefe and brawlynge
So ſlewe he Abell his brother full dere
And yet thou arte buſy thy vnthryfty ſede ſowynge
Bytwene man and man moche myſchefe ȳ doſe here.

Who cauſed Jacobs ſones Joſeph to ſell
To the Iſmelytes/ but thy prouocacyon
Who betrayed chryſte/ how ſaythe the goſpell
None but thou enuy/ curſed be thy ſeaſon
Innumerable myſchefe by the is doone

Who

Who that in bokes wyll rede/ ſhall fynde it playnly
That thou haſt deſtroyed cytee/ borowe/ and towne
Thou haſt peruerted good men vnto thy foly.

Than I conclude/ of the all this dothe ſprynge
God it amende/ god ſende vs ſuche grace
Enuy to exyle/ and all that with hym holdeth
Charyte god ſende vs/ in this and euery place
Plenty/ myrthe/ & equyte/ ẏ they may come in place
The cloudy myſtes of wronge ſhall peryſſhe then
Sapiencia patris/ all malyce ſhall deface
Now that it may ſo be/ ſay we all amen.

¶ Thus is ended the fantaſy of the paſſion of ẏ fox/ lately of the towne of Myre/ a lytele beſyde Shafteſbury in the dyoceſes of Salyſbury. Imprynted by me Wynkyn de worde ẏ .xvi. day of February. The yere of our lorde M.v.C. xxx.

I.

¶ A lytell treatyſe agaynſt ſedicyous perſons.

¶ To trolle awaye or trolle in/ let not trolle ſpare
If trolle truly trolle/ trolle nedeth not to care.
OF late I peruſed/ two purpoſes ſeuerall
In their kyndes clerkely handeled/ the truth for to tell
Trolle awaye and Trolle in/ men do them call
Treatyng vpon mater/ concernyng the late Crumwell
The one vtterly myndyng/ the other to repell
Trolle away (the trouth is) moche touched the quycke
And Trolle in (ſomwhat galled) began for to kycke.

¶ Yet Trolle away tolde trouth/ it can not be denyed
Declaryng the offence/ wherin Crumwell offended
Trolle in beyng troubled) whan he it eſpyed
With trollynges to couer it/ full ſubtelly contended
Some trollers there be/ I wolde were amended
For who that craftely couereth/ any others offence
Of lykelyhode/ in his owne herte/ hath the ſame pretence.

☞ Truly to trolle/ it is no maner of ſhame
And trollyng vntrue/ is not to be mayntayned
As euery thyng is/ ſo to gyue it propre name
Amonges all true honeſt men/ ſhulde not be diſdayned
The ſcripture ſo techeth vs/ it can not be fayned
Agaynſt ſcripture who ſtryueth/ he is none other lyke
Than a traytoure to his prince/ and to god an heretyke

Ve qui dicitis bonũ malum et malum bonum. Eſa. quinto.

☙ I entende not to trolle/ to take any parte
Diuiſyon to encreace/ it nedeth nothyng
But ſorowfully ſyghyng/ I trolle in my harte
With my ſelfe in mynde/ many tymes reuoluyng
How god to vs/ hath ordayned the moſt noble kyng
Who vniformly to knyt vs/ hath traueyled full ſore
Yet many trifelyng trollers/ care lytell therfore.

¶ But, as trollers troubelous and full of enuy
At the lawes of god/ and of our good kyng
In their trollynges do truſt/ yet that their olde hereſy
All good ordrys ſet a-parte/ ſhall floriſhe and ſprynge
Their prechers/ no leſſe conforte/ in their ſermons do brynge
Euen lately exhortyng them/ auoydyng all drede
And perſecution not regardyng/ throughly to procede.

¶ With many wordes more troublous/ than now I wyll reherce
Not doutyng at all/ but at length they ſhalbe knowen
Suche trollyng trecherous/ my herte doth ſore perce
Conſyderyng howe ſedicyouſly/ amonges vs they beſowen
Of late I well truſted/ they had ben ouer blowen
But now I well parceyue/ that neither fauour nor ſmarte
From the body can expell/ that is rooted in the harte.

¶ A trewe trollyng-hert/ wolde be loth to pretende
Any purpoſe to mayntayne/ agaynſt god or his kyng
The confeſſyon of an heretyke/ that lately dyd offende
And amonges others/ ſuffred for his deſeruyng
Secretly they embrace/ as a moſt precyous thyng
And yet playnly wyll I proue/ by good lawe and reaſon
Contayned therin/ both hereſy and treaſon

Nihil eſt opertum quod non reueletur.

☙ In any wyſe imprynted/ they wyll not it ſhall be
The daungers therof in them ſelues myſtruſtynge
Wherfore euery man may well perceyue and ſe

What

What hertes they do beare to god and our good kynge
Euery of them ſecretly muſt haue it in wrytynge
But Chryſt ſayeth verely there is nothynge conceled
But at length ſhalbe knowen/ and openly reueled.

neq; occultum q; nõ ſciatur. Math. x.

¶ Who againſt them trolleth/ a Papyſt they him name
They haue no other thing/ themſelues for to defende
I wolde that all Papyſtes/ had an open ſhame
And that all heretykes/ themſelues wold amende
Than ſhuld we haue no cauſe further to contende
But vniformly to lyue/ the one with the other
And ioyfully to enhabytt as brother with brother.

Ecce q̃ bonũ et q̃ iocũdũ habitare fratres in unum pſa,c,xxxij Mathei. x.

☞ Such ſhuld be our trollynges/ Chriſt vs ſo teacheth
Commaunding euer peace/ amonges vs for to be
Vntruly he trolleth/ that otherwyſe preacheth
Styreng to any ſedicion/ malyce or enuye
Where banisſhed is diſcorde/ and raygneth all charite
That realme in god reſteth/ and god is in it/
Being charite him ſelfe/ as ſayth the holy writ.

Luce ij. Jo. xiiij. xv, Deꝰ charitas eſt & q̃ manet ī caritate ī deo manet et deus in eo 1. Joha. iij

☞ Than towardes that charite/ trolle we on a pace
Auauncyng our ſelues/ with all conuenyent ſpede
A more acceptable pilgrimage/ ſurely neuer was
For which god gaue to man/ any meryte or mede
Our labour or gret burden/ let vs nothing drede
Nor regarding the wylfulnes/ of our body or fleſche
For at the iorneyes ende/ Chriſt wyll vs refresſhe.

Venite ad me oõs qui laboratis & onerati eſtis, et ego reficiã uos Mathei. xv

☞ And than as true trollers/ togither let vs remayne
Parfectly faſt knyt/ in one peace/ vnyte and loue
With glory vnto god/ euermore glad and fayne
Our noble Prince truly to ſerue/ as doth vs behoue
And all others to tendre/ as duty doth vs moue
Uſyng ſtyll amonge vs/ the ſelfe ſame loue and concorde
Which is to vs commaunded/ by chriſt the eternall lorde.

And

Oīs aīa po ſup. ſubdi-ta ſit.ro,13. Hoc eſt mā datū meū ut diligatis īuicē ſicut Ioh. xv.

And nowe in that loue/ let vs all with one voyce pray
For the preſeruacion of Henry our moſt noble kyng
And Katheren our Quene/ that they togither may
Proſperouſly contynue/ to their hertes deſyring
And Edward our Prince/ that moſt angelyke thing
That they all togither may longe lyue and reſt
And after with him to raygne/ *qui in celis eſt.*

God ſaue the Kyng.

To Trolle away or Trolle in/ let not Trolle ſpare
If Trolle truly Trolle/ Trolle nedeth not to care.

Compoſed by Thomas Smyth/ ſeruaunt to the kynges royall maieſtye
And clerke of the Quenes graces counſell/ though moſt vnworthy.

FINIS.

II.

¶ A treatyſe declarynge the deſpyte of a ſecrete ſedycyous perſon/ that dareth not ſhewe himſelfe.

¶ His doyngs amoge trewe men/ ſhuld not be had in place
That feareth to tell his name/ & ſhameth to ſhewe his face.

Qui male agit odit lucē. Io. 3.

WHy I thus do wryte/ is greatlye to be muſed
But before I departe/ It ſhall appere more playne
Beſechynge all honeſt men/ to haue me excuſed
Thoughe (as no laſſe bounden) I do ſeme very fayne
By veryte to vaynquysſhe malyuole dyſdayne
Force me ſo forceth/ and wylleth me to wryte
Truely for the truths ſake and nothynge for deſpyte

¶ And nowe briefly to my purpoſe/ the effecte is thys
Of late I wrote two lybelles/ not thynkynge to offende
But perceyuynge amonge vs thynges to be amys
Styll ſtyrrynge and procurynge vs lewdly to contende
Of ſuch indecent ordre/ I deſyred the ende
For the whych cauſe onely/ I toke on me to wryte
Truely for the trueths ſake/ and nothynge for deſpyte

¶ But nowe I well perceaue/ I rubbed ſome on the gall
Whiche cauſeth them to grunte/ and erneſtly to grone
Wel, (be as be maye) I can not do with all

Obſequiū amicos vitas odiū parit Tirentius

It

It wyll not from the flesshe/ that is rooted in the bone
For my true maenynge/ some shewe theym selfe full prone
By sclaunder to deface me/ withall theyr power & myght
Nothynge for the trueths sake/ but all for mad despyte

Hoīes vitatē dicentes a malis odio habē tur Ad. gal. 4.

¶ They name me a papyste/ and saye/ I do not loue
None other but Papystes/ and men of popysche mynde
The trewe tryall wherof/ I referre to God aboue
And consequently to others/ what they can proue & fynde
O man malycyous/ that woldest so fayne blynde
The good intentes of others/ which truely do and wryte
Labourynge theyr destruccion/ through serpentyne despyte

Qui loquiť ſiqua nō potest latere, nec preteriet illū corripiēs iudiciū. Sap. 1.

If iustely you can proue/ as you declare in wrytynge
That I loue none, but papistes, thā may you wel maȳtain
Me to be a traytour/ both to God/ and our good kynge
To the iuste tryall of the whiche/ I woll dryue you playne
For you it is to late/ to call in your wordes agayne
Though as a lurkȳg lorrel/ your name you woll not write
Bothe you shalbe knowen/ and your deuelysshe despyte

Morte digni sūt nō solū q̄ ea faciūt sed etiā q̄ cōsētiūt faciētib⁹, Ad Roma. 1.

☞ If you haue knowen/ any such treason to be in me
Then you in your dewtye/ haue bene very neglygent
The parte of euery true hert/ towardes his kynge shuld be
What he knoweth agaīst his grace/ furthw̄ to make euydēt
Who conceleth others treason/ as a traytour doth consent
Wherfore this your doyng/ may appere/ to ech mās syght
Nothynge for the truethes sake/ but all for lewde despyte

Oīs qui facit iusticiā ex deo nat⁹ ē. i. Io. ij

¶ You declare furthermore/ that lately I rebelled
Agaynst the Kynges maiestye/ and his councell all
For the whiche sclaunder/ I am greatly compelled
Before the hygher powers/ this matter for to call
As surely I woll do/ doubte you it not at all
At whose handes I woll aske/ but iustyce and ryght
Specyally for the truethes sake/ & nothynge for despyte.

Yet

Yet Cathō ẏ wyſe/ doth teach me/ & byddeth me not to care
So as my lyfe be honeſt/ let the wycked ſaye theyr mynde
We can not forbyd mēs ſpeche/ wherfore let thē not ſpare
Nature in euery thynge/ woll ſhewe her proper kynde
Whiche to be proued true/ is eaſy ynough to fynde
In that/ that you haue done/ ſparynge not to write
Nothyng for the truthes ſake/ but all for mad deſpyte

Cū recte uiuas ne cures v̄ba maloꝝ Arbytrij nr̄i nō ē quod q̄ſqꝫ loquatur Cato.

¶ That wherew̄ you be greued/ is alwayes forth cōmyng
My name playnely therunto/ I woll it not denye
And I redy to be punysſhed/ for ſuche my doynge
If I haue ſo deſerued/ and can be founde cauſe why
Wherfore you be moche to blame/ ſo to rayle and crye
Openly detractynge me/ agaynſt all lawe and ryght
As I am/ I woll be knowen/ ſo ſhalbe your deſpyte

Quare nō reliquiſtis detrahere ſeruo meo. Nu. x.

¶ I could ſay ſome what more, but I mynde not to cōtēde
As the tree by her fruytes/ is alwayes chyefely knowen
So I doubte not/ by your workes/ before this mater ende
You ſhalbe well perceaued/ & what blaſtes you haue blowē
And what kyndes of ſede/ euery other man hath ſowen
Wherfore I do aduyſe you/ be ſure you ſtande upryght
I doubte not to ouerthrowe you/ in your owne deſpyte

Ex fructib⁹ eorū cognoſcetis eos. Math. vij. In inſidijs ſuis capiūt ii qui. Prou. x.

☞ Your boke doth opē mater/ not mete I ſhold here touche
But within ſhorte tyme/ it ſhall ſhewe it ſelfe more playne
Your doynges well declare/ how in herte you ſtyll grouche
And agaynſt whō/ becauſe you can not youre wyll obtayne
Your malice doth ſo blynd you/ & byddeth you not refrayne
But throughly to procede/ bluſteryng with force & myght
Forgettynge cleane your dewtye/ and all for mad deſpyte

Tēpi ſeruiēdū eſt. Ad Romanos. xij. Malicia eoꝝ excecauit eos Sapien. ii.

☞ And now to conclude/ O Dauyd holy prophet & kynge
Vnto god omnipotente/ moſte hyghe and eternall
In Pſalmyſt here with the/ wyll I crye and ſynge

iudica me deus & diſcerne cauſā meā de

Iudge

gente nō ſctā abhoīe īiquo & doloſo erue me. Pſal. xlii.

Iudge thou me (o Lorde) that arte iudge ouer all
Diſcerne thou my cauſe/ and let me to the call
To be rydde frō the wycked/ which labour day & nyght
Thy veryte to vanquysſhe by deceytfull deſpyte

¶ And as thou arte Lorde of lordes & kynge of kynges
Preſerue our noble kynge/ our mooſt precyous treaſure
With Katherine our Quene/ & graūt ẏ theyr procedynges
In longe lyfe maye proſpere/ vnto thy wyll and pleaſure
And to Edwarde our Prynce/ that moſte redolent floure
Infuſe in theym thy grace/ and helpe we maye be quyte
Of theſe ſectes ſedycyous/ ſo ſwellynge in deſpyte

¶ God ſaue the Kynge.

Qui male agit odit lucē. Joh. iij.

His doynges among trew men/ ſhuld not be had in place
That feareth to tell his name & ſhameth to ſhewe his face

¶ By Thomas Smythe, ſeruaunt to the Kynges Royall Maieſtye
And clerke of the Quenes graces councel (thoughe mooſte vnworthy

¶ Imprynted at Londō in Pater noſter rowe, at ẏ ſygne of our lady pytye by John̄ Redman/ ad imprimendum ſolum.

III.

An anſwere to maiſter Smyth

ſeruaunt to the kynges moſt royall maieſtye. And clerke of the Quenes graces counſell/ though moſt vnworthy.

¶ Whether ye trolle in or els trolle out
Ye trolle vntruly/ loke better about.

WHere as of late two thinges ye paruſed
Concerning the treaſon of Thomas Crumwell
Undoutedly both your wyt and your ſyght were confuſed
Lackyng a medecyne/ blyndneſſe to expell
Put on your ſpectacles and marke it well
Than ſhall you ſe/ and ſay/ maugre your hart
That trolle in/ hath played a true ſubiectes part

☞ For where as trolle a way (as ye ſay) tolde trouth
Declaring the offences/ wherin Crumwell offended
It was not the thyng/ wherwith troll in was wroth
For in that poynt/ Troll in/ Troll away commended
But this was the mater/ wherfore they contended
Trolle away/ vnder pretence of trollyng againſt treaſon
Practiſed proude popery/ as appereth by reaſon.

☞ And ye ſupporting the ſame/ your pen runneth at large
Boldly as blynde bayerd/ ye write in his defence
And in your myſcheuous maner/ ye lay falſly to my charge
Sayeng/ who that craftely coloureth any others offence
Of lykelyhode in his owne hert/ hath the ſame pretence
But here ye ſpeke of lykelyhode/ and ſo blyndly go by geſſe
Your fondneſſe is the folysſher/ and my faute is the leſſe.

An

¶ An horſe beyng nothing galled/ of force ye may make to kycke
With ſpurryng and with prickinge/ more than reaſon wold requyre
But if the horſe were luſtye/ coragious and alſo quycke
Ye might be the fyrſt perchaunce/ that might lye in the myre
As wyſe as ye/ haue ben drowned in their owne deſyre
Many a man/ anothers miſchefe/ of malyce wyll prepare
And yet him ſelfe the fyrſt/ that is caught in the ſnare.

¶ Bycauſe of making ſtryfe (ye ſay) ye wyll take neither parte
But here ye breke promyſe/ for agaynſt all reaſon and right
Speking with your mouth/ that you thinke not with your harte
Agaynſt trolle in/ ye take trolle awayes parte/ with all your myght
Thus all thinges lyghtly that ye make/ amonge them ſelues do fyght
Wherfore whatſoeuer ye write or ſaye/ gretly it ſhall not ſkyll
For if ye ſpeke any thing wyſely/ I thinke it be agaynſt your wyll

Ve illi per qem ſcandalũ uenit. Luce. xvij.

¶ But blyndly haue ye ſclaundred me/ good maiſter Thomas (Smyth
Scraping togither ſcriptures/ your madneſſe to mayntayne
Truly your rude rowſty reaſon/ being ſo farre from the pyth
Had nede of ſuche a cloke/ to kepe it from the rayne
For all the worlde may perceyue/ how falſly ye forge and fayne
Yet ſtyll you affyrme your falſhed/ as though ye knew thinges (preſyſely
Chriſtes bleſſyng on your hert/ forſoth ye haue done full wyſely.

¶ Ye rumble amonge the ſcryptures/ as one that were halfe mad
Wreſtyng and writhyng them/ accordyng to your owne purpoſe
Facyonyng and framyng them/ to your ſayenges good and bad
Lyke as the holy Papyſtes/ were wont to paynt their popysſhe gloſe
Do ye take the holy ſcripture to be lyke a ſhypmans hoſe?
Nay nay/ although a ſhypmans hoſe/ wyll ſerue all ſortes of legges
Yet Chriſtes holy ſcrypture/ wyll ſerue no rotten dregges

☞ Counſell with ſome tayler/ whan that ye wryte nexte
Take meaſure of diuinyte/ before ye cut the facyon
So ſhall ye ſquare your ſcryptures/ and the better trym your texte
And

And than ſhall men of lernyng/ commende your operacyon
But howe ſhulde he be connyng/ that knoweth not his occupacyon
Howe ſhuld a cobler cut a cote/ or a ſmyth taſt good wyne
Or how ſhulde you ſcarſely a clerke/ be nowe a good deuyne ?

☙ What lyuyng man (excepte it were you) beynge in his right (wyttes
Wolde write as ye haue written/ and all not worth a myte
I thinke it be ſome peuysſhe pange/ that cometh ouer your hert (by fyttes
Under the coloure of charyte/ to worke your cruell ſpyte
If men wolde marke your madneſſe/ and beholde your deuelysſh (delyte
Shuld ſe how ye wreſt ꝑ ſcriptures to your ſayēg/ not worth .ii.
And ioyne them all togither/ as iuſt as Germans lyppes. (chippes

¶ Whan ye haue ſpytte your poyſon/ and ſayde euen the worſt (ye can
Than come ye in with charite/ wyllyng all ſtryfe to ceaſe
But ſurely good maiſter Smyth/ ye ſpeke lyke a mery man
Moche lyke a comen pyke quarell/ that ſtryfe wolde encreaſe
Continually cryeng in frayes/ holde/ kepe the kynges peaſe
But thoſe be prety peace makers/ in dede for euery daye
That ſtyll beſtowe mo ſtrokes/ than they that began the fraye.

☞ What wyſe man wolde not laugh/ for to here you bragge (and boſte
Of your name/ your ſeruyce/ of your offyce and all this gere
As though ye were prymroſe pereleſſe/ and a ruler of the roſte
By the declaryng wherof/ ye thinke to put pore men in fere
But your braggyng and your boſtyng/ ſhall neyther be here nor
As long as I may indifferently/ be ſuffred to vſe my pen (there
Ye ſhall neuer be able to face me out/ with a carde of ten.

Qui ſe laudat ſtercore coronabit.

☙ A wyſe man wolde haue prayſed god/ and than prayed for (the kyng
The which of their gret goodneſſe/ to your offyce dyd you call
And not to haue bragged therof/ and than put it out in printyng
For

For ye ſtande not yet ſo ſure/ but it is poſſyble ye may fall
And though your offyce be great/ I truſt your power be but ſmall
Or els parchaūce ye wold quickly thurſt a poore man amōg the (thornes
But god almyghty prouydeth well to ſende a ſhrewde cow ſhort (hornes

¶ Chriſt preſerue the kynges moſt noble grace/ & ſende him (longe lyfe
Euen Henry the eight (next vnder god) of this church/ the hed (ſupreme
Chriſt preſerue & kepe quene Katheryn/ his moſt lawfull wyfe
Chriſt preſerue Prince Edwarde/the very right heyre of this realme
Chriſt ſtyll enſence their noble counſell/ with the influence of (heauen
Chriſt for his tendre mercy/ amende all thing that is a mys (is.
Chriſt ſende maiſter Smyth more charite/ whan his good pleaſure

¶ Amen.

¶ : ◗ ¶ : ◗

☞ By me a poore man whoſe herte if ye knewe W.G.
Wolde be the kynges ſeruaunt as fayne as you.

☞ ☞ ☞ ☞

¶ Imprinted at London by me Rychard Bankes/ *Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum ſolum.* And be to be ſolde in *Paternoſter* rowe by John̄ Turke/ at the ſygne of the Roſe.

☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ❋

IV.

¶ An Enuoye from Thomas

Smyth upon the aunſwer of one W. G. Lurkyng in Lorrells Denne for feare men ſhulde hym ſee.

Whether I troll here, or troll ther, I wyll ſo troll aboute
That in my trollynge, I do truſt, as you are, to troll you oute.

NOwe with no leſſe ſalutacyon, that to ſuch doth pertayne
Unto you I do preſent, this lytell poore treatyſe
* * Wyllynge you to vnderſtande, and alſo to knowe playne
I haue receyued, your lewde lybell, wherin you enterpryſe
Both me and my doynges, full proudely to deſpyſe
But bable what you lyſt/ it ſkylleth not a whyt
Remember well this worde, hereafter cometh not yet.

¶ You ruffle, and you rayle, for malyce and deſpyte
And as a ragynge ruffyen/ your ſelfe you do ſhewe playne
For as moche as you be greued, with that, that I dyd wryte
Which I wyll neuer denye, but throughlye mayntayne
Yet (as you wryte) in one poynte, you haue cauſe to complayne
For that I ſpake but of lykelyhod/ and wente but by geſſe
Of the treſon in your herte/ you knowynge there no leſſe.

¶ If with the poynte of my penne, I do you ſo ſpurre and prycke
That therby you be greued and greatly ſtyrred to yre
Yet doubte I not to lyt ſure/ all though you wynche and kycke
Faſt cloſed in my dewty/ to ſaue me from the myre
But in your flynges take hede, beware I ſaye the fyre
Or ſome other galtrope/ take thys prouethe for a token
The pot ſo often goeth forth/ at laſt it commeth home broken

You

¶ You are angry that I my ſelfe/ ſo openly declare
My name playnly dyſcryvynge, and of my ſeruyce the pyth
All honeſt men thynk, I ſhulde no leſſe, wherfore I ne care
Though mad malyce moue you/ to be deſpyted therwith
Hit haue pleſed you, to compare, the cobbler with the ſmyth
Your proude ſkorne wherin/ is eaſye ynough to be founde
Yet better is a cobbler than an ydell vagabounde

☞ In openynge my name and ſeruyce/ this was myne entente
In caſe that for my doynges, I were thought worthy blame
Any other perſon gyltles/ therfore ſhuld not be ſhente
Conſydred (as is well knowen) many be of my name
Myne office therfore I added/ and thought therin no ſhame
Nether braggynge, nor boſtynge/ as to my charge you laye
Who is naught hymſelfe/ ſo iudgeth in others alwaye.

¶ A true man ſhameth neuer, to ſhewe his name and face
A theſe hym ſelfe myſtruſteth and is euermore in doubte
Leſt that his lewde lyuynge/ ſhulde preſent it ſelfe in place
As commenly it is ſene/ at lenght trouth is tryed oute
So in lykewyſe you/ do ſeke all corners round a boute
But it woll not helpe you, though a whyle there be delaye
Tyme ſhall trye your colour, be it ruſſet, blacke/ or graye.

¶ Of rumblynge in ſcryptures/ you do me much reproue
Well of your wyttes do ſerue you/ my doynges to amende
Come forth and ſhew your face/ as to honeſtye doth behoue
And lay vnto my charge/ what you can reprehende
Nay/ nay/ I am ſure, you do it leſt intende
In raylynge is your ruſſe, in your ſpelunke whan ye ſyt
But remember well this worde/ hereafter commeth not yet.

¶ Full wyſely you councell me/ to ſome taylour to reſorte
For ſhapynge out of ſcrypture/ my texte the better to frame
You can not hyde your ſecte/ nor yet your brotherly ſorte
(A Clergy for the deuyll) you ſhewe your ſelfe the ſame

As

As Taylours/ Cobblers/ and Tylers/ doctous of worthy fame
Vagaboūdes/ Ruffyens/ and others/ amongs whom you rynge your
And euen lyke as you be/ so set you forth your councell. [bell

¶ Blusterynge in your boldnes/ you wolde your selfe a traytour
Upon the only pretens of my most desyred fall [proue
The mayntenans of popery/ you say I do most loue
Whiche yf you knowe trewe/ than a traytour I maye you call
For suche your concelement but I wold dryue you to the tryall
Both our doynges shall appere/ thoughe deferred for a space
I am no W. G. I dare well shewe my face

¶ The rest of your raylynges/ I woll as nowe omyte
Upon suche purpose peuysshe/ my tyme I woll not spende
They do naught/ but declare/ the lewde vse of your wyt
And what malyce of herte to-wardes other you pretende
You haue no nother buckler/ wherwith your selfe to defende
Who rebuketh your secte/ or wolde refourme your heresye
Amonge you strayte he is a mayntaynour of popery.

¶ Thus though you wolde hyde your selfs/ yet men may easely
[knowe
What fayned hertes you do beare to God and our good Kynge
His grace hath ordeyned lawes/ whiche cleane to ouerthrowe
What trauayll is dayly taken/ to euydent is the thynge
We shulde beware your secte for surely you wolde fayne brynge
Some other to rayne ouer vs/ yf you wylte/ by what shyfte
Example we haue/ hereof/ Reade of Kynge Henry the fyfte

☞ There maye we playnly fynde/ what a detestable sorte
Of false fayned hertes/ agaynst theyr kynge dyd ryse,
Myndynge to chose another kynge/ that wolde theym supporte
In theyr naughtye errours and mayntaynaunce of heresyes*
But god who of his grace euer prouydeth for his
Gaue suche knowlege therof/ that they had not theyr entente
Some fled/ some taken/ some were hanged on the gallowes and
[brente.
Whiche

¶ Whiche thynge I do deſyre/ all true ſubiectes to regarde
And to god and our good kynge/ to beare a due obedience
And to all falſe fayned hertes/ I wiſhe the ſame rewarde
Euen lyke as thothers had/ worthely/ for theyr offence
And nowe ſyr W. G. marke well this ſentence
Conſyder that as you be/ ſo haue you vſed your wytte
Rememberr well this worde/ here after commeth not yet.

¶ Peraduenture ſyr W. G. you wyll yet bragge and boſte
Sayng from the ſcripturs you haue dryuen me cleane a-waye
Trye me therin whan you dare/ you ſhall come to your coſte
Though for cauſe conſyderable/ a whyle I do lytell ſaye
I thinke to ryde you with a byt/ ſhall dryue you from your playe
And cauſe you holde downe your hed/ that fayne you wolde bere [aloft
And I woll ſo tramell your heles/ youre pace ſhall be more ſofte.

¶ Nowe for an ende (Eternall God) I beſeche the graunt longe [lyfe
With proſperous contynuans/ to Henry our moſt noble kynge
And to Katheryne our Quene alſo/ his moſt Lawfull Wyfe
And graunte betwene theym bothe/ lyke other braunches to [ſprynge
(As is Edwarde our Prynce) that moſt oderiferous thynge
Preſerue theym longe to gither Lorde/ and graunt theym all the [blyſſe
Where angels inceſſantly/ ſynge (Gloria in excelſis) Amen.
¶ God ſaue the Kynge

☞ Whether I troll here, or troll there, I wyll ſo troll aboute
¶ That in my trollynge I do truſte, as you are, to trolle you oute
¶ By the ſelfe ſame perſon, who not withſtandynge your deſpyte
¶ Shameth not, nor ſhrynketh not playnely him ſelf to wryte
¶ Thomas Smyth, ſeruant to the Kynges Royall Maieſtye
¶ And Clerke of the Quenes graces counſell (though moſt unworthy)

¶ FINIS.

V.

The retne of. M. Smythes enuoy

ſeruaunt to the Kynges Royall Maieſtye and Clerke of the Quenes graces counſell/ (though moſt vnworthy)

Trolle here, trolle there, trolle out, trolle in
ye trolle away & trolle aboute lyke a blynde ſym.

EUen with the ſame commendacion that to you dothe pertayne
I ſende you here myne anſwer, which is no great treatyſe
Deſyrynge you to marke, and to vnderſtande playne
That I haue receyued your enuyous and proude enterpryſe
The mater wherof, I truſt, all honeſt men dothe deſpyſe
But bragge and face what you can, I care not a whyt
I take tyme as tyme is, though hereafter commeth not yet.

¶ You ruffle and you rayle, for malyce and deſpyte
And as a loftye lurden, you ſhewe your ſelfe full playne
For aſmoche as you are greued with the good that I dyd wryte
Which I wyll neuer denye, but earneſtlye mayntayne
Hauynge cauſes ynowe, on your malyce to complayne
For your manaſynges and threatnynges, wherin I am ſure ye do [but geſſe.
For layenge popery to your charge, your herte grauntynge there [no leſſe.

¶ Though with the poynt of my penne I dyd you ſo ſpurre and [pryck
That therby you were greued, and greatlye ſtyrred to yre
Yet

Yet I councell you to ſyt ſure, and that you nother wynche nor [kyck
For and yf you do, I wyll ſurely laye you in the myer
Take no more vpon you then is mete, leſt your ſelfe ye do tyer
Or ſome other myſchefe chaunce you, take this prouerbe for a [token
That a ſycke man is ſone beaten, and a ſkalde hed ſone broken.

¶ I was nothynge greued that your ſelfe ſo openly ye dyd declare
Nether with the deſcrybynge of your name, nor of your ſeruyce [the pyth
Nor yet wyll any honeſt man ſo iudge, and therfore I nothynge [care
Though mad malyce moued you, to be deſpyted therwith
Ragynge becauſe I compared a cobler with the ſmyth
Your folyſhe dyſpleſure wherwith, is eaſye ynough to be founde
Namynge me as ye arre, an vpryght vagaboūde.

¶ Of the openynge of your name and ſeruyce I knew not your [entent
But yet for your doynges, I thought ye worthy blame
Not countynge you gyltleſſe, and therfore I dyd you ſhent
Conſydrynge I regarded your dede, more then I dyd your name
And therfore vnto your offyce, I wyſſhed no maner of ſhame
But entendynge my purpoſe I wryte as in my mynde it laye
Howbe yt, you beynge naught your ſelfe, turne it another waye.

¶ Sometyme a thefe ſhameth not to ſhewe bothe his name and [fate
Where the true man hydeth hym ſelfe, and ſtandeth in great [doute
Leaſt that this theuyſhe malyce ſhuld preſent it ſelfe in place
To the deſtruccyon of him that his thefery wolde trye oute
So in lykewyſe you, do ſeke all corners rounde aboute
But it will not helpe you, though awhyle there be delaye
Tyme maye brynge you forthe, as well as it doth poure graye.

¶ For romblynge in the ſcryptures in dede I dyd you reproue
Wyſſhynge with all my herte that your doynges ye wold amende
Deſcrybynge your faute playnly, as honeſtye dyd me behoue
You

You myght gentely haue ſpoken with me if ye coulde me repre-
[hende
But I am ſure ye mynded it not, but dyd it leaſt intende
For all your bragges and krackes, on your ale benche when you
Let tyme be as tyme is, though herafter commeth not yet. [ſyt

¶ To a taylour in dede I abuſyd you that ye dyd reſorte
For the ſhapynge out of ſcrypture/ your text the better to frame
A ſecte I am ſure more catholyck/ then are your popyſſhe ſorte
Beynge the membres of chryſt/ and him ſelfe the hed of the
[ſame
Neyther heretyckes nor papiſtes/ but men of honeſt fame
That alwayes are obedyent and vſe not/ for to rebelle
Though you and ſoche other/ wolde help therto with your
[councell.

¶ I nother bluſter nor blowe/ any falſe mater to proue
Though you do deſyer of euery honeſt man the fall
Nother layed I popery to your charge/ but thought ye dyd it loue
For yf by you/ popery I coulde proue/ then a traytour I wolde
[you call
And wolde it not concele/ but bryng you to your tryall
Our doynges wyll apere/ though ye defer them for a ſpace
And I wyll be forth commynge/ before your betters to ſhewe
[my face.

¶ The reſt of your raylynges I wyll as now omytte
Upon ſoche braynles braggery my tyme I wyll not ſpende
They do nothyng elles but manyfeſt the lewde vſe of your wyt
And the myſchefe of your herte whiche to other ye do pretende
You haue no nother buckler your ſelfe for to defende
Who rebuketh your ſecte/ or wolde reforme your popery
Amonge you ſtrayte/ he is a mayntayner of hereſy.

¶ Thus/ though ye wolde be hydden/ yet men may eaſely knowe
What trayterous hertes ye beare/ to god and oure good kynge
His grace hath geuen iniunctyons/ whiche cleane to ouerthrowe
What councelles do ye holde/ to euydent is the thynge

We

We ſhulde be ware of your treaſon/ for ſurely I feare ye wolde [brynge
Your romyſhe ruffelet to be our heed/ by ſome maner of ſhyft.
To the whiche your papiſticall flocke/ not longe agoo gaue a lyft.

¶ There ſawe we playnly/ a myſcheuous and deteſtabell ſorte
Of falſe fayned hertes/ that agaynſt our good kynge dyd aryſe
Sekynge his deſtruccyon/ and all theyrs that him dyd ſupporte
Beynge armed with cuſtomes/ and ſoche fayned lyes
But god (who of his grace euer prouydeth for his
Gaue ſoche knowlege therof/ that they had not theyr entent
Some fledde/ ſom taken/ ſome were hanged on the galowes and [brent.

¶ Whiche thynge I deſyre/ all true ſubiectes to regarde
And to god and our good kynge/ to beare a due obedyence
And to all falſe fayned hertes I wyſhe the ſame rewarde
Euen lyke as the others had/ worthely for their offence
And nowe Maſter T. S. marke well this ſentence
Conſyder that as you be/ ſo haue you vſed your wyt
And I take tyme/ as tyme is/ though hereafter come not yet.

¶ Parauenture Syr T. S. you wyll yet bragge and boſt
As ye do here in that ye wyll dryue me out of the way
But be not to buſye I aduyſe you/ leſt you come to your coſt
Though in myne owne cauſe/ I wyll but lytell ſaye
For and yf you worke moche/ ye ſhall perceyue I wyll not playe
Nether holdynge downe my hed/ nor yet beare it to moche [aloft
For all your braggynge countenance/ it wyl become you to [ſpeke ſoft.

¶ Nowe for an ende (Eternall God) I beſeche you graunt longe [lyfe
With proſperous contynuans, to Henry our moſt noble kynge
Andd to Katherynge our Quene alſo, his moſt Laufull Wyfe
And

And graunt betwene theym bothe, lyke other braunches to
[ſprynge
(As is Edwarde our Prynce : that moſt oderiferous thynge
Preſerue theym longe togither Lorde, and graunt theym all the
[blyſſe
Where angels inceſſantly, ſynge (Gloria in excelſis) Amen.
¶ God ſaue the Kynge.

☞ Trolle here, Trolle there, Trolle out, Trolle in
Ye trolle awaye and trolle about, lyke a blynde Sym

¶ Imprynted at London by Rychard bankes, cum priuilegio ad imprimendum ſolum. And be to ſell in Lombard ſtret/ nere vnto the ſtockes by Rycharde Kels.

VI.

¶ An artificiall Apologie, articulerlye anſwerynge to the obſtreperous Obgannynges of one VV. S. Euometyd to the vituperacion of the tryumphant trollynge Thomas smyth. Repercuſſed by the ryght redolent & rotounde rethorician R. Smyth P. with annotaciōs of the mellifluous and miſticall Maſter Mynterne, marked in the mergent for the enucliacion of certen obſcure obeliſques, to thende that the imprudent lector ſhulde not tytubate or hallucinate in the labyrinthes of this lucubratiuncle.

MOued wyth mercy, by pytye prouoked — Pietas in
Of duty I am dryuē, ſomwhat for to wryte — potentes
In defence of one, whome I ſe ſore boked
And ſore aſſauted, to be beaten frō the ryght
But yf I lyue, ſome of them ſhalbe ſmoked
His part wyl I take w̄ al my power & myght. — Vt decet hereticos

My harte doth blede, to ſe my frende thus dreaſt
So that my penne wyll wryte, though I ſaye naye
Agaynſt this brockyſhe graye, this bytter bytyng beaſt
That ſeketh nothynge elles, but for to pull awaye
The good name and fame, of one that is honeſt
And ful of lytterature, as all that loue hym ſaye. — Alii, aliter.

Maſter Thomas smyth, his name nede not be hyd
Whome to ſe ſo handled, I haue great remorſe
For the ſtockes ſake, of which he is deſcended
He commeth of the ſmyth, that ſhod ſaynt Georges horſſe
By ryght deſſent, it maye not be denyed
But yf any wolde, it ſhall not greatly force. — Laus generis.

Who

Who made this bayarde ſo bolde, this greſely graye
Or what heart hath he, that he thus aſſayles
Our ſmyths, yf S. Georges horſſe were alyue I ſaye
He dorſt euen as well haue eaten both his nayles
But though he be gone, all beaſtes be not awaye
Vinſit aſine. &c. I coulde ſaye more, but he doth nought that rayles.

Betwyxt the ſmythes & grayes, no doute ther is great oddes
Auctoritas Loke in vitas patrum, I ſaye thou wylfull wagge
Howe ſmyths haue bene byſhoppes, ſaynts & almoſt goddes
Miraculum. Recorde of ſwete ſaynt Loye, that holp a cloyed nagge
Vulcane was god & ſmith, whoſe curſe lyghte on thy coddes
Why then with vs ſmythes, art thou ſo bolde to bragge

Marke this malycious, and ſore bytynge brock
Becauſe maſter ſmyth, called him theſe in ſporte
In bono ioco. Speakynge it but merely, I dare ſaye in mock
Howe lewdely of him, he hath made reporte
But ſaye what thou canſt, he dyd it not by cock
Nota q non poteſt portare ſeruiſiam. For by ſaynt tankarde, he is none of that ſorte.

The money & the womā, wherwith thou doeſt him charge
Miſericordias dñi in eternum cantabo He may full well aduoyde, it is no great thynge
God ſaue the kynge, a pardon doth dyſcharge
Mo thynges then that, which elles myght hap to brynge
Ides cibus pro pauperibus de noua porta. Both him and you, but ſkant to walke at large
Within an yron grate, your Chriſtmas ſonge to ſynge

As for the woman, alas it was no wonder
A ſpiritu fornicationis &c. She was a whore, and he hath ſuch a charme
If ſhe be arrant, to brynge her ſhortly vnder
And yet I promyſe you, he doth them lytle harme
But bryngs them to his houſe, where they parte not aſonder
Amor vincit oīa. He couereth her, he colleth her & keeps her good and warme.

And

And forſoth full well, towarde his olde dayes
Ye poynted him a place, to be in the ſtable
But he neuer dreſſed horſſe, as he him ſelfe ſayes
Wherfore for that rome, he is nothynge able
His lyuynge he muſt ſeke, by ſome other wayes
Well ynough I warrant you, without hode or bable

De hoc doctores dubitant.

If he had no maſter, ner none wolde him take
Skant into the ſtable, yet ere it were longe
He hath ſo many frendes, thou ſayeth wolde ſhyft make
To promote him to the ſkourynge, of ſome good mās gonge
Thou art to ſpytefull, and I for anger ſhake
To ſe howe thou doeſt, this poore man ſo much wronge.

Meliore ſt amicos in curia, quā denarius in burſa.

Ye call him papiſt, becauſe ye ſe him worcke
In all he doth or ſayth, by doctours and decrees
Of our olde auncyent mother holy churche
And forbycauſe, he doth defende theyr dygnytyes
Lyke a ſorte of lorrelles, you wold him geue a lurche
His credyte and his fame, to cauſe hym for to leſe.

Diſtingue de eccleſia.

Our ſmyth can forge, and fetely fabrycate
A myllyon of mentyres, in leſſe then halfe a daye
Loke in all his workes which are conſolydate
Lyke a wyttye man, dawe canſt thou ſaye naye?
In ſuch an honeſt forge, lo he was educate
And ſuch his bryngynge vp, his craft cannot decaye.

Quod natura dedit, nemo tollere poteſt.

Experientia docet.

And yet this bytynge brocke, ſayes he is vnworthy
To be a paryſhe clercke, God geue the wo and care
But yer he come therto, we truſt to ſe the lye
Aſkynge for gods ſake, in pouertie full bare
Wylt thou pare with our ſmyth, ah pylde pratynge pye
Well do not ſo I aduyſe you, I councell you beware.

De homini illi perquem ſcandalum venit Per ſyncopen quaſi dicitur compare.

It

It wylbe a good whyle or you maſter Graye
Haue ſuch qualylytes as maſter Smyth hath
He ſpeketh euen as good frenche, I dare well ſaye
As any Popengay, betwene this and bathe
Cracke me that nut, naye fye I praye you awaye
Medle not withall, leaſt that it doth you ſkathe.

Nota donum linguarum

Syr he hath bene in Parys, farre beyonde the ſee
Where thou durſt neuer, yet pepe out of thy dore
And I my ſelfe, dyd here him once ſaye
With ſo ſtarne a loke, Dieu vous done bon iour
That euer ſence, I thought hym ryght well worthy
To haue the lytle roume, within the kynges toure

Vidit plus quã manducauit per &c.

Hercules was ſtronger, then any of the grayes
Yet was he not hable to mache with two at once
Beware I ſaye thou brocke and ſhortely walke thy wayes
For we be many ſmythes, and yf we catche the once
We wyll fynde the meanes, to ſhorten thy good dayes
And in our flammyng forge, we wil burne the fleſhe & bones.

Parce ei dñe nihil erũ ſunt dies eius

Recant therfore betyme, leaſt we the momorde
And beatethe with oure handes, as yron the ſtyth
Cauſynge the for euer, to be a good recorde
Howe any man herafter doth rayle vpon a ſmyth
Thy fame we ſhall pollute, for ſowenge ſoch diſcord
Maugre all theyr heartes, that be diſpleaſed therwith.

Bonum cõcilium.

Cauete a fabri quoniã multi

I warrant you thys graye, hath lytle good maner
To call maſter ſmyth, bedlem and lunatycke
What though he be gogle eyed, and tawny as a tanner
It is but hys compleccyon, ſwarte and collerycke
But ſythen that he doth fyght, vnder holy churches baner
His lybels are allowed, for good and catholycke.

Nota qd cholerici ſũt iracũdia ſm Auicẽ. c. viii.

And

And though he be a ſmyth, by face and eke of name
Yet to God and the kyng, the man maye be wellwylled
For was not there a smyth that propre feates dyd frame
The chronycles make mencyon, whoſo them well behylde
Reporte me to the blacke ſmyth, a man of worthy fame
Howe many at his comaundemēt, had he at blackheth felde.

In memoria eterna erit iuſtus.

Nowe for that ſmyth, & all ſmythes ẏ mean as he dyd mean
Or that agaynſt God and our kynge, ought conſpire or ſaye
That ſuch of there offenſes, maye be confeſſed cleane
And iuſt rewarde to take, this prayer wyll I praye
And alſo that all other, that to theyr ſectes do leane
Maye trudge w̄ thē for cōpany, to angre Wyllyam Graye.

v. Pater noſter
v. Aue Maria.
vnum Credo.
cum De profundis

Thus forced by frendſhyp, and lykenes of name
I haue compyled this bref apologye
Propungnyng therin ſmythes, and theyr honeſt fame
And their vylependers, to ſhame and turpeſye
Implorynge, that Lorde, that forged the frame
Of fire and water, of earth and of ſkye.

Quia ſunt de vno cognoſe.

Hic auctor totulatī rethoricis.

To preſerue Kynge Henry that prynce potencyall
And Katheryne oure quene of curteſye the floure
Wyth Edwarde oure prince, that ympe emperyall
In helth, in welth, in riches, in honour,
And to conſerue the counſell heroicall
To pauyſe the people by prudencyall power.

God ſaue the Kynge.

¶ Imprynted at London by Rycharde Bankes. Cum pruilegio ad imprimendum ſolum. And be to ſell in Pater noſter rowe, at the ſygne of the Roſe.

VII.

A Paumflet compyled by G. L.

To maſter Smyth and Wyllyam G.
Prayenge them both, for the loue of our Lorde,
To growe at laſt to an honeſt accorde.

THe fyneſt wyt that is alyue
Cannot deuyſe by tungue nor pen
The ſpytefull malyce to deſcryue
That reygneth now ī dyuerſe mē
We maye perceyue by them that ſtryue
For caſtynge out a carde of ten
That charyte is ſet at nought
So reygneth malyce in mannes thought.

Whych thynge doth force me thus to wryte
Concernynge the vncharyte
Of two that nowe with hatefull ſpyte
Do blame eche other openly
To none of bothe I owe deſpyte
Ner this is none Apology
For nether parte: but ſtryfe to ſtent
Is grounde of all myne argument.

The ſtryfe I ſpeake of, is betwyxt
One maſter Smyth & Wyllyam G.
Theyr wrytynges are confuſely myxt
With bytynge wordes, and vylany
In eche of them, a wyll is fyxt
To maynteyne ſtyll his vanyte
Which hath a very feble grounde
Wherwith his enemy to confounde.

All

All this began, fyrſt by a knaue
I wote not who, that wrote a trolle
Wherin he dyd but rage and raue
He knewe full lytle of Saynt Poule
Which wrytte the loue that men ſhuld haue
And for one dyd thys trolle controlle
So maſter Smyth a boke hath pende
This tryflynge troller to defende.

Some ſaye, it was for flatterye
And ſome do ſaye, it was for mede
For to aduaunce him ſelfe therby
Such men (they ſaye) do ſooneſt ſpede
That leaſt can ſkyll of modeſty
But what he meant, therby in dede
If I ſhall iudge, as I do take it,
Naught but malyce, made him make it.

For thorow out his raylyng booke
Of charyte no worde is ſpoken
Tyll all his malyce purpoſe tooke
For malyce, forthwith wylbe wroken
And whoſo lyſt therin to looke
Maye iudge him well, by his owne token
A raylynge knaue, for to defende
Is, in no wyſe man to commende.

If maſter Smyth had marked well
The purpoſe of that foolyſhe dawe
Which trolde vpon the Lorde Crumwell
Wyth ragged ryme, not worth a ſtrawe
He myght haue founde that wretch rebell
Both ageynſt God, and all good lawe
And not haue blamed Wyllyam G.
For blamynge his vncharyte.

But when W. G. dyd fele the prycke
So threattyng and malycious

I wonder not though he dyd kycke
For why, it was too ſclaunderous.
And for the kycke, was ſom what quicke
Lo, he agayne as enuyous
A teſty aunſwere ſtrayte dyd wryte
With checke for checke, & ſpyte for ſpyte.

But of this ſtryfe, the chefe effect
That maynteyned is ſo knappyſhly
Is ryſen by the great ſuſpect
Of popyſhnes and hereſye
One ſayth the other is infecte
With ſuch a ſpyce of knauery
I wyll not iudge, which it ſhulde be
But bothe theyr wrytynges are to ſe.

Theſe ſortes are both to dyſcommende
In any man, where they be founde
For papiſtes do nought els pretende
But Chriſtes glorye to confounde
And Heretykes, God them amende
Haue but a very feble grounde
If that they preache, that is forbod
Or dyffer from the worde of God.

For hereſye is nothynge elles
But ſwaruyng from the true beleſe
As holy wrytte expreſly telles
And he is worſe then any theſe
That there agaynſt in ought rebelles
Or he that ſeketh his releſe
Of falſe goddes, and not of Chriſt
Is no les then an Antechriſt.

But he that hathe a popyſhe harte
And wyll not vnto Chriſt be wonne
He ſeekyth not, but to ſubuert
All that the kynge hathe well begonne

No

No reaſon may hys wyll conuert
But he wyll do, as he hathe done
Wyth tothe and nayle, for to vpholde
Hys blynde belefe, and errors olde.

I wryte not thys, meanyng therbye
That maſter Smyth is of that ſorte
Ner I iudge not that willyam G.
Is ſoche as Smyth dothe hym reporte
But wryte my mynde with charyte
The partyes bothe for to exhorte
That he that findes hym in the cryme
May fyrſt recante, his raylynge ryme.

But thys is for to dyſcommende
In maſter Smyth aboue althynge
That he ſo raſhlye wolde defende
A braynles buz, in hys wrytynge
And afterwarde ſtyll forth contende
Wyth malyce, and wyth threatenyng
Agaynſt that poore man wylliam G.
Farre from all godlye charyte.

Wreſtyng the ſcriptures as hym lyſt
For his owne purpoſe out of frame
But he that ſtryfe doth ſo reſyſt
That perfect worde, he doth defame
Wherin our helth doth whole conſyſt
For that is it, the very ſame
That teacheth vs the loue and drede
To God and to the Kynge our hede.

Perchaunce ye Smyth wyll take it yll
That I iudge him ſo openly
No force for that, it ſhall not ſkyll
For he is knowen ſuffayciently
But I proteſt, that in my wyll
I meane nothynge malycyouſly

But

But yet men muſt, for all his heate
Repute him hotte, that ſee him ſweate.

Lykewyſe the other dyd offende
With wrytyng ſo impacientlye
For that is no waye to amende
An harte that cankers inwardly
But he his cauſe, ſhulde ſtyll defende
With mekenes and with charyte
And not wyth malyce nor deſpyght
But ſuffer mekely wronge and ryght.

Euyn as the Goſpell doth vs teache,
Whych is oure chefe profeſſion
For Paule hymſelfe dyd alwaye preache
That for the chefe confeſſion
Of chriſten heartes, to make thē ſtretche
Theyr fayth vnto Chriſts paſſyon
The only entry into healthe
All other entryes are but ſtealth.

Lo, thus I fynde them both to blame
Wyſhynge to eche with all myne heart
An honeſt mendement, wythout ſhame
And praye to Chriſt that he conuert
Oure iudgementes all into ſuch frame
That they and we, in euery parte
Wythouten grudge, debate or grefe
Maye fyrmly ſtande in one belefe.

Whych teacheth vs to loue and dread
Hym that hathe power vnder God
I mean the kynge that is our head
That here in earth doth beare the rod
Of true iuſtyce in Chryſtes ſteade
By precyſe wordes we be forbod
Hym to wythſtande, or to wythſaye
In euery cauſe we muſt obaye.

For

For whome, as for our only guyde
Oure greateſt helpe and cheſeſt ſtaye
That daylye doth for vs prouyde
To ſaue vs ſounde wythout decaye
In warre and peace on euery ſyde
Wyth one accorde let vs all praye
To ſende hys grace, vs here amonge
Honour, encreaſe, good lyfe and longe.

God ſaue the Kynge.

Imprynted at London by Rycharde Bankes. Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum ſolum. And be to ſell in Pater noſter rowe, at the ſygne of the Rooſe.

¶ The Boke of the fayre Gentyl-
woman, that no man shulde
put his truste, or confy-
dence in: that is to say,
Lady Fortune:
flaterynge euery man
that coueyteth to
haue all, and specyally,
them that truste in
her. she decey-
ueth them
at laste.

The Lady Fortune.

¶ The Prologue.

AS often as I cōſydre, theſe olde noble clerkes
Poetis, Oratours, & Phyloſophers ſectes thre,
Howe wonderfull they were, in all theyr werkes
Howe eloquent, howe inuentyue in euery degre
Halfe amaſed I am, and as a deed tre
Stonde ſtyll, ouer rude for to brynge forth
Any fruyte or ſentence, that is ought worth.

¶ Neuertheles though rude I be, in all cōtryuyng
Of matīs, yet ſōwhat to make, I nede not to care
I ſe many a one occupyed, in the ſame thynge
So vnlerned men nowe a dayes, wyll not ſpare
To wryte, to bable, theyr myndes to declare
Trowynge them ſelfe, gay fantaſyes to drawe
When all theyr cunnynge is not worth a ſtrawe.

¶ Some ī french Cronycles, gladly doth preſume
Some in Englyſſhe, blyndly wade and wander
Another in laten bloweth forth a darke fume
As wyſe as a great hedded Aſſe of Alexandre
Some in Phyloſophye, lyke a gagelynge gandre
Begynneth luſtely the browes to ſet v̄p
And at the laſt concludeth, in the good ale cup.

¶ Finis Prologus.

quod. T. M.

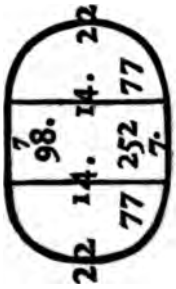
FOrtune peruerſſe
Qui le monde verſſe
Touſt a ton deſyre
Jamais tu nas ceſſe
Plaine de fineſſe
Et y prens pleaſire.

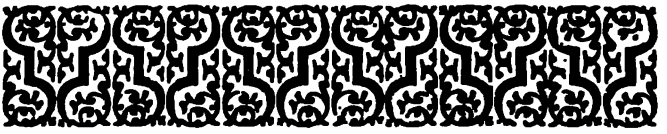
¶ Par toy vēnent moulx
Et guerres mortaulx
Touls inconueniens
Par mons et par vaulx
Et aulx hoſpitalx
Meurent tant de gens.

FOrtune, O myghty & varyable
What rule thou claymeſt, with thy cruel power
Good folke thou ſtroyeſt, and loueſt reprouable
Thou mayſt not waraunt thy gyftꝰ for one houre
Fortune vnworthy men ſetteth in honoure
Thorowe fortune thīnocent ī wo & ſorow ſhricheth
The iuſt man ſhe ſpoyleth, & the vniuſt enrycheth.

¶ Yonge men ſhe kylleth, & letteth olde men lyue
Onryghtuouſly deuydynge, tyme and ſeaſon
That good men leſeth, to wycked doth ſhe gyue
She hath no differēce, but iudgeth all good reaſon
Inconſtaunce, ſlypper, frayle, and full of treaſon
Neyther for euer cheryſſhynge, whom ſhe taketh
Nor for euer oppreſſynge, whom ſhe forſaketh.

Finis. q. T. M.





¶ The wordes of Fortune to the people.

q. Tho. Mo.

MYne hyghe eſtate, power and auctoryte
If ye ne knewe, enſerche and ye ſhall ſpye
That rycheſſe, worſhyp, welth, and dynyte
Ioye, reſt, and peace, and all thynge ſynally
That any pleaſure or profyte maye come by
To mannes comforte, ayde and ſuſtenaunce
Is all at my deuyſe, and ordynaunce.

¶ Without my favoure, there is no thynge wonne
Many a matter haue I brought at laſte
To good concluſyon, that fondly was begonne
And many a purpoſe, bounden ſure and faſte
With wyſe prouyſyon, I haue ouercaſte
Without good happe, there may no wyt ſuffyſe
Better is to be fortunate, than wyſe.

And therfore hath there ſome men ben or this
My deedly fooes, and writen many a boke
To my diſprayſe, and no other cauſe there is

But

But for me lyſt, not frendly on them loke
Thus lyke the fox they fare, that ones forſoke
The pleaſaunt grapes, and gan for to defye them
Bycauſe he lept & lept, and coulde not come by thē.

¶ But let them wryte, theyr labour is in vayne
For well ye wot, myrth, honoure and rycheſſe
Better is than ſhame, penury and payne
The nedy wryteth, that lyngeryth in dyſtreſſe
Without myne helpe, is euer comfortleſſe
A wery burden odyouſe and lothe
To all the worlde, and to hymſelfe bothe.

¶ But he that by my fauoure maye aſcende
To myghty power, and excellent degre
A cōmon wele to gouerne, and defende
O in howe bleſſyd condycyon, ſtandeth he
Hymſelfe in honour and felycyte
And ouer that, may forther and encreace
An hole regyon, in ioye reſt and peace.

¶ Nowe in this poynt, there is no more to ſaye
Eche man hath of hym ſelfe the gouernaunce
Let euery wyght, than take his owe waye
And he that out of pouerte, and myſchaunce
Lyſt for to lyue, and wyll hym ſelfe enhaunce
In welth & rycheſſe, come forth and wayte on me
And he that wyll be a beggar, let hym be.

¶ To them that truſteth
in Fortune.

THou that art proude of honour ſhape or kyn
That helpeſt vp this wretched world⸗ treſure
Thy fyngers ſhryned with golde/ thy tawny ſkyn
Withe freſſhe appareyll, garnyſhed out of meſure
And wenyſt to haue fortune alway at thy pleſure
Caſt vp thyne eye, and loke howe ſlypper chaunce
Illudeth her men with chaunge and varyaunce.

¶ Somtyme ſhe loketh, as louely fayre & bryght
As goodly Venus mother of cupyde
She becketh and ſmyleth vpon euery wyght
But this feyned chere, may not abyde
There cōmeth a cloude, and farewell all our pryde
Lyke any ſerpent, ſhe begynneth to ſwell
And loketh as fearſe, as any fury of hell.

¶ Yet for all that, we brothle men are fayne
So wretched is our nature, and ſo blynde
As ſoone as fortune lyſt, to laughe agayne
With fayre countenaunce, and deceytfull mynde
To croutche and knele, and gape after the wynde
Not one or twayne, but thouſandes in a rout
Lyke ſwarmyng bees, come flakerynge her about.

¶ Then as bayte, ſhe bryngeth forth her ware
Syluer, golde, ryche perle, and precious ſtone
On whiche, the maſed people gaſe and ſtare
And gape therfore as dogges for the bone
Fortune at them laugheth, and in her trone
Amyd her treſure, and wauerynge rycheſſe
Prowdly ſhe loueth,[1] as Lady and Empreſſe.

¶ Faſt by her ſyde doth wery laboure ſtande
Pale fere alſo and ſorowe all be wepte
Dyſdeyne and hatred, on that other hand
Eke reſtles watche, fro ſlepe with trauayle kept

[1] *Sic.* Perhaps for *lowreth* or *loketh*.

His

His eyes drowſy, and lokynge as he ſlepte
Before her ſtandeth Daunger and Enuye
Flatery, Dyſceyte, Myſchyfe, and Tyrannye.

¶ Aboute her cōmeth, all the worlde to begge
He aſketh loude: and he to paſſe wolde brynge
This ioye and that, and all not worth an egge
He wolde in loue proſpere, aboue all thynge
He kneleth downe and wolde be made a kynge
He forceth not. ſo he maye money haue
Thoughe all ỹ worlde accompt hym for a knaue

¶ Lo thus dyuers heddys, dyuers wyttes
Fortune alone, as dyuers as they all
Unſtable here and there, amonge them ſlyttes
And at auenture, downe her gyftes fall
Catche who ſo may, ſhe throweth great and ſma[ll]
Not to all men, as cōmeth ſonne or dewe
But for the moſt parte, all amonge a fewe.

¶ And yet her broteli gyftes, maye not laſt
He that ſhe gaue them, loketh proude and hye
She whyrleth aboute, and plucketh away as faſt
And gyueth them to an other, by and by
And thus from man to man, contynually
She vſeth to gyue and take, and ſlyly toſſe
One man to wynnynge, and of an others loſſe.

¶ And whē ſhe robbeth one, downe goth his pryde
He wepeth and wayleth, and curſeth her full ſore
But he that receyueth it, on that other ſyde
Is glad, and bleſſeth her, a .M. tymes therfore
But in a whyle whan ſhe loueth hym no more
She glydeth from hym, and her gyftes to
And he her curſeth, as other fooles do.

¶ Alas the folysſhe people, can not ſeace
Ne voyde her trayne, tyll they the harme fele
Aboute her alwaye, beſely they preace
But lorde what he thynketh hym ſelfe, wele
That maye ſet ones, his hande vpon her whele
He holdeth faſt, but vpwarde as he ſtyeth
She whyppeth her whele about, and there he lyeth.

¶ Thus fell Julius, from his myghty power
Thus fell Darius, the worthy kynge of perſe
Thus fell Alexandre, the ſouerayne conqueroure
Thus many mo, then I maye well reherſe
Thus double Fortune, when ſhe lyſt reuerſe
Her ſlypper fauoure, fro them that in her truſt
She ſlyeth her waye, and lyeth hym in the duſt.

¶ She ſodenlye enhaunce hym a lofte
And ſodenly myſcheuyth, all the flocke
The hed that late laye, eaſely and ſofte
In ſtede of pylouſe, lyeth after on the blocke
And yet alas, the cruell proude mocke
The deyntye mouth, that ladyes kyſſed haue
She bryngeth in the caſe, to kyſſe a knaue.

¶ Thus whē ſhe chaunſeth, her vncertayne courſe
Vp ſtarteth a knaue, & downe ther falleth a knight
The begger ryche, and the ryche man poore is
Hatred is turned to loue, Loue to deſpyght
This is her ſport, thus proueth ſhe her myght
Great boſt ſhe maketh, yf one be by her power
welthy, and wretched, both in an houre.

¶ Pouerte that of her gyftes, wyll no thynge take
With mery chere, ſhe loketh on the preſe
And ſeeth howe fortunes, how ſhulde go to wrake
Faſt by her ſtandeth, the wyſe Socrates

Ariſtippus

Ariſtippus, Pithagoras, and many a lyfe
Of olde Phyloſophers, and eke agaynſt ỳ ſonne
Baketh hym pore Diogenes in his tonne

¶ With her is Bias, whoſe countrey lacked defenſe
And whylom of theyr fooes ſtode ſo in dout
That eche man haſtely gan to cary thenſe
And aſked hym why, he nought caryed out
I bere quod he, all myne with me about
Wyſdome he ment, not fortunes brotell fees
For nought he counted his, that he myght leſe.

¶ Heraclitus to, lyſt felowſhyp to kepe
With glad pouerte, Democrytus alſo
Of whiche the fyrſt can neuer but wepe
To ſe howe thyche, the blynd people go
With great laboure, to purchaſe care and wo
That other laugheth, to ſee the folyſſe apes
Howe earneſtly, they walke about theyr Japes

¶ Of this poore ſecte, it is the vſage
Onely to take, that nature maye ſuſtayne
Banyſhynge clene, all other ſurpluſage
They be content, and of nothynge complayne
No nigarde eke, is of his golde ſo fayne
But they more pleaſure haue, a thouſande folde
The ſecrete draughtes of nature and to beholde.

¶ Set fortunes ſeruauntes by them and ye wull
That one is fre, that other euer thrall
That one content, that other neuer full
That one in ſuerty, that other lyke to fall
Who lyſt to aduyſe them, both perceyue ye ſhall
As great dyfference betwene them, as we ſe
Betwyxte wretchednes, and felycyte.

Now

¶ Now haue I ſhewed you both, cheſe which ye lift
Stately fortune, or humble pouerte
That is to ſaye, nowe lyeth it in your fyſt
To take you to bondage, or fre lyberte
But in this poynt, and ye do after me
Drawe you to fortune, and labour her to pleaſe
Yf that ye thynke your ſelf, to well at eaſe.

¶ And fyrſt vpon the, louely ſhall ſhe ſmyle
And frendly on the caſt, her wanderynge eyes
Embrace the in her armys, and for a whyle
Put the into a foles paradyſe
And forthwith all, what ſo thou lyſt deuyſe
She wyll the graunt it, lyberally perhappes
But for all that beware of after clappes.

¶ Rekyn you neuer, of her fauour ſure
Ye maye in the clowdes, as eaſely trace an hare
Or in dry londe cauſe fysſhes to endure
And make the burnynge fyre his hete to ſpare
As all this worlde encompaſſe to forfare
As her to make by crafte, or engyne ſtable
That of her nature, is euer varyable.

¶ Serue her daye and nyght, as reuerntly
Vpon thy knees, as any ſeruaunte maye
And in concluſion, that thou ſhall wynne therby
Shall not be worth thy ſeruyce I dare ſaye
And yet loke what ſhe gyueth the to daye
With labour wonne, ſhe ſhall haply to morowe
Plucke it out of thy hande agayne with ſorowe.

¶ Wherfore yf thou in ſuerte lyſt to ſtande
Take pouerties parte, and let proude fortune go
Receyue nothynge that cōmeth from her hande
Loue maner and vertue, for they be onely tho

whiche

whiche double fortune maye neuer take the fro
Thē mayſt thou boldely defy her turnynge chaūce
She can the neyther hynder, nor auaunce.

¶ But & thou wylt nedes medle with her treſure
Truſt not therin, and ſpende it lyberally
Bere the not proude, nor take not out of meſure
Bylde not thyne houſe, hyghe vp in the ſkye
None falleth faire, but he that clynbeth hye
Remembre nature ſent the hyther bare
The gyftz of fortune compt thē, as borowed ware

¶ Who ſo delyteth to prouen and aſſaye
Of wauerynge fortune, the full vncertayne lot
Yf that the anſwere, pleaſe ye not alwaye
Blame not me for I cōmaunde ye not
Fortune to truſt, and eke full well ye wot
I haue of her no brydle in my fyſt
She renneth looſe, and turneth where ſhe lyſt.

¶ The rollyng dyſe, in whō your lucke doth ſtand
With whoſe vnhappy chaunce ye be ſo wrought
Ye know your ſelfe, came neuer in myne hande
Lo in this ponde, be fysſhes and frogges both
Caſt in your net, but be ye lyeſe or loth
Holde you content as Fortune lyſt aſſygne
It is your owne ſysſhynge and not myne.

¶ And thoughe in one chaūce fortune you offende
Grudge not therat, but bere a mery face
In many another, ſhe ſhall it amende
There is no man ſo fer out of her grace
But he ſomtyme, hath comforte and ſolace
Ne none agayne ſo ſet forth in her fauoure
That fully ſaty[s]fyed is with her behauyoure.

Fortune

¶ Fortune is ſtately, ſolempne, proude, and hye
And ryches gyueth, to haue ſeruyce therfore
The nedy begger catcheth an halfepeny
Some man a M. pounde ſome leſſe ſome more
But for all that, ſhe kepeth euer in ſtore
From euery man ſome parcell of his wyll
That he may praye therfore, and ſerue her ſtyll.

¶ Some man hath good, but chyldren hath none
Some man hath both, but he can get none helth
Some hath all thre, but vp to honoures trone
Can he not crepe by no maner of ſtelth
To ſome ſhe ſendeth, chyldren, ryches welth
Honoure, worſhyp, and reuerence all his lyfe
But yet ſhe pyncheth hym, with a ſhrewed wyfe.

¶ Then for as moche as it is fortunes guyſe
To graunt no man all thynge that he wyll axe
But as her ſelfe lyſt order and deuyſe
Doth euery man his parte dyuyde and taxe
I counceyll you truſſe vp your packys
And take nothynge at all, or be content
With ſuche rewarde, as fortune hath you ſent.

¶ All thynges in this booke that ye ſhall rede
Do as ye lyſt, there ſhall no man you bynde
Them to beleue, as ſurely as your crede
But notwithſtandynge, certyes in my mynde
I durſte well ſwere, as trewe ye ſhall them fynde
In euery poynt, eche anſwere by and by
As are the iudgementes of Aſtronomye.

¶ Here Fineth Lady Fortune.

Fortune

¶ Fortune ſpeketh.

FOrtune ou eſt Dauid, et Salmon
Mathuſale, Joſue, Machabee
Olofernes, Alexandre, et Sampſon
Iulles Ceſar, Hector, Auſy, Pompee
Ou eſt vlyxes, et ſa grant remommee
Artur le roy, Godefroy, Charlemaine
Daires le grant, Hercules Tholomee
Ilz ſont tous mors, ce, monde eſt choſe vaine.

¶ Queſt deuenu Pharon, le roy Felon
Job le courtois, Thobie, et leur lignee
Ariſtote, ypocras, et Platon
Iudich, Heſter, Boece, Peneloppee
Royne dido, Palas, Juno, Medee
Geneiure, auſſe la tresnoble Helaine
Palamides, Triſtan, auec ſon eſpee
Ilz ſont tous mors, ce, mōde eſt choſe vaine.

¶ Imprynte by me Robert Wyer dwellyn-
ge, in Saynt Martyns paryſſe, in
the Duke of Suffolkes rentes,
beſyde Charynge
Croſſe.

Ad imprimendum
Solum.

The vpcheringe of the messe.

Inprinted at Lodon by John Daye and Willyam Seres.

GHo hath not knowē or herd
how we were made a feard
That magre of our beard
Our meſſe ſhulde cleane awaye
That we did dayly ſaye
And vtterly decaye
For euer and for aye
So were we brought in doubte
That all that are deuout
Were like to go withoute
The meſſe that hath no peere
Which longe hath taried here
Yea many an hundreth yere
And to be deſtitute
Of that whiche conſtitute
was of the highe depute
Of Chriſte and his apoſtles
Althoughe none of the Goſpels
No mencion maketh or tells
We muſt beleue what ells?
Of things done by councells,
Wherin the high profeſſours
Apoſt[o]lique ſucceſſours
Take holde to be poſſeſſours
And ſome wer made confeſſours
Some of them were no ſtartars
But were made holi marters
Yet plowmen ſmythes & cartars

With

With ſuch as be their hartars
Will enterpriſe to taxe
Thes auncyent mens actes
And holy fathers factes
Thoughe meſſe were made bi mē
As popes nyne or ten
Or many more what then?
Or not of ſcripture grounded
Is yt therefore confounded
To be a ſuperſticion?
Nay nay they myſſe the quiſſion
Make better Inquyſicion
Ye haue an euyll condicion
To make ſuche expoſicion
Ye thinke nothing but ſcripture
Is only clene and pure
Yes yes I you enſure
The meſſe ſhalbe hir better
As light as ye do ſet hir
  The ſcripture hath nothing
Wher by profyte to bryng
But a lytyll preaching
With tattling and teaching
And nothing can ye eſpie
Nor ſe with outwarde eye
But muſt your ears applie
To learnyng inwardlye
And who ſo it will folowe
In goods though he may walow
If ſcripture once him ſwalowe
She wyll vndo him holowe
Wherfore no good mes ſingers
Will come win hir fyngers
But are hir vnder ſtyngers
For ſhe wolde fayne vndo
All ſuch as lyueth ſo
  To the meſſe ſhe is an enymye
And wolde diſtroye hir vtterlye
Wer not for ſum that frendfully
In time of nede will ſtand hir by

Yet

Yet is the meſſe and ſhe as lyke
As a chriſtian to an heretike
The meſſe hath holy veſtures
And many gay geſtures
And decked with clothe of golde
And veſſells many folde
Right galaunt to beholde
More then may well be tolde
With baſen ewer and towell
And many a prety Iwelle
With goodly candellſtyckes
And many proper tryckys
With cruetts gilt, and chalys
Wherat ſome men haue malice
With ſenſers and with pax
And many other knackys
With patent and with corporas
The fyneſt thing that euer was
Alaſſe is it not pitie
That men be no more wittye
But on the meſſe to Ieſt
Of all ſuche thinge the beſt
For if ſhe were ſuppreſt
A pyn for all the reſt.
  But harke to me a while
And marke ye well my ſtyle
All ye that ſpeake ſo vyle
And woulde the meſſe exile
Tidynges I can you tel
She is like here to dwel
In diſpite of the Goſpel
For al his lokes ſo ſnel
And alſo I wyl proue
It wil the Goſpel behoue
To ſue to haue her loue
For within fewe yeres
He durſt not for his eares
Be ſene in all this land
Nor harde nor had in hand
But ſhe had by hym ſtande

He

He was hir ſeruaunt than
Let him ſay what he can
With him durſt no man
Meddle more or leſſe
But whan he harde meſſe
This muſt he nedes confeſſe
Or eles in expoſicions
Or doctors diſpoſicions
Such were the conſtitutions
And alſo inſtitucions
Suche were their prohibicions
And alſo inhibicions
He durſte not crie creake
Till he coulde engliſhe ſpeake
But lyke an huddy peake
Kepe warme hys braynes weake
And nowe he is full cranke
And conneth hir no thanke
But compteth hir as ranke
As any on the bancke
But maiſter Euangelium
The tyme agayne may come
But wel ther mum
Ha, Ha, Hum.
Wel yet ther be ſome
That are not all dum
That long hath hold theyr peace
And were content to ceaſe
Leſte malice ſhould encreſe
To frie them in their greſe
And nowe they be turned loſe
They paſſe not of a goſe
To ſaye the worſt they can
By meſſe the powre woman
What did I call hir pore?
Naye ſome wyl cal hir whore
And ſtireth a great vprore
Some cal hir popes daughter
Some ſayes ſhe made māſlaughter
Some turne hir to a laughter

Some

Some wold they had not ſought hir
Som curſſeth hym ẏ brought hir
And him that firſt taught hir
Some ſay ſhe is a leache
To make whole ſcabes & bleache
Some ſaye ſhe is good for byles
And good for hum bledheles
And good for kowe or Oxe
That chafid be wyth yockes
And good for hens and cockes
To kepe them from the fox
They ſaye ſhe is good for the pox
And ſuch as haue ſore dockes
And as for gaulde horſe backes
That chafed be with packes
With panyers and wyth ſackes
No helpe they ſaye ſhe lackes
And good for meſelde hogges
And alſo maungye dogges
But for a Wincheſter goſlynge
They ſay ſhe paſſeth al thing
She bringeth wether clere
And ſeaſonable yere
And if it neade agayne
They ſaye ſhe bringeth raine
She ſeaceth thonder lowde
And carieth euerie cloude
They ſay the plage and peſtilēce
The feuer and the epilence
The popiſh meſſe expelleth hēce
And graſſe ſhe maketh growe
And fayre wynde to blowe
And rule it highe and lowe
Her power is greate I trowe
And ſome ſaye wedes & thornes
She kepeth from the cornes
And yet ſome mockes & ſcornes
And ſay hir priſtes make hornes
On eueninges and in mornes
Thus do they hir defame

And

And ſlaunder hir good name
Wherin they be to blame
For I can good wittnes fet
That ſhe neuer holpe on yet
Thus thei ſpeake and ſpare not
And what thei prate thei care not
For lowdly do they ſounde
That miſſa is not founde
Within the byble boke
Who ſo theron ſhall loke
And yet they be a croke
A[nd] miſſe the marcke they toke
Ther ſhal ye find miſach
A wel, howe lyke ye thys knacke?
Wherefore loke about
And ſerche in and out
For ſhe is no lowt
I put you out of doubt
She is not cleane forſaken
But very wel taken
Yea yea be lakin
She is worth a flicke of bacon
And if it be well ſought
She wil not ſo be bought
Yet may ye ſe hir for nought
In many holy places
Within a fewe paces
An holy holy thinge
Eſpecially when they ſynge
With mery piping
And beſy chauntyng
We maye be veri glade
That yet the meſſe is had
For al it is ſo bad
The people be as mad
As euer they may be
The meſſe to here and ſe
A vengaunce on it for me
For I am al moſte weryc
I haue taken ſuche payne

To

To bringe hir home agayne
  Wherfore nowe totus mūdus
That round is and rotundus
Be mery and Iocundus
And ſing the letabundus
With al the whole chorus
That here hath ben before vs
And al the ſely ſoules
That hereth meſſe in poules
And in al places beſide
In london that is wyde
Where meſſe is ſong or ſayd
And be nothinge affraed
That ſhe ſhal go awaye
But tary whyle ſhe maye
For ſhe muſt long continue
She hath ſuche greate retynue
Stronge men of bone and ſinue
Ye can no better wyſhe
They wyl ſticke to their ſtockfiſh
And ſtande lyke luſty bloudes
Aduenturinge lyfe and goodes
And al to put in peril
For maſtres miſſas quarrel
And nothynge wil they ſhrincke
No more then for to drincke
To ſp[e]ake ſuch as they thincke
No no they wyll not wincke
At matters to be ſene
Nor let for king or quene
Ye geſſe nere whom I meane
Yet is it ſayed I wene
He caried not al cleane
Yet hath he bolder ben
Then other fiften
  Wherefore he maye be prayſed
That ſuch a noyſe is rayſed
And thorowe Englande voyſed
That he woulde be ſo hardy
Thoughe he were taken tardy

He thought or he went thens
To declare his conſciens
A man of muche ſapience
And ful of goodly ſentence
Wel lyke to wyn the audience
By his copious Eloquence
If wel he might enchieued
For many men beleued
That he coulde haue remeued
And wonne by his entent
Al that there were preſente
Alacke they were not bent
To graunt or to conſent
To ſuche thinges as he ment
He talked that religions
With al their prety pigions
For good entent were wroughte
God wotteth what he thought
He ſpake it not for noughte
Though ſcripture he ne brought
But if he would haue ſought
He coulde haue proued it there
Or a horſe coulde lyke his eare
That taking awaye the il
They might haue ſtand ſtil
And in lyke caſe by Images
And all maner of ceremonies
But tuſhe let go thes bables
And al theſe fible fables
The meſſe he did auaunce
And highly hir enhaunce
To be of ſuch perfection
As neadeth no correction
Nor yet to haue infection
For al hir late detection
Nor worthie of ſuſpection
So cleare is hir confection
And purenes of complection
By catholyke election
She ſemes to take erection

Aboue

Aboue the refurrection
Nor neuer was his lot
In hir to ſpie a ſpot
But cleane from blurre and blot
He loueth hir wel, god wot
There can no droncken ſot
Loue more the good ale pot
I dare ſaye at this howre
Thoughe he be in the towre
Yet doeth he ſtyl honoure
The meſſe that ſwete a flowre
  Wherfore ye prieſtes al
That ſtyl continue ſhal
With meſſinge in the temple
Forget not thys exemple
Of thys your father
That ye maye the rather
Obtayne the grace
To come to the place
Wher he doeth abyde
And loke ye do not ſlyde
But ſticke to hir harde
Or elles all is marde
And whan ye may not chuſe
Then muſt ye hir refuſe
Ther wilbe heauy newes
As euer came to the ſtewes
The contrye is not fayre
And ſhe liketh not the ayre
Wherfore if ſhe appayre
Nedes home ſhe muſte repayre
There is no ſuch remedie
As is her natiue contrie
And if ſhe chaunce to dye
I can not helpe it I
But ſinge placebo
Tut let hir gooe
I wene we get no mo
  A good meſtres miſſa
Shal ye go from vs thiſſa?

We

Wel yet I muſte ye kyſſe
Alacke for payne I pyſſe
To ſe the mone here Iſſe
Becauſe ye muſte departe
It greueth many an herte
That ye ſhould from them ſtart
But what then tuſhe a farte
Sins other ſhifte is none
But ſhe muſt needes be gone
Nowe let vs ſynge echo one
boeth Jak and gyll and Lone
Requiem eternam
Left penam ſempiternam
For vitam ſupernam
And vmbram infernam
For veram lucernam
She chaunce to enherite
According to hir merite
Pro cuius memoria
Ye maye wel be ſoria
Full ſmale maye be your gloria
When ye ſhal heare thys ſtoria
Then wil ye crie and roria
We ſhal ſe hir no moria
Et dicam vobis quare
She may no longer ſtare
Nor here with you regnare
But trudge ad vltra mare
And after habitare
In regno plutonico
Et Euo acronyco
Cum cetu babilonico
Et cantu diabolico
With pollers and pillers
And al hir well willers
And ther to dwel euer
And thus wil I leaue hir.

FINIS.

A compen=
dious treatise in metre
declaring the firste origi=
nall of Sacrifice, and of the buylding
of Aultares and Churches, and of the
firste receauinge of the Christen
fayth here in Englande by
G. M.

Iacob. 4.
¶ Drawe nyghe to God, and he wil
drawe nighe to you.

Anno Domini. 1. 5. 5. 4.
18. *Decembris.*

I. C.

The Preface,

Unto the Readers.

Spiritus ubi vult Spirat.

The firſt letter of euery of theſe verſes dothe cotayne the name of the maker.

Good readers pardon me I praye you more and leſſe
Emptye of learning, furniſhed with rudeneſſe
Onlye my good will, accepte here in this place
Regarde here the ſtories, thoughe they you apprehende
Grudge you not at thē, but your faultes amend
Exāples thei you ſhew, for to moue you to grace
Uſe me and amēd me, & I wil thanke you therfore
Saue me ſure harmeleſſe, and I aſke you no more

Marke not my ryme, but regard well ẏ matter
As tyme ſhal ſerue you, reade it with leaſure
Referring all faultes to your good diſcretion
Sythe I am bare of knowledge, and voyde of eloquence
Haue it not in deſpite, but pardon my inſolence
Al thynges I wiſhe to come, to good ende and concluſion
Laude god and prayſe him howe euer ẏ worlde turne
Loke wel to the marke ẏ all men muſte runne

Iacob. 4. Clenſe your handes ye ſynners, & purge your hartes ye waueryng mynded.

To the right worſhipfull mayſter Richarde Whartun Eſquier G. M. dothe wiſhe longe life with grace.

INaſmuche right worſhipful Sir, as it is well knowen to all your neyghbours, that you haue bene a worthie champion, and a bolde ſouldiar, that very manly hath ſtande and fought vnder the banner of Chriſtes fayth, not beynge moued or driuen backe, neyther with the peſtiferous blaſtes of Antichriſtes preachers, or yet in feare of peryll of the highe and mightie waues of this tempeſtrious ſea, which vnſatiably hath ſwalowed up many a cowardly heart, and ouer whelmed many weake in fayth. Which conſtancie of your behalfe hath no leſſe demerited, then Chriſt him ſelfe hath promiſed (as his Apoſtle ſaynt James dothe full well recorde) that is to ſaye, a crowne incorruptible. And therfore hath Chriſte him ſelfe willed all men to perſeuere in fayth vnto the ende. Alſo moniſhinge all his, to beware and take hede of the falſe and deuilliſhe doctrine, that ſhalbe ſowen in the ende of the worlde (ſaying) that therby many ſhalbe deceaued, yea and the heartes of innocentes ſhalbe therby peruerted, as the Apoſtle doth wel teſtifie. We maye nowe in theſe oure dayes ryghte worſhipful ſyr ſaye, that ſede hathe bene ſowen. But it is darnell in the ſtede of good corne. For the increaſe thereof is euil, and therfore the ſede is the better perceaued. For the nature of darnell is ſuche, that yf it be receaued in what licor or meates, it wil cauſe the eater therof to iudge him ſelfe to be duſie in the braynes, as the experience doth full well proue, that this darnel, the whiche hath bene receaued of manye, what carnall veſſels hath brought themſelfes, as to ſaye into a madnes of minde, neyther fearynge God, dreading hell, obeying their kyng, or knowyng them ſelfes, as we maye daylye perceaue by experience in their workes. For who haue redde of ſo many hereſies, treaſons, conſpiracies, murders, falſe accuſations, prowde attemptes, deuilliſhe aſſaultes, fonde enterpriſes, lamentable crimes, and wretched ending, as hath bene ſithe the time, that this darnell hathe entered into their brayne. Yet maye

be well iudged by thefe people, that Legion the great deuil the monfterous cockatrice hath layde her egges, and hath hachedd them, and hath brought forth her birdes in an euill time, by whofe poyfon innumerable hath bene, and is infected. Who happie good fyr is that man, that hath not entered into their wicked iudgement, neyther yet hath walked in their perverfe wayes, neyther yet hathe refted them felfes in theyr feate or peftilēt chayre. Yet doth thefe wicked byrdes chatter, and continuallye faye: that all the caufe of our plages hathe bene for that we haue not receaued gods word, as thoughe Goddes woorde was neuer in this realme before, and that Gods worde can not be receaued, but in the Englifhe tongue. But furelie good fyr the rulers of the earth hath bene to blame for fuffering fo precious and holye aynell to be caft amonge fwyne, fithe Chrifte him felfe hath warned vs the contrarye. And fo it is an olde fayinge, that to muche familiaritie ingendreth contempte: yet will this wicked generation fo ftiflye ftande in argument, that it is neceffarye, that al men fhuld haue the Bibel and Teftament in their mother tongue, as thoughe that all men being ordeyned to learne Gods worde, fhoulde alfo be teachers. But furelye good fyr theyr opinion is verelye falfe, as you fhall well perceaue. *Vza* being appointed to driue the oxen that did beare the arcke of God, was not ordeyned to touche the arcke. For as it is wrytten in the ftorie, becaufe he didde ftaye the arcke wyth his hande, when it was in ieopardie of fallyng, he was ftroken downe deade by the hande of God. *Oza* the kyng dyd alfo enterprife to incenfe the aultare, whiche was not his office to do, and therfore he was ftrokē with leprofie in his face. Thus were they plaged, that didde prefume to the office, not being called therevnto, although they did fuppofe to do God good feruice. Chrift him felfe didde talke of the kingdome of heauen with Nicodemus a ruler in Ifraell, fo dydde he with Zacheus, a man of worfhipfull eftate amonge the Jewes, with the Centurion a capitayne, the yonge inheritour, the widowe of Canaan, the woman of Samarie, and with manye innumerable mo, yet did not Chrift commaūde none of all thefe to preache the Gofpell. Yet it was his good pleafure, that they fhulde knowe it, when he healed the man, that was both dōme and deaffe: which doth figure thofe, that know not Chrifte, neyther can talke of his lawe. Yet when this man did knowe Chrift,

Chrift, and could teftifie of his grace and mercy, yet Chrifte did not fende him to preache, but to prayfe God, & hym to magnifie: and when Chrifte did clenfe the lepers, he didde not fende them to preache, but to fhewe them to the prieft, and gaue them charge to fulfill, that the lawe did commaunde them. And contrarye, when Chrifte had ftrokē downe Saule, and cōuerted him to Paule, he fent him to preache vnto the Gentiles, and Chrift generally fent his Apoftles to preache to all creatures. And yf Chrifte fhuld haue giuen that commaūdement to all men, then all fhuld haue bene preachers and no hearers: therefore euen as God hath fet orders and degrees amonge hys Archaungels and aungels: and diuerfitie of the light and brightnes of the funne, moone, & eche other ftarre. Euen fo he hath made fome Patriarches, Prophetes, Apoftles, Euangeliftes, doctors, and teachers, and fo diuerflye of eftate of eche other degree amonge the people on the earth. For God him felfe euen from the firft creation, of ftones, herbes, and fruites, that growe and fprynge yearely out of the earth, God hath made fome of more vertue and worthie eftimation then fome. Lyke as the potter dothe not make all his veffels for one vfe or purpofe, but diuerfe veffels to ferue for diuerfe vfes, according to the will of the maker. And therfore it is Gods will, and alfo the counfell of the Apoftle, that euery man fhould abide and walke in hys vocation and calling. And nowe good fyr to conclude, for that I haue euer hearde, & well dothe knowe, that you haue bene faythfull in your office, and iuftelye hath walked in your vocation. I haue therfore dedicate this my fimple worke in your name, therby declarynge my good wyll towardes the maynteynaunce of the true religion, and alfo to do fome thing to pleafure you, yf it were in my fimple power.

But to conclude as I haue fayde, I befeche you,
good fyr confider my good wyll,
and lette it ftande for a
iufte facte.

Jefus preferue you.

AS I laye mufing in my bedde alone
My pyllowe remouinge. For flepe was gone
So troubled was my fpirite by greuous agonye
Confideryng the ftate and ftaye of our beleue
The ofte chaunging therof chriften hartes doth greue
Which ftandeth in no ftaye, it is the more pitie
God geue vs grace our lyues to amende
And true fayth in Englande agayne fende

For lacke of grace we haue gone aftraye
Enfuing the fteppes of wickednes alwaye
Our foules and bodyes by fynne is corrupted
The thinges that of olde to God was begonne
We fondely agayne haue them fordonne
The badde for the good vnfemely placed
Experience hath taught vs it is well knowen
That euil men haue reped, that good men haue fowen

Genef. 3. When Adam dyd lyue with Eue his wyfe
The ferpent begonne to fowe fome ftryfe
Betwene our lorde and the foule of man
Perfwadyng the woman of the appell to eate
Promyfyng her wyfedome therby to gette
Where finne was vnknowē, there then it began
Thus by the breakyng of Gods cōmaundement
Mans foule was caught captyue by death to fhent

Genef. 9. When Abell and Cayne fyrft dyd begynne
Of their fruites to offer ẏ then were growinge
On the earth to the lorde in worthy facrifyce
Cayn flewe Abell there in that ftede
With the Jawe bone of an Affe as we reade
Becaufe the lorde dyd hys oblation defpyfe,
When oblation and facrifice here firft beganne
The deuill fet ftryfe betwene man and man

As

As the people beganne to encreaſe in number, *Geneſ. 6. 7.*
With vnclennes theyr ſoules they dyd incūber
That God dyd repent that euer he made man
And for that they would not repent & amende
The rayne from heauen to ỹ earth dyd aſcende
Wherwith was diſtroyed all creatures than
Thus was the worlde deſtroyed for ſynne
But Noye hadde an Arcke to ſaue hym in

When the floude was ended, then Noye gods preacher
Beganne fyrſt to buylde to God an Aultare
Whereon he dyd offer ſwete incenſe and ſacrifice
Which was ſo well accepted to God in heauen
That he ſayde he would neuer dyſtroye agayne *Geneſ. 22.*
All creatures from the earth by plage or otherwiſe *Leuit. 9.*
Then aultares was vſed as the bokes doth tel *Matth. 5.*
Of the Leuites, patriarkes, prophetes, & goſpel

The Aungell to Abram from the lorde was ſent *Geneſ. 22.*
That Iſaac his ſonne in ſacrifice ſhould preſent
Unto the lorde for ſo was his wyll
Abram then ſtode not this meſſage to reaſon
But went with his ſonne wyth all expedition
Unto the mounte there Iſaac to kyll
To ſacrifice his ſonne, Abram was content
As the lorde him ſelfe had geuen cōmaundemēt

Here maye you ſe thoughe ſome will prate
The aulter and ſacrifice was not deuiſed of late
As the ſtories olde dothe truely tell
When Hanna the baren dyd faſt and praye *1. Regum 1*
And ſacrifice to the lord as the ſtorye doth ſaye
He gaue hyr a ſonne, that hyte Samuell
With prayer and oblation God was pleaſed
The troubled hart, he therfore hath eaſed

When the Citezins of Niniue wickedly did liue *Ionas*
Ionas was ſent them warning to geue

Within

Within fortye dayes there subuersion to be
The kyng in all the haſt, ſent commaundement then
That all ſhoulde repent, both woman and man
Their clothes not rendinge but their hartes inwardely
Thus by repentaunce, the Citie was saued
By prayer and faſtynge, their paynes releaſed

2. *Regu.* 2. 4. Iſrael beynge plaged with mortall Peſtilence
Dauyd it knew it was for his inſolence
From numberyng the people, from Dan to Berſaba
Then Dauid did cauſe to reare vppe an aultare
Wherevnto the lord he did ſacrifice and offer
To ceſſe the plage of Iſrael and Iuda
When the people of olde the lorde had offended
By ſacrifice acceptable their ſinnes they cleanſed

3. *Regum.* 6. Salamon the kyng and moſt wiſe of fame
Builded a temple to Gods honour and name
With ryches aboundant he dyd it beautyfye
Ceder, Oliue, & palme tree, there was not ſkant
Tynne, Copper, Syluer, nor Golde did there wante
Neyther ſtones precious or ornamentes coſtely
Of ſockes and lauers, there was many a one
All of bryght braſſe, they were made eche one

Idem. An aultare of Golde vnto the lorde he made
A tabell of the ſame, where the ſwete bread was layde
And Candelſtickes ten on the aultare ſtanding
The lampes and flowers of golde were pure
3. *Regum.* 7. Boules, peces, ſpones, and euerye maſure
Rychely was wrought, for no coſte ſparinge
Here may you ſee that the good fathers of olde
Deſtroyed no Aultares, but made ſome of golde

Act. 7. Many very fondly in argument doth ſtande
That God doth not dwell in temple made with hande
As though the ſcripture ment ſo playnely
The heauens & whole earth are inſufficient

God

God to attayne or kepe, a tyme or moment
But where his will is, there will he be
Yet is the churche an houſe to God buylded *Matth.* 2. 1.
A place for his name, there euer to be prayſed *Eſay.* 5. 6.

Some thyng it is but labour loſte
To beſtowe on the churche one peny of coſte
In Cope, croſſe, or veſtiment, or any other iewel
For ſacrifice or offeringe God doth not care
To fede the hungrye, and the oppreſſed to ſpare *Eſay* 58.
Of ſuche good workes, the ſcrypture doth tell
This do they ſurmyſe deuotion to oppreſſe
Counterfeyting holynes, and meaning nothing leſſe

Chriſt hym ſelfe at his byrth was contente *Matth.* 2.
To receaue of the kynges their offerynge and preſent
That they in the ſtable to hym dyd offer
And when he was of twelue yeares of age
He came with his mother and his father ſage *Luke* 2.
To offer in Jeruſalem, accordyng to the maner
Thus our lorde Jeſus would not in no wiſe
Offend the lawe thoughe we it deſpyſe

Chriſt knowyng ryght well his death to drawe neare *Matth.* 22.
He ſent for an Aſſe, as it doth well appeare
Theron for to ryde to Ieruſalem wyllingly
Some cutte downe bowes, and before him they ſtrawed
Some put of their garmentes, & in the way thē layed
Syngynge altogether, Oſanna God on hye
God was contente the people ſhoulde adore
With Body and goodes, he gaue it therfore

In all tymes paſt, ſuche was the Concluſion
When ſcyſmes hathe bene, then true Religion
Was falſely peruerted as the booke ſayes
Since the time that Peter in Rome dyd rayne

 There

Petrus de Alliaco in concordantia theologiæ cũ Astronomia, ca. 58.

There hath bene ſcyſmes, twenty and twayne
This now excepted, begonne in oure dayes
Lyke to this ſcyſme in this Realme neuer was
With ſo great deſtruction to ſone now alas

Poli.

Fiftene hundred yeares paſt we in writing find
Synce Lucy was Kyng of Englande by kynde
Which ſent to the Pope called *Eleutherius*
That he woulde ſend or els ſone come
This Realme to cõuerte to holy Chriſtendome
Which ſent Damian with his ſellow Forganus
Then was this Realme to Chriſt conuerted
Which we agayne hath falſely ſubuerted

Poli.

Although frõ Rome theſe preachers were ſent
To Chriſten this Realme by ẏ kinges conſent
Shoulde we therfore our fayth agayne denye
Matth 2. Chriſt in Bethleẽ Iurie, a poore citie was borne
Luke 23. In ſtable amõg beaſtes ẏ fedde were with corne
Should this dimynyſhe his power or his glorie
To gods pleaſure & wil hũble ſoules ſhuld obeie
To his workes & wordes, & not againſt thẽ ſaye

Trouble not thy braines thy faith for to ſkanne
Eccle. 3. For God is a great God, & thou a ſymple man
Rom. 11. Yet is not in thy thought, to ſearche oute his wyſdome
Pſal. 148. All thing of nothinge with his worde he made
Matt. 6 The bread eke his body, when he the word ſayd
Marke. 14. And ſo to remayne tyll he agayne come
Luke. 22. The Euageliſtes & Apoſtle of this doth recorde
Iohan 6. Saying take and eate the body of ouer Lord
1 *Cor.* 11.

Ioſephus.

Upon this Scripture, & Chriſtes owne ſaying
The ſacrifice of the Maſſe toke the begynnyng
The Apoſtles thẽ ſelfes the ſame hath begonne
James *Alpheus* in the ſelfe ſame yeare
Sayde Maſſe in Ieruſalem, as it doth appeare

At

At the Penticoſt after Chriſtes Aſcention
This is not newe, thoughe foles ſurmyſe
Agaynſt the Maſſe to counterfeyte lyes

Iames the leſſe in Ieruſalem byſhop did raigne
Peter in Antioche & in the Eaſt lādes certaine
And ſo in Rome twenty yeares and fiue
Andrewe to the Grekes in Conſtantinople did preache
To *Egeas* Chriſt crucified he dyd well teache
The lambe dayly offered, and yet ſtill alyue
Theſe thre Apoſtles ſayd Maſſe in their dayes
Thoughe Satans ſatyllites agaynſt it ſayes

Euſebius in hiſtoria eccleſiastica. lib. 3.
Ieronimus de uiris illuſtribus.
In legenda Andreæ.

When this Iames was made fyrſt byſhoppe of Ieruſalem
They ordeyned him miniſters and deacons ſeuen
As the Actes of the Apoſtles dothe wel teſtyfie
Stephen, Philip, procures: Timō & Permenas
With the other alſo, Nichanor, and Nicholas
Whych miniſtred to the people wel and worthely
This was ordeined by ẏ Apoſtles whole cōſent
According to the auctoritie, that God them ſent

Act. 6.
Act. 2.

Many nowe dothe muſe and fondely can chatte
Where Rome this auctoritie fyrſt them gatte
Synce thay are but men, euen as we be
This auctoritie to ẏ place forſoth was not geuē
The holy goſt to ẏ Apoſtles was ſent frō heauē
Them to endewe with power and auctorytie
Whych ordeined by lotte the Apoſtle Mathias
To be on the ſtede of the traytoure Iudas

Ambroſe.
Ieronimus.
Act. 2.

Thus had the Apoſtles power as you may ſee
To ordeine in ẏ churche miniſters of eche degree
The people to gods lore and rules for to call
In al publike weales, wher good order is ſkant
There loue, reſt, and ryches doth euer want
And ſodenly are trapped in daungerous thrall
That realme or monarche can not long endure
Where good order doth want, you may be ſure

Ieronimus de uiris illuſtribus.
Matth. 12.

The

Matt. 12. The ſhyppe without guyde longe can not ſaile
Iacob. 3. Neyther can the puiſantes of men preuayle
Withoute good rule, and order decente
In tyme all thynges hadde their begynnyng
Eccle. 3. And ſo in tyme ſhall returne to their endyng
For ſo it is ordeyned by gods iuſt conſent
We may not impute it as a faulte or cryme
That ỳ Apoſtles and fathers ordeined in their tyme

When faith in England beganne firſt to ſpringe
The Prieſtes in the churches did dayly Maſſe ſyng
And ſo dyd contynue and ſtyll holde an
Tyll at the laſt as the ſtoryes dothe tell
A kynge here dyd raygne, that faithe dyd expel
Poli. Dioclusion by name, that ſlewe ſaynt Albon
This man is holden as a martyr full good
And the other a tirant cruel and woode

Ioſephus. libr. 20. *Gayus Decius*, Herode, and cruel Nero
Perſecuted ỳ churches with other tirantes mo
To kill and to ſlea was all their whole delyte
Peter and Andrewe on the croſſe they ſpredde
Act 12. James they ſlewe, and Paule loſt his hedde
Thus at goddes ſeruantes they hadde deſpite
Like as the Perſelites doth nowe in our tyme
Skanne of their faith, and againſt it rime

Euſebius. When Dioclusian and Maximilian ſorſoth dyd raygne
Beda. There was .xvij. thowſande of holye martyrs ſlayne
So cruel was theſe tirantes fayth to delaye
That Peter and ỳ Apoſtles ſo ſore was affrayd
That in ſpelunkes & caues there thei maſſe ſaid
In legenda ſancti Sylueſtri. Before the holy bretherne preuely eche daye
Til Silueſter came, that byſhoppe ful good
That buylded ſtone Aultares, ỳ before was of woode.

Thys perſecution helde on full as I wene
Poli. The ſpace of two hundreth yeres and ſyxetene

Deſtroying

Deſtroying the churche and good chriſtianitie
The holye places to goddes honor dedicate
With heythen Maumentes they dyd maculate — 3. *Regum.* 12.
Thus fayth was turned to infidelitie
This was forſoth a full pitious caſe
To plucke downe Chriſt, & ſet ſatan in his place

There was a byſſhope that hyte by name Iue
That came to England, and in Deuenſhere did aryue — *Beda, lib.* 2.
Which Chriſt & the faith to ẏ people did preache
He was the kinges ſonne of Perſe, a good holy man
Hutte, hutte, and yught where his decons then
Which buſied them ſelfes gods lore for to teach — *In legenda*
Theſe men were buried in Huntyngdon ſhiere — *ſancti Iuonis.*
In a place called Slepe, as ẏ ſtory doth appeare

Yet was not this realme fully conuerted
Which was before by infidelitie ſubuerted — *Poli.*
Tyll Gregorye in Rome Pope was there
He came into the markette, as it by chaunce fel
Where as he founde Engliſhe chylderne to ſell — *In legeda ſan-*
Demaūding of what coūtrie & nation they were — *cti Gregory.*
Aunſwere was made of Englande they be — *Beda. lib.* 1 *ca.*
As Angles ſayde Gregorye they ſeme to me — 23.

Then ſent to Auguſtine with good intent
Which dyd aryue at Tanette in Kent
The kynge and the ſubiectes he cōuerted there — *Beda. lib.* 1. *ca*
Then fayth agayne began for to ſprynge — 23.
Which then was receaued of ſubiectes and kynge
As in the Engliſhe Cronicles it doth appeare
Why ſhould we at Rome nowe haue deſpyte
That chaunged our darkeneſſe agayne to light

Ethelbertus was then kynge, as I haue redde
Bertahyte the Quene, that much deſired — *Beda. idem.*
To here Auguſtine preache gods worde deuine
Then dyd it chaunce, and folowe by ſucceſſe — *VVilhelmus. lib.* 1.

That

That the people conuerted bothe more and lesse
To Christes fayth, and holy doctrine
Then began Kynges Churches to buylde
Which were before with Idoles defyled

Beda. lib. 3. ca. 13.

Then came to raygnyng by succession in time
Noble kynge Edgar, Oswoulde and Edwyne
That found & rebuylded mo then fortie abbeies
That were before by the Saxones destroyed
And eke by infideles, that the fayth denied
To counte some by name, as stories sayes
Whinchester, Wylton, Brought, and Ramsey,
Glastonbury, Abyngton, and also Thorney.

Edmund & Edward, ful noble kinges thei were
Which buylded worthely, & for no cost did spare
To erecte such places to gods honor and glorye
O Henry the seuenth a ful worthy king was he
Whose noble workes in Cambrydge you may se
And eke in Westminster both sūptuouse & costlie
Matth. 7. As the good tree by the fruite is euer tryed
So are good men by their workes espied.

Thus noble kynges in olde time were content
To builde Abbeyes, and to endue thē with rent
There to remaine while ỳ world should endure
Prayer, almose, and fastyng they ordeined there to be
And in indifferente of good hospitalitie
That the penylesse man of meate may be sure
And though he there taried dayes two or thre
No man would demaund from whence came he

O cursed Germany, woo be vnto the
That first nowe began to skowre the old heresie
Of the Caphernites and Arians with other diuerse mo
With the was harbored the cursed Luther
Oecolampadius, Melancton, and Bullingere,
Carolstadious, Stalbrydge, and wicked Otho

Marke

Marke to what ende their learning is come
By warre and ſedition, their Realme vndone

Theſe curſed men and wicked teachers
Where cleane contrarie to gods holy preachers
that taught falſe libertie, deuout vertue to hide
Downe with the churche, ỳ Maſſe, & the grayle
Prayer and faſting naught doth preuayle
That thing ỳ was good, they myght not abide
That good men of olde, ſtudy to maynetayne
Nowe Antichriſtes preachers hathe deſtroyed agayne

Then Cupido and Venus in England beganne
As gods for to gouerne bothe woman and man
And auarice was ordeyned, then puruior to be
Their luſt and their will, to ſupporte & vpholde
With aboundaunce of treaſure of ſiluer & golde
Tyll weale and welth was turned to pouertie
Then bethought treaſon ſome rule to beare
Which ſodenlie was caught, and takē in a ſnare

Yet chanſed in England as I ſhall you tell
Howe kyng Edbaldus, from the fayth fell *Beda. lib. 2. ca. 9.*
And gaue his beleue, to falſe maumentry
Milletus the byſſhoppe, then to flee was fayne
Tyll the kynge vnto Chriſt was turned agayne
Which thē was reſtored to his ſee in Cāterbury
The citezins of London would not in no wiſe
Leaue their infidelitie, and to Chriſt agayne riſe

Helias made prayer to God agaynſt Iſraell *Rom. 13.*
Which ſlewe their prophetes, & their aultares downe fell
And I am lefte a lone, and they my life ſeke
God aunſwered and ſayd there be yet left ſome
That by the adoption of grace to heauen ſhall come
With me to dwell, and my ſeruauntes meke
Thoughe ſome haue their faith by folye defiled
Yet ſome remayne conſtant and neuer chaūged

This

This ſtorie doth reſemble y people in theſe daies
That grinne at the miniſters, & againſt ỹ aultare ſayes
Utteryng out lyes couered with Ipocriſie
Yet ſome men did eſpye their deuilliſhe intent
And woulde in no wyſe therevnto conſent
Perceauing it was newe ſkowered hereſie
Euen for the hereſies ỹ many hath bene burned
Fooles hath beleued, and there vnto turned

All the olde hereſies that heretofore were
Were put in vſe by Iohn Wyckeleffe here
And were confuted by William Wylford
He was a famous clarke & an engliſh man borne
Whoſe workes containe thoſe hereſies eche one
Which he dyd confute, as the bokes recorde
Hony and poyſon of ſwete floures are ſucked
So truth and falſhode on ſcripture is gathered

Some men there be that wil not beleue
No writing or ſtorie except ſcripture it proue
As thoughe al were falſe, but the wryting there
The ſucceſſion of kynges and eke lordes by heſt,
The ſcripture dothe not tell of ciuill warre or conqueſt
Yet are they true, and in wryting do appeare
If you wil not beleue what ſcripture ſayeth
Then chaunge not the truth to peruerſe waies

Matth. 12. The Phariſeis doubted, Chriſt gods ſōne to be
Deſiringe from heauen ſome wonderouſe to ſee
By the proue thereof, ỹ truth they might know
Euen ſo our Perſelites doth as fondlye denye
The bread to be gods bodie, by his word verely
Unleſſe they ſee bloude in their tethe when they chowe
O you vipers byrdes, and adulterous nation
Your dulneſſe of faith, haſteth faſte your damnation

Reade out the ſtories, and marke to what ende
To the church deſtroyers, god dyd ofte ſende

The

The bibell in diuerſe places, doth well teſtifie
What myſerye and myſchiefe hath bene in this lande
What penurie and plages haue we here founde
Synce we began fyrſt the churche to deſtroye
That plage neuer in no Realme hath bene
But we in theſe dayes hath it felte or ſene

3. *Regum.* 13
Daniel, 4. 5.
Macha. 5. 6.

Yet is but in vayne herein to enterdyte
What care thē befel, ỹ at the church had deſpite
Witteneſſeth well Cromwell as you wel know
Duddely the ſtoute with his felowes Aye
Their parte on the ſkaffolde full well did playe
That then were on hye, and nowe are full lowe
Theſe men are to vs example and warning
To ſerue our lorde God, and obeye the Kynge

To ſaye all Amen, and to geue God the glorye
We her ſubyectes are bound for the ſtate of her maieſtie
For ſurely ſhe is Gods choſen veſſell
Lyke to our Quene, we may not well compare
Neither ỹ wydowe Iudith, or yet quene heſter
Whoſe worthy factes the bybel dothe tell
To eche of this women, God ſhewed ones his mercy
As he hathe diuerſe times to our Quene Mari

Iudyth with wyne, & eke with fayre promiſe,
Holofernes ouercame, & ſlewe him in his dronkneſſe
Wherby ſhe ỹ citie of Bethulia hath preſerued
But Mary our Quene, by prayer deuoute
Ouercame her enemies, beinge neuer ſo ſtoute
Withoute fayre promyſe, or any gifte profered
God right wel heard her chaſt & humble praier
That ſodenly ſtroke her enemies, and cauſed thē retier.

13

Heſter made her prayers for the Jewes onlye
Which a man wente about by enuy to deſtroye
Whoſe prayer god heard, & the Jues deliuered
But Mary our Quene, prayed in generallye

3.

That

That no bloude myght be ſhedde, of her frende or enemy
God heard her praier, and the matter ſo ended
A wonderfull myracle, euer to be remembred
That God wrought for our Quene, he euer be prayſed

The fayth of Chriſt and all trewe religion
Wyth prayer and faſting, and eke good deuotiō
Was almoſte gone oute of euery mans harte
The Churche, the aulter, & Gods ſacred bodye
They robbed & ſpoiled, and their faith did denie
Lyke deſperate wretches, thus played they their parte
All was forlorne, tyll good Queen Mary
Reſtored them agayne to gods honor & glorye

The ſacramētes of ẏ churche was new to begin
Adulterie & ſacrilege was counted for no ſinne
Nor ẏ ſelling of offices, to mayntayne briberye
The belles they plucked downe by ſubtil pretence
To coyne therof teſters, grotes, and eke pence,
Thus al came to nought, til good quene Mary
Began for to raygne, as we ryght well ſe
That Jeſus preſerue, her graces maieſtie

The churche Goddes ſpouſe, was brought vnder trybute
With lawes vniuſt, and paymentes greate
The churche & the cōmons was greued yerely,
The catholyke fathers, ẏ^t are good men in dede
Wrongfully were oppreſſed, and euill placed in their ſtede
That vſurpplie did rule, til good quene Marie
Depoſed the prowde & the good men in chayne
She iuſtely vnloſed, and reſtored agayne

The noble lyon, that of colour is whyte
Gylteleſſe they helde captyue, by enuy & ſpyte
Their purpoſe to cōpaſſe, they thought it ſo beſt
For this they wel knew, that if he were at large
he wold ſone haue tēpered their madnes & rage
Brynging the vprorers agayne ſome to reſt

O Englande reioyce at our good queue Mary
That iuſtely hathe loſed the lion not gylty.

Let vs al praie God bothe more and leſſe
that hath ſent vs a quene, our thralles to releſſe
Wher w^t^ we were captyue bothe in ſoule & body
We may be right glad, ỹ god hath now chaũged
A lambe for wolues, ỹ vnſatiably deuoured
The realme & the cõmons w^t^out pitie or mercye
God ſaue and preſerue our noble Quene Mari
Ouer vs longe to raygne, let vs al pray hartlie

God ſaue the Quene.

Prayſe be to god that a noble quene hath ſent
Ouer vs for to raygne if we canne be content
That wel hath begonne to call thinges agayne,
The which were before by falſehead ſubuerted
Agayne to Gods glorie, ſhe hath them cõuerted
Amonge vs Chriſtians euer to remayne
Sithe we were before deceaued with hereſie
Let vs nowe be faythful, & geue God the glorie
AMEN.

Cœlum & terram tranſibunt, uerba autem mea non præteribunt. *Matth.* 24.

¶ *Excuſum Londini in ædibus Iohannis Cawodi Typographi Regiæ Maieſtatis.*

A breue Cronycle of the Bysshope of Romes blessynge, and of his Prelates beneficiall and charitable rewardes, from the tyme of Kynge Haralde vnto this daye.

¶ Imprinted at London by John Daye, dwellyng in Sepulchres parish at the signe of the Resurrection a lytle aboue Holbourne Conduite.

¶ Cum priuilegio Regali Ad imprimendum solum.

¶ The Preface.

WHo lyſt to loke aboute
May ī Cronicles soon ſīde out
What ſedes the Popysſhe route
In Englande hath ſowen
Becauſe the tyme is ſhorte
I ſhall bryuely reporte,
And wryte in dewe ſorte
Therin what I haue knowen.

¶ Kynge Herolde.

IN the tyme of Herolde the Kynge
Robert of Cāterbury had his banyſhinge
Ye may be ſure for no good lynynge
That euer man harde ſaye
To Wyllyam Conqueror the byſhop went
To whom Alexander a banner ſent
Of clene remyſſion theyr wycked entent
Was Englande to dekaye.

¶ William Conqueror.

THe Abbeys of Englande great & ſtoute
This kynge cauſed to be ſerched oute
The money there founde all rounde aboute
Was brought to the kynges treaſure
The byſhop of canterbury with many mo
And dyuers abbottes were depryued alſo
And were made quōdams ye may well know
For no good demenure.

¶ William the Seconde.

WIth william ỳ ii. what ſtryfe dyd make
Byſhop Ancelme & howe ſtoute a crake
Made Rafe of checheſter for the trybut3 ſake
For women that prieſtes did paye
This kynge in poſeſſion had certayne
The byſhoprycke of cāterbury & dyd retayne
Wynton and Sarum in his full mayne
Tyll the houre of his death.
The Abbays he ſolde or to farme dyd lette
The ſtyffe necked prelates he vnder kepte
And with their popery he euer mette
So long as he had brethe.

Henry

¶ Henry the fyrſte.

ALcelme alſo dyd lyke wiſe crake
With Henry the fyrſt and out dyd ſhake
Moche diſobediens, and woulde not forſake
To withſtande the kynges wyll.

¶ Stephyn.

BY a falſe othe lyghtly taken (forſaken
Of wyllm̄ of cãterbury ſtephen was not
Kynge of Englande, but ſhortly ſhaken
Or his mynde he could fulfyll.

¶ Henry the ſeconde.

THat poyſon prelate Thomas becked
A ſaynt by name, but w̄ treaſon decked
And with popery all to ſpecked
To his later ende,
Proude and ſtoberne in all aſſayes
With ye neuer, but euer with nayes
His prynce to withſtande thus he alwayes
His mynde dyd fully bende.

¶ Rycharde the fyrſte.

TO the holy lande archbyſhop baldwyne
Of canterbury went full fyne
The kynge taryed not longe behyne
But thether alſo went
And not without the pryuie councell
Of the byſhoppes yf I dare it tell
That they myght rule and beare the bell

Was

Was theyr full entent,
Tharchebyſhoppe of yorke alas alas
Was the kyngȝ brother who endly dyd pas
His lyfe of byſhoppes as the manner was
Nowe it is not ſo.
All the chaleſes gyuen were
To raunſome the kynge beyng priſonere
With Themperoure more than a yere
Fro thens or he myght go.

¶ Kynge Iohn̄.

WHat myſtery alſo a long tyme was
In kyng John̄ tyme, by that wycked as
Stephen Leigton of Canterbury alas, alas
That euer he was borne.

¶ Henry the thyrde.

IN the fyrſte yere of this kyng
The ſayd Stephen dyd in bryng
The Legate Pandulphe with his bleſſyng
The kynge an othe to take
Whiche was theyr churche for to defende
But ſuche rebellions againſt hym dyd bende
That euer after to his lyfes ende
Peace he coulde not make.

¶ Edwarde the fyrſte.

THe biſhop of ſaint Andrewes ī ſcotlād
With ye biſhop of Baſtō made a gret bād
Of dyuers lordes and toke in hand
Agaynſt this kynge to fyght

As

As periured rebelles the byſhoppes were ſent
By the kynge to the fyfte Innocent
The lordes were heddyd and in peaces rent
As traytors ſhulde be dyght.

¶ Edwarde the ſeconde.

SUche ſtryfe and rebellione
Had Edwarde the ſecone
With his lordes eche one
Tyll his latter daye
That yf his prelacy
With theyr priuie popery
Had not ſtonde therby
His lordes had made no fray.

¶ Edwarde the thyrde.

IN this kynges tyme the vi. Innocent
Gaue in Englande benefyce and prebēt
Untyll this kynge ſent contrary cōmaūdmēt
To his byſhoppes all
This kynge forbadde that Peter pens
Shulde to Rome be gathered from hens
His mynde was and whole pretens
To gouerne great and ſmale.

¶ Richarde the ſeconde.

ARūdell of cāterbury in this kyngȝ tyme
And the erle of darby for no ſmale crime
Banyſhed were who after dyd clyme
And the kynge was ouer throwen.

Henry

¶ Henry the fourth.

THen was the Erle crowned kynge
Henry the .iiij. this is no leſynge
Of whom the byſhops had the rulynge
After theyr owne mynde.

¶ Henry the fyfte.

HEnry the fyfte they dyd not let go
Out of theyr rulīge, they wel dyd know
That yf they dyd a mortuall ſo
No doubt they ſhulde hym fynde
This kynge went aboute to take awaye
Theyr temporalties, but nyght and daye
His mynde to turne they dyd aſſaye
With money to conquere fraunce
So in to fraunce the kynge dyd go
Where in ſhort tyme he ſubdued ſo
Townes and Caſtelles he dyd ouerthro
To Fraunce a bytter chaunce.

¶ Henry the .vi.

IN Henrys dayes the vi. this is no naye
The good duke of glocet^{r} was caſt away
By the byſhop of wyncheſter ẏ prelate gaye
In ſtryfe dyſdayne and pryde
A cardynall this prelate was made
Who ſhortely after to Fraunce yade
Betwene both kynges a peace to be hadde.
And there he dyd abyde
With the romyſhe legate to haue his fyll
Of the popyſhe power was all his wyll
But of peace he made no ſkyll

And that dyd well appere
For euer after to Englande fell
Much mifery, the deuyll of hell
Rewarde fuch prelates that fo doth fell
The truth both farre and nere.

¶ Edwarde the .iiii.

THis kyng wold had gottē fraūce agayn
But the prelatz therat dyd fore difdayn
And from that purpofe dyd hym refrayne
Whiche caufed bate and ftryfe
Who lyft the Cronicles for to rede
Shall fe to death howe many dyd blede
And howe the prelates helped at nede
With fwerde fpere or knyfe.

¶ Rycharde the thirde.

THis kynges tyme was fo fhorte
That with hym to haue theyr fporte
The Popyfhe prelates had no comforte
So feable was theyr myght.

¶ Henry the .vii.

THe Deane of Paules with ÿ prouinciall
Of the blacke fryers & other great & fmal
And ÿ Pryor of Langley by treafon dyd fall
For lacke of godly fyght
The Cardynall Morton & Fox of wynchefter
By theyr fubtyle councell confydred togyther
Caufed Bolen to be feged with fyre and fpere
And many was there ftroyed.

Henry

¶ Henry the .viij.

LIke cautell vſed Cardynall Wolſey
By cauſyng the ſcottes to ronne and flye
To the Englyſhe pale but them quickeley
The Norden men anoyed
And what craftye prākes ỹ prelatz dyd playe
To turne the kynges mynde clene awaye
When on the petycottes he wolde thē paye
Accordyng to theyr deſerte.
Moche therof I nede not wryte
Theyr Popyſhe Iuggelynge is in ſyght
And howe agaynſt the ſtreame they fyght
Whiche cauſeth them to ſmerte
In this kynges tyme ye do well know
How great an enmye and mortall ſo
The Popyſhe prelates hath bene alſo
Agaynſt Gods worde ſo pure
For whiche wordes onely ſake
Many an hert full often to quake
Ryght piteouſly they dyd make
And for that thynge I you enſure
To the whiche with legge, fote, and toe
They ceaſe not a pace nowe to goe
Full mekely crouchyng and full lowe
Gladly agreyng there to
As the kynge in earth ſupreame
Heade of the Churche of this realme
Onely to be oure Joyfull beam
We muſt obey and knowe
And all ſuche that in autoritie
His grace hath aſſigned to be
We muſt obey in eche degre
Or elles we get damnacion
Unto oure ſelfes, this is no ly
The power is gods mynyſter to vs truly
Yf we do euyll he reuengeth frely

And

And all for oure ſaluacion
The pardons alſo for purgatory
With the deteſtable ſynne of buggary
And all kynde of Idolatry
Gods worde hath put to flyght
And muche popery I tell you playne
That ranckely dyd priuely raigne
As nowe is knowen abrode certayne
Gods worde hath brought to lyght
Many thynges mo were hydden
And by the papyſtes ouer ſtrydden
Whiche abrode be nowe ſpredden
Dayly before your eye,
wherat ſome whyne full ſore
But ſpeſially that theyr popyſhe lore
whom they had ſo longe in ſtore
Awaye nowe do flye
Had not the poore ſely ſoulles
So often brought forth to powlles
Spred abrode the popyſhe rolles
Of theyr olde faſſyon
The ſhameles popyſhe clargye
wolde ſtyll haue bene hardye
And nothynge at all tardye
In theyr habomynacyon.
This is no lye that I you tell
Full cruell were they and full fell
Agaynſt them that of the Goſpell dyd ſmell
And forſoke theyr fuſty popery
They knowe now ẏ lawe they know ẏ payne
They can no longer clocke nor fayne
And yf they do I tell you certayne
Theyr rewarde is playne ropery
Hereof I nede not moche to ſaye
Many aſſayde the game and knewe ẏ playe
It were beſt they turne theyr mynde awaye
And ſtryſe not agaynſt the ryght
Yf theyr lordly power myght ones abate

Then

Then wolde they quyckely open the gate
Of true doctryne whiche of late
Kynge Harry hath brought to lyght
God ſaue kynge Edwardes noble grace
And ſend his hyghnes tyme and ſpace
To contynewe forth his fathers trace
With force ſtrenght and myght
And ſende euyll chaunce and croked happes
To all ſuche Popyſhe forked cappes
That gaue ſo many curſed flappes
For Gods bleſſed worde
So hath he done it is certayne
They have not wone I tell you playne
And neuer ſhall tyll they haue agayne
The Pope to be theyr Lorde.

¶ God for bydde.

¶ Thus endeth this breue Cronycle.

¶ An answere

to a papystycall exhortacyon, pretendynge to auoyde false doctryne, vnder that colour to maynteyne the same.

¶ By ther frutes shall ye knowe them. Math. 7.

EVerye pylde pedlar
Wyll be a medlar
Though ther wyttes be drowſye
And ther lernynge lowſye
Ther meters all mangye
Raſhe, rurall, and grangye
Yet wyll they forwarde halte
As menne maſed in malte

Theſe vyle cannell rakers
Are now becumme makers
Ther poems out they daſhe
With all ther ſwyber ſwaſhe
Ther darnell and ther chaffe
Ther ſwylle and ſwynyſhe draffe
Soche pype ſoche melodye
Soche bagge ſoche beggerye.

If pylde popyſhe facyons
They ſtrowe exhortacions
The people to infecte.
With the ſedes of ther ſecte
Pretendynge to dyffyne
Agaynſt the falſe doctryne
But ſoche dyrtye geare
Ded menne neuer heare.

They teache nat in meter
With Paule Johan and Peter
The worlde to edyfye
With goddes worde chriſtenlye

But

But ſcripturs they depraue
As madde men that do raue
They daunce with the deuyll
To magnyfye ther euyll
They dryſle forth a dramme
As he that to Chriſt camme
To trappe hym in a ſnare
Forſoth it is fonde ware
Let chriſten menne take hede
Vnto ther wycked ſede
For they ſeke for to blynde
The ſyllye ſymple mynde,

The papyſtes tytle.

An exhortacyon to auoyde falſe doctryne.

The papyſte.

My mynde can not perfyghtelye endyte
Neyther my penne can trewlye wryte
As my hart doth deſyre.
The cauſe onlye is for lacke of ſyght
In lernynge that is ſo perfyght and bryght
Wherfore pardō of good mē I requyre.

The chryſtiane.

Your penne and your mynde
Are both of one kynde
And fyt for ſoche an hart
As owle in the nyght
Without goſtly ſyght
Ye playe a knauyſhe part.
Math. 7. Attendite a falſis prophetis qui veniūt ad vos.
Of ſoche wolues beware

As

As laye forth a ſnare
Of outwarde holynes.
Queritis interficere hominē q̃ veritatē locut⁹ Joha 8.
For they do nat elles
But playe the rebelles
Agaynſt goddes ryghteouſnes.

The papyſte.

If any man els be greued with thys
Let them take it euen as it is
And I praye God them to amende
I thynke with charyte them to tell
As I fynde written in the goſpell
To the lawe of God we ſhuld attende.

The chryſtiane.

Lyke a braynyſhe dolte
Ye ſhote forth your bolte.
As bold as bayard blynde
Ye loue the goſpell
As the deuyll of hell
Here after we ſhall it fynde
Attendite popule meus legem meam Pſal. 77.
Attende to goddes lawe
And to hys worde drawe
All you that faythfull be
Cauete a fermento Phariſeorū quid eſt hipo. Luc. 12.
The leuen eſchewe
Of phariſees vntrewe
Yf ye loue the veryte

The papyſte.

Some of late with them ſelues perſwaded
Out of the ſhalowe ſo fayre they waded
That they felt no grounde.

They

They had thought vs to haue blynded
And of the trewth vs to haue wynded
But now ther deceytes be founde.

The chryſtiane.

If people be yll
They ſhall be ſo ſtyll
For ought that ye brynge here
Your doctryne is chaffe
Your ryme dyrtye draffe
It is vnſauerye gere.
Rom. 3. Linguis ſuis doloſe agebant, iudica illos.
The language of lyes
A falſe harlot tryes
To ſeke a wycked praye.
Pſa. 51. Sicut nouacula acuta feciſti dolum.
With colours to carpe
As a raſour ſharpe
To wype goddes treuth awaye.

The papyſte.

Let no manne be ſo ſtyffe necked
To thinke himſelf ſo highly in lerning decked
Standynge in hys owne conceyte.
For yf thou or he be in the wronge
Thou nor he can not be ſo ſtronge
But the deuyll for the hath a beyte.

The chryſtiane.

Stande you where ye lyſt
Ye are a papyſt
In lernynge verye baſſe
To cum for refuge
To ſoche a pylde iuge

Is

Is for to ſeke an aſſe.
Si lumen quod in te eſt tenebre ſint — Math. 6.
Your myndes are ſo darke
Ye ſeke but the barke
And therin ye remayne.
Velamen poſitum eſt ſuper cor eorum — 2. Cor. 3.
Ye holde faſt the letter
And wyll haue no better
The ſpyryt ye do dyſdayne.

The papyſte.

Ther were heretykes that neuer wolde ceaſe
But from vs to take vnyte and peace
So amonge vs they dyd fyght.
In ther blyndenes ſo farre gone they were
That of God they had no dought or fere
All to deſtruccion was ther delyght.

The chryſtiane.

Is ther one alyue
Which canne ye depryue
Of that ye neuer hadde?
Of ſtryfe and debate
Sedicion and hate
Your kynde was euer gladde
Contritio & infelicitas in vijs eorum. — Pſal. 9.
Ye labour and ſpeake
To deſtroye and breake
The vyneyarde of the lorde
Vinea domini exercituum domus Iſrael eſt. — Eſa. 5.
Of the loſſe therof
Ye make but a ſcof
As Eſaye doth recorde.

The

The papyſte.

Chriſt wylleth vs to take good hede
Of theſe ſeducers for we had nede
Loke the ſcripture and ſe.
From ther folowers let vs refrayne
For ſmall charyte in them remayne
As ſemeth vnto me.

The chryſtiane.

Your ſelf is the ſede
Of deceytfull wede
As your frutes doth report
For leſſe charyte
In men can not be
Than in your popyſhe ſort.
Eph. 5. Nemo vos ſeducat inanibus verbis.
The falſe craftye ſpyes
Come in with ther lyes
All men of them beware
Ioh. 16. Venit hora, vt omnis qui interficit vos.
They haue not ther fylle
Tyll they flee and kylle
No innocentes they ſpare.

The papyſte.

And a man agaynſt them wryte or ſpeke
Some ther be wyll hym cruelly intrete
I maruele they are ſo bolde
Ther was a thynge made of late
Some had indignacion therate
And openly beganne to ſcolde.

The

The chryſtiane.

Whan we fynde ye bolde
In your poperye olde
Therof we do ye telle
Your poetes we touche
For ſhakynge ther pouche
And ſhewe wherof they ſmelle,
Imitantur illum, qui ſunt ex parte illius. Sap 2.
They folowe the deuyll
Which ſeke to do euyll
And are vpon hys ſyde:
Vos ex patre diabolo eſtis, & opera, Iohã 8.
The proude papyſtes all
With the preſtes of ball
Do take hym for ther gyde.

The papyſte.

But trewly it ſhall not a whyt ſkylle
Let them bable euen ther fylle
It is ſo hote it maye not abyde,
For an heretyke wyll they defende
By the kynges lawes iuſtly condempne
And ſaye a chriſten man he dyed,

The chryſtiane.

Who are more bablars
And fraũctycke fablars
Than pratlynge papyſtes be?
We knowe none heretykes
Nor trayterous ſcyſmatykes
But your affinite.
Nunquid poteſt homo ignẽ abſcõdere in ſinu? Prou. 6.
The boſome hath fyre
Of fleſhly deſyre

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The chryſtiane.

Paule only of fayth
Of workes ſaynt James ſayth
God doth vs iuſtifye
Before God fayth thanne
And workes before manne
Concludeth thys controuerſye.
Jaco. 2. Fides ſine operibus mortua eſt,
The workes that you make
Trew fayth do nat wake
For why they are but chaffe.
Math. 7. Nolite margaritas ponere ante porcos,
Goddes worde doth diffyne
That ye are but ſwyne
Ye fede in ſwylle and draffe.

The papyſte.

Yf thou wylt a faythfull chriſten man be
Loke thou haue fayth, hope, and charyte
And do thou good for yll
Let thy mouthe & thy hart be without enuye
That pleaſeth God & the kyng let it pleaſe the
And hys mynde fulfyll.

The chryſtiane.

All one are thoſe thre
And neuer dyſgre
Wher fayth is roted faſt
Our lorde God and kynge
Ye haue wayed nothynge
In your olde practyſe paſt.

Time

Time dominum fili mi, & regem — Pro. 24
My ſonne of all thynge
Feare God and thy kynge
Thus Salomon doth ſaye.
Achitophel contra Dauid conſilium dedit. — 2. re. 17.
With achitophell
Ye papyſtes rebell
And all your kynges betraye.

The papyſte.

To ſpeke of holy bread and holy water
I intende not to medle with that mater
But leaue it as it is
Let vs one for an other praye
With good hope as longe as we maye
That we maye com to heuyns blys

The chryſtiane.

Old hooles do nat cloute
Leaſt ye be ſpyed oute
But tarrye yet a tyme
Heuyn wyll nat be gote
With your pſalmes by note
Yt is to hygh to clyme.
Tu domine ſingulariter in ſpe conſtituiſti me. — Pſal. 4.
All they hope in vayne
That ſtyll do remayne
In the dregges of popyſhe lawes.
Sapientia huius mundi ſtultitia eſt apud deum — i. cor. 3
Lyue they neuer ſo longe
Ther fryndes here amonge
They ſhall dye verye dawes.

The

The papyſte.

To praye for them that thys worlde hath paſt
I thynke ſurelye we maye not be agaſt
Loke the ſcripture yf I lye.
Rede the Machabees ſoftlye thorow oute
And ye ſhall fynde it no doute
If you your dylygence do applye.

The chryſtiane.

Where Chriſt ſet no waye
For dead men to praye
It canne not them auayle
That the Machabees tell
Shall be no goſpell
Where other ſcripturs fayle.

2 Ma. 12. Salubris eſt cogitatio pro defunctis exorare.
To make any mone
For ſoules that are gone
It is vnfaythfulnes

Sapi. 3. Iuſtorum anime in manu dei ſunt.
For they fele no rodde
In the handes of godde
But peace and quyetnes.

The papyſte.

I wryte not thys intendynge to preche
Neyther takynge vpon me any mā to teche
My lernynge is not mete
But becauſe vnder holy pretence
We ſhuld not hyde theſe heretykes offence
But treade it vnder our fete.

The

The chriſtiane.

Ye vtter ſoche traſhe
And pylde haberdaſhe
As laye longe in your mynde
But loke ye ſtyll hyde
All treaſon and pryde
of your olde popyſhe kynde
Nouit dominus viam iuſtorū, & iter impiorū. Pſal. 1.
All wayes of the iuſte
The lorde hath diſcuſte
The preſtes dwell in ther dreames
Dereliquerunt fontem aque viue, & foderunt. Hie. 2.
In ther donge they lye
Lyke boores in a ſtye
For mudde they leaue the ſtreames.

The papiſte.

They that thynke that barnes was holy
In ther braynes ther is great foly
Iuge other men what they canne
Surely he was by hym ſelf alone
To contende with hym durſt not one
He was ſo proper a manne.

The chriſtiane.

As Paule doth recorde
We are of the lorde
To hym we ſtande or fall
Take hede leaſt ye ſwerue
For he doth reſerue
Ryght iugement for ye all

Eccl. 29. Abhominantur impij eos, qui in recta via ſunt.
Ye wycked papyſtes
In your drowſye myſtes
Abhorre the ſymple ſort
Marc. 1. Quid nam eſt hoc? que doctrina hec noua?
Ye do not regarde
Goddes worde to be harde
But geue it yll report.

The papyſte.

But yf the deuyll were here and brent
Some wolde hym pyteouſly lament
In ther hartes they be ſo kynde
Hys confeſſion ſhuld be kept as treaſure
And with ſome beleued aboue meaſure
They are now ſo blynde.

The chriſtiane.

If they take hys part
That ſcripture peruart
Stande you amonge hys fryndes
A dyrtye beleue
To the blynde ye geue
To recreate ther myndes
Pſal. 5. Non eſt in ore eorum veritas, cor eorum vanū.
Your fayth is ſo weake
No treuth can ye ſpeake
But hate all godly wayes
Zach. 11. O paſtor & idolum derelinquens gregem.
Ye robbe chriſtes flocke
And geue them a mocke
In all your iuglynge playes.

The

The papyſte.

All yll thoughtes in our hartes let vs eſchue
And lyke trew ſubiectes to our prince cōtynue
We ſhall fynde it eaſe.
To hys pleaſure let vs inclyne
And not agaynſt hys actes to repyne
So God we ſhall pleaſe.

The chryſtiane.

The falſe foxe that gawde
Doth compas ſome frawde
By hys falſe flatterynge toyes
Dyſſemblars vntrewe
Many prynces rewe
Amonge theſe worldly Ioyes
In cogitatione tua regi non detrahas — Eccl. 10.
Who doth a kynge hate?
But papyſtes that prate
Agaynſt all godlynes
Sacerdotes belis cum ſuis cōcubinis in poſturā. — Dani. 14.
Bellys dyrtye dyuynes
With ther concubynes
Hath wrought all fylthynes.

The papyſte.

Ther is not in the worlde ſo wyde
Set thys lyttle lande aſyde
That hath ſo noble and gentle a kynge.
Wherfore let vs all in one praye
Euen to God both nyght and daye
That longe maye he ouer vs be raygnynge.

The

The chryſtiane.

God ſaue chriſten kynges
From your practiſynges
For myſchef ye intende
From haters of treuth
Good ſeldom enſeuth
Our prynce the lorde defende
Eccl. 10. Beata terra, cuius rex nobilis eſt.
Happy is that ſoyle
Wher chriſten men toyle
Vnder a faythfull kynge
Mal. 2. Irritum feciſtis pactum leui, propter quod,
Where preſtys do remayne
And ſcriptur dyſdayne
It is an heuy thynge.

FINIS.

The

☞ The appendyce or conclusion.

NO buſſarde ſo blynde
But now ſpeweth hys mynde
Now cometh hagge and tagge
And ſhaketh out ther bagge
They turne out ther traſhe
And ſhew ther haberdaſhe
Ther pylde pedlarye
And ſcalde ſculleryе.

Our olde romyſhe ruſte
Leapeth out of the duſte
With a cankred face
All voyde of goddes grace
Thynkynge ones agayne
In Englande to reyne
And be hadde in pryce
To maynteyne all vyce.

Ser Iohan now is bolde
In yche place to ſcolde
Where men do not care
For pylde popyſhe ware
He doth them accuſe
And ſaye they refuſe
The lawes of the lorde
Bryngynge falſe recorde

They haue a new caſte
The ſcripturs to wraſte
And wrynge out of frame
To ther vtter ſhame

From

From treuth they do ſwerue
Ther purpoſe to ſerue
And care not for godde
Nor hys ryghtfull rodde.

Lorde pyte thy flocke
Whome now the preſtys mocke
Sturre vppe prynces hartes
To ſtande on ther partes
Leaſt papyſtes haue powre
Thy lammes to deuowre
Whome vpon the rood
Thou bouteſt with thy blood. Amen.

☞ God ſaue the kynge.

A Godly Psalme, of Marye Queene,

which brought vs comfort al,
Through God, whom
wee of dewtye prayse,
that giues her
foes a fal.

By Rychard Beeard.

Anno domini.
1553.

¶ Imprinted at London in Fleetestreete, at the sygne of the Faucon against saint Dunstons Church by Wylliam Griffith: and are to be solde at his shoppe a lytle aboue the Conduit.

ALL England now bee glad at ones,
With one heart mynde and voyce:
for now haue wee ỹ greateſt cauſe
To ſing and eke reioyce.

2 for God hath brought his ſeruaunts trew
from troubles ſore and great,
Put downe the proude, & hath the meeke
In theyr iuſt places ſet.

3 The Lord hathe turnd his wrath and ire,
from vs, out of hys mynde:
Beeholding vs with countenaunce
Moaſt louing ſweete and kynde.

4 ☞ That God which might haue right wiſely,
Deſtroyde vs euery one
Hathe ſhewd him ſelf moaſt mercyful,
To healp vs al alone.

5 ☞ He hathe regarded equitie,
Treuth, iuſtice, law, and right:
And ouerthrowne and vanquiſhed
The wrongful dealers might.

6 ¶ Wee looked al for peſtilence
And vengeaunce at his hand,
And eke innumerable plagues
To come vpon the land.

7 ¶ But nowe hathe hee ſent downe his grace
And mercy from aboue,
And ſhewed vs vndoubtedly
A token of his loue.

8 ¶ Wee haue ful iuſtly looked heeare
for death and ruines rife:
And now doo wee beehold and truſt
A good and ioyful lyfe.

9 ¶ Yea, wee that weare moaſt ſoroful,
Without a ſpreet or heart:
Within a quarter of an houre
Did quicken and reuert.

10 ¶ Wee which weare brought by ſeruitude,
Untrewth and wronge tobey:
Do trewth and iuſtice execute,
And put that wrong away.

11 ¶ Wee for our owne great variaunce
Did forayne ſtraungers feare,
Leſt they throughe oure diſcenſion heare
Might rule among vs beare:

12 ¶ But now wee ſhal with vnytie
Bee able to withſtand,
And vanquiſh al our enemies,
And driue ſuch from oure land.

13 ¶ Oure kyngdome which deuyded ſo
Could neuer long abyde:
Shall now in vnitie bee kept,
And treaſon bee eſpide.

14 ¶ And wee that onely looked for
Gods vengeaunce to vs bent:
Haue now his greateſt benefyte
Whiche hee to vs hathe ſent.

15 ¶ Hee doothe beehold vs meryli,
And wil continew ſtyl,
Yf wee as ſeruauntes to his trewth,
Obey vnto his wyl.

16 ¶ Hee ſaw that wickedneſſe aroſe,
And bare his trewth deſpite:
And now wil hee out of the land
Deſtroy the workers quite.

17 ¶ When tyme that none durſt ſpeak for trewth,
Then hee him ſelfe, ſo good
Hathe ſtepped foorth, and opend al,
Tauenge the gyltleſſe bloude.

18 ¶ Hee ſetteth and eſtablyſsheth
His ſeruauntes in their right:
And ouerthrowes the wicked ſort,
for al theyr ſtrength and might.

19 ¶ It is not armoure, harneyſe bryght
Nor any weapon ſtrong,
The ſtrength that to the handes of men,
Or hoorſes dothe belonge:

20 ¶ Nor any power on the earth
That can preuayle or ſtand,
But onely God the Lord him ſelf
Wil haue the vpper hand.

21 ¶ What can a fortreſſe, caſtel ſtrong,
Or bulwarke els preuayle:
Againſt the Lorde that maketh al;
In neede theeſe thinges wyl fayle.

22 ¶ The Lord beeholdes the hearts and myndes
Of godly men ful playne,
Whiche onely ſeeke that ryghtwyſeneſſe
And equitie may raygne.

23 ¶ How wonderfly doothe God with vs
His people England deale ;
Suche ioy as wee ſcarce looked for
Among vs to reueale.

24 ¶ Hee healps ỳ captiues out of priſon,
Breakes the walles of ſtone :
And riddes his choſen from the death,
And peryls euery one.

25 Oure comfort is come neare, and eke
Oure prayer heard, I truſt :
Of God which in the heauen dwelles,
And fyghteth for the iuſt.

26 ¶ for hee hathe ſet and ſtablyſshed
Oure worthy ſoueraygne :
And oure liege Lady, Marie Queene,
On vs by trewth to raygne.

27 ¶ Hee hathe vs ſent a comforter,
To bee oure healp and guyde :
With pitie and with vertues al
Endewd on euery ſyde.

28 ¶ The lawful, iuſt, and rightuouſe,
Of England, head, and Queene :
To bee the true enheritoure,
As hathe her brother beene.

29 Not clayming by colluſion,
Nor cloking it by ſleyght :
But by her byrth, deſcending from
Her godly father ſtreight.

30 ¶ She beeing eldeſt ſiſter right
Unto oure ſoueraigne Lord,
Kynge Edward late the ſyxt by name,
Whoſe ſtrength was gods trew word.

31 for which moaſt godly impe and bud
Of Jeſſees ſtocke and roote,
Thoughe wee haue al mooſt cauſe to ſighe,
And ſorow bee oure boote:

32 Yet are wee comforted agayne,
Lyft vp, and eke erect:
By cauſe the Lord hathe placed thus
His choſen and elect.

33 ¶ Whiche beeing oure moaſt godly Queene,
That ſeekes our preſeruaſion:
No doubt wil ſtrongly buyld vpon
Her brothers good fondacion.

34 ¶ The ground worke hee hathe layde him ſelfe,
And ſhe is left a lon,
To buyld the houſe, and fortreſſe vp
Of trew religion.

35 ¶ O England now continew ſtyl,
In myrth and ioy therfore:
for God wyl ſtrengthen day by day
Your gladneſſe more and more.

36 Our ſoueraygne & rightioyſe Queene
Wyl vyce and ſyn depreſſe:
Wyl cheafly loue the churche of God,
And punyſhe wickedneſſe.

37 The Lord almighty graunte that ſhee
May proſpere to ſucceede:
To haue on vs moaſt quiet raygne,
And healp her in her neede.

38 The Lorde deſtroy her enemyes,
And make her foes bewrayde:
To bee ſoone catched in the ſnare,
That they for her haue layde.

39 Defend her, Lord, and eke al thoſe,
That beare to her good heart:
And graunte that from thy holy word,
She neuer ſwarue ne ſtart.

40 Then doubtleſſe al, bothe old and yong,
Shal prayſe thy name for euer:
And ſing in pſalmes to thee on earth,
Which dooſt forſake vs neuer.

41 Lord ſaue our Queene moaſt graciouſe
from euel and from feare:
The Lady eke Elizabeth,
Her godly ſiſter deare.

42 Lord God preſerue the noble men
from daungers il and crime:
And ſend vs peace and quietneſſe,
In this ſame later tyme.

43 Al glory bee to God therfore,
The father and the ſone:
And alſo to the holy ghoſt,
In deity but one.

44 As it hathe been from al beginninges
Unto this beefore:
As now it is, and from this tyme,
Shal bee for euer more.

¶ A godly Pſalme in meetre by T. B.

Pſal. 145.

PRAYSE the Lord (my ſoule and ſpreete)
So wyl I whyle I liue,
Yea, ſure as long as I remayne,
I wil him prayſes giue.

2 Which healpeth them vnto their right,
That byde and ſuffre wrong,
That feedeth eke the hongry men,
And thoſe that thirſted long.

3 The Lord from priſon loſeth men,
And giues the blynde their ſyght
The Lord doothe healp them vp that fal,
And loueth wel the right.

4 He cares for ſtraungers, widowes hee
Defendes and fatherleſſe:
And ouerturnes the wayes of al
That worke vngodlyneſſe.

Pſal. 146.

5 The Lord ſettes vp and lifteth thoſe
That meeke in heart are founde:
And bringeth downe thungodly men
from highe vnto the grounde.

6 The legges of men delite him not,
Nor any horſes ſtrength
But thoſe that feare him, and doe truſt
To haue his grace at length.

Pſal. 148.

7 O prayſe the Lord yee kynges & people
Dwelling on the earth:
Yee Princes and yee iudges al,
Reioyce at ones for myrth.

8 Yong men and maydes, you aged men,
And children beeing yong,
Exalt his name, and alſo let
His praiſes be your ſong.

Finis. By Thomas Bownell.

MEDIUS.

Al England now bee glad at ones w̃ one

heart mynde, and voyce : for now haue wee

the greateſt cauſe to ſyng & eke reioyce to

ſyng & eke reioyce.

CONTRATENOR.

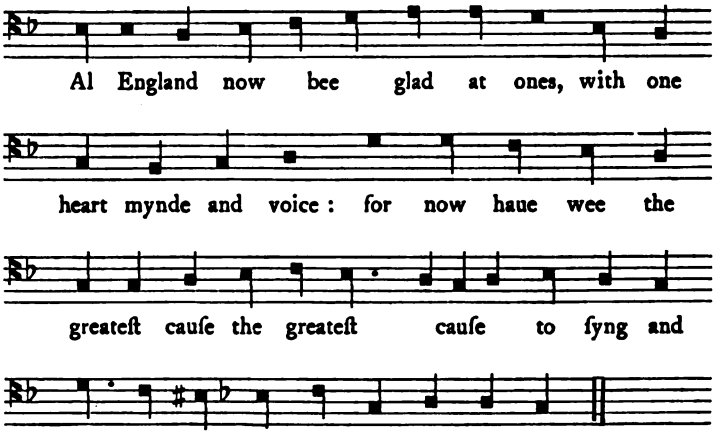
Al England now bee glad at ones w̃ one

heart mynde & voice : for now haue wee the grea

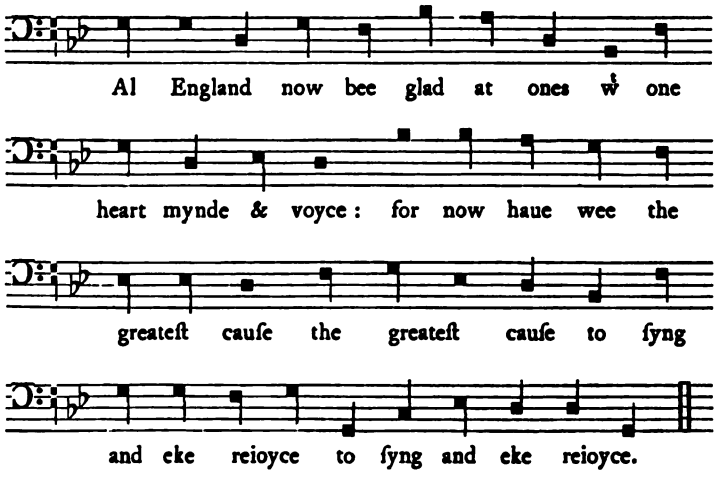
teſt cauſe the greateſt cauſe to ſyng and

eke reioyce.

TENOR.



BASSUS.



¶ A ſhort Anſwere to the boke called : Beware the Cat.

To the ientil reder : harti ſalutacions
Deſiring thee to knoe : Baldwins ſtraunge faſchions
And if in aunſering : I appere ſum what quick,
Thinke it not with out cauſe, his taunts be rive & thick
Where as ther is a boke, called : be ware the cat,
The veri truith is ſo, that Stremer made not that,
Nor no ſuch falſe fabels : fell ever from his pen,
Nor from his hart or mouth : as knoe mani honeſt men
But wil ye gladli knoe, who made that boke in dede,
One Wylliam Baldewine. God graunt him wel to ſpede
God graunt him mani new yeres, proſperite and helth
As he hath in this thing : farderd the Comonwelth
With large leſure, browne ſtudi : he muſing all alone
Deviſed by what meanes : he might win the whetſtone
Every thing almoſt : in that boke is as tru,
As that at Midſomer : in London it doth ſnu.
Every thing almoſt : in that boke is as tru
As that his noſe to my dock : is ioyned faſt with glu,
Put vp your pipes Baldewine : if you can make no better,
Many talk more wittili : that knoe not one letter,
Put on your cap Baldewine : & kepe your brayn pan warme
Leaſt ye go to Bedlem : if ſuche toyes in you ſwarme
Rede this litel ſhort Rime : Baldewinken, til more cum :
And with Stremers excrements : be bold to noint your gum
In ſtede of Diaglum, in ſtede of Coloquintida
In ſtede of ru barbarum, or caſia fiſtula
If the maker hereof : had bid at more leſure.
Ye had had from his hande : a more precious treſure
But in the meane ſeaſon : content your ſelfe with this
For your Bagagical boke, a warme a. r. s. you may kys.

Or

Or els a payre of ſtockes: if officers do wel,
  You hurt a harmeles man: which no ſuch tales did tel,
As ye were diſpoſed: loude lyes on him to make
  Which many witti things: writes for his countreys ſake.
Alas I wolde to God: your boke were halfe ſo good,
  I wyſh you no more harme; nor to your ſwete hart bloud
The pith of this paper (if any man in it loke)
  Is to deni utterli, that Stremer made that boke
The boke (of ten leaves) was printed every worde
  Er Stremer ſaw any pece, to wipe away a t. o. r. d.
Tergendis natibus, ſom thought his boke was good
  Or to cari ſpiceri, to cheriſche a ſick mans bloud.
Therfore ientyl reder: beware what credence thou ghive
  The truth here conteyned: thou mayſt boldly belive
Baldwins toyes do belong: to thee or any other
  As well as they do touche Stremer, his pore brother.
And now Iuge good hirers: whether he be a good man
  Of whom I write theſe things: as truli as I can.
If that be not a grete faute, ſo to hurt a mans name,
  Without ſufficient cauſe: what crime ſhuld a man blame?
Omnia ſi perdas: famam ſervare memento: Qua ſemel amiſſa
[poſtea nullus eris,
If thou leſe all (ſayth he) yet reſerve honeſt fame
  If that be ones clene gon: go home and ſuck thy dame.
I am loth for to rayle, as Baldwin hath begun
  For ſo betwine vs both: a fayre threde ſhuld be ſpun
This miche I haue writen: that the truth ſhuld be knowen
  And that the falſitie: ſhuld quite be ouerthrowen.

FINIS.

¶ Spare your good

II

EUen aboute the moneth of maye
I wene it was the thirde daye
Of that ſame moneth as I geſſe
And ſo it was ſo haue I bleſſe
for I knowe it well by a thinge
Of the whiche I haue had knowledgynge
As here after ye ſhall heare full well
Of a knightes ſone how it befell
A riche knight there was in Fraũce I vnderſtande
And was a man of greate lande
and hyght ſyr Thomas perlore
a ſone he had with his wyfe and no more
And ſhe was called faire Yſaungrayne
and their ſone called Rafelyne
and of this childe ye ſhall heare
and of his father and his mother dere
Of his father he was lefe and dere
So was he of his mother I you enſere
So it happened vpon a daye
That this yonge man ſhoulde ſporte and playe
His father bade hym go amonge wyſe men
That he might learne ſome good of them
But this yunge man him bethought
That after his fathers counſell he wold do nought
But to yll company he him drewe
and learned all vyce and lefte vertue
Tyll father and mother were deade
Than coulde he none other rede
But burye them after the comune vſe
Other ſorowe woulde he none vſe
But forth he wente to his company anone
and ſaide ſirs let vs be mery euerychone

Syr

Syr they ſaide welcome be ye truely
and we all praye you hartely
To fyt by vs and kepe company
So he did and thanked them hertely
They called anone for meate & drincke of the beſte
For to eate and drincke as them leſt
and whan they had eaten and dronken theyr fyll
Syr they ſaide knowe ye nothinge of oure wyll
No by my faith he ſaide incontinente
But by ſaint Thomas of Kente
I woulde haue at the haſarde a caſt or two
For to learne to caſte the dyce to and fro
and if here be any body that wyll for money playe
I haue yet in my purſe money and pledges gay
Some be nobles, ſome be crownes of Fraunce
Haue at all who wyll of this daunce
One of them anſwered with that worde
and caſte a bale of dyce on the borde
and ſaide maiſter Rafeleyne wyll ye haue a fytte
Haue at all yf ye wyll ſytte
Maiſter Rafeleyne drewe to his pouche
Tyll he had loſte coyne and owche
Than he drewe out pledges freſhe and gaye
Tyll all was gone and played awaye
home he goeth lyke as he were out of his minde
and ſolde al his goodes before and behynde
and to harlotes he goeth and to baudes bolde
For he thought his money ſhoulde euer holde
To the tauerne and to the bordell he him dreſt
For al that his felowſhip did coũſel him for the beſt
But at the laſte whan all was gone
Than he began to make his mone
Like as here after ye ſhal vnderſtande
Therfore ſpare your good that ye haue in hande.

¶ Thus endeth the prologue

Alas

ALas my good is ſpente I haue no more
Therfore I am troubled ſore
with great greuaunce in my herte rote
To ſpende a pounde was but a ſmall note
Lyke as I was vſed to do here and there
Therfore I muſt now mirth forbeare
Whyche here before I did not vnderſtande
Therfore ſpare your good that ye haue in hande.

What ſhall I now begin to do alace
Here before I might go in euery place
Wyth the beſt where ſo euer they wente
vnto the wine, to the good ale, or to ỹ bere al vnſhẽt
But for by cauſe gyue no more I maye
Muſte I be caſte out of al game and play
In my greuaunce is no remedy I vnderſtand
Therfore ſpare your good that ye haue in hande

What auayleth it me to crye or to complayne then
Whan my frendes and alſo my kynneſmen
Maie neither ſe me nor heare me
Therfore thincke I of thẽ but lytell cõforted to be
Thus haue I ſpente al my good out right
wyth playenge, with drinkynge day and night
which euery wiſe man wil not do I vnderſtande
Therfore ſpare your good that ye haue in hand.

Neuer I coulde perceyue this great charge
But my luſte hath brought me in this rage
The whiche I begin now to vnderſtand
That money is lorde of all the lande

For

For bycauſe I haue not hadde this in remẽbraunce
Therfore pouertie and miſerye is fall to my chaũce
And am taken of no value I vnderſtande
Therfore ſpare your good that ye haue in hande

I ſee that they with fingers point after me
The whyche here before were vſed to prayſe me
And they let me paſſe by the dore
The whiche I haue kepte good felowſhippe to fore
They mocke with me whiche I was wonte to truſte
May not I haue great repentaunce of this luſte
Ye and muſt ſuffre this I vnderſtande
Therfore ſpare your good that ye haue in hande

Whan I was yonge and had good at wyll
And euery body eate and drancke with me their fyll
Than they did cal me in euery place
Now they thincke I am not worth a lace
Pouertye hath taken me with greate ſorow
I haue nothinge nor can nothinge borow
Thus haue I but yll fortune I vnderſtande
therefore ſpare your good that ye haue in hand

I haue thought in my minde
Coulde I any good get or find
I woulde not caſte it awaye euery dele
Lyke as my felowſhippe did my counſel
Whan I was vſed to beare money be my ſyde
I thought not that it ſhoulde thus from me flyde
Thus was I not wyſe I vnderſtande
Therefore ſpare your good that you haue in hande

Might I yet that daye liue
That my frendes woulde me giue
Some thinge where with all
I might get richeſſe and honeſte princypall
I woulde thanke them nowe and than amonge
But certes my thinketh they tary to longe
Therfore I muſt ſuffer be it ſwete or ſoure I vnderſtãd
Therfore ſpare your good that ye haue in hãd

Whan

Whan any body hath any richeſſe
Euery body him worſhippeth both more and leſſe
But and he haue nothinge in value
He is nothinge ſette by perdue
And if he come hyther or els where
Euerie bodye fleeth from him as he the deuyll were
Ful often chaungeth his courage I vnderſtande
Therfore ſpare youre good that ye haue in hande.

He that hath nothinge is taken of no value
And wyll not do after good counſell perdue
Lyke as of me ye maye example take
Howe of ryot and other games was vſed to make
Who ſo euer in the worlde of ryot me bethought
I coulde it lyghtly helpe for to be wrought
whiche is now bitter it was than ſwete at that ſtād
Therfore ſpare your good that ye haue in hande

Wherfore ſholde not I take now ſorowe againe
Ye certes there is none that wyl me any thing lene
Euen thus the whele of fortune renneth
And if good lucke dyd raine I ſhoulde not be wete
If it be good lucke or yll happe
It commeth to him that ſhall haue it at a clappe
Euery body maie ſe by me in this ſtande
Therfore ſpare your good that ye haue in hande

A man maye well a good felow be
In the wine, in good ale, in bere where ſo it be
and yf he thinke for the comune profyte alſo
Here or there where ſo euer he go
Thus may a man haunte mirth and game
If he do it not by meaſure he is to blame
For in euery thinge meaſure is good I vnderſtand
Therfore ſpare your good that ye haue in hand

Farewell I ſette you al this teſtamente
Who wyll learne this ſhall be vnſhente
and can kepe him amonge good company
Shall be fre of al ſorowe and myſerye

Who

Who ſo euer taketh this teſtamente in remẽbraüce
Pouertye and myſerye ſhall not fall to his chaunce
Hys good his worſhippe ſhall he kepe I vnderſtãde
Therfore ſpare your good that ye haue in hande

FINIS

¶ Here endeth a lytell treatyſe very
profitable for euery yonge man
and yonge woman cal-
led Syrs ſpare
your good.

Imprinted at London in Poules churche
yarde by Anthony Kytſon.

A booke in Englysh

metre, of the great Marchaunt man called *Diues Pragmaticus, very preaty for children* to rede: wherby they may the better, and more readyer, rede and wryte wares and Implementes, in this world contayned.

Deut. 23. *Leuit.* 19.

☞ When thou sellest ought vnto thy neighbour or byest any thyng of him: deceaue not, nor oppresse him. ꝛc.

Imprinted at London in Aldersgate strete, by Alexander Lacy, dwellyng beside the Well. The .xxv. of Aprell. 1563.

The Preface.

GOD the great geuer, of vertue and grace,
Hath planted man here, but for a ſpace:
To liue and to learne, by his vocation,
To ſerue God and man, by their ordination.
To bye and to ſel, accordyng to truth,
Whether it be in age or in youth:
Some for to trauayle, or to labour with tooles,
And ſome al their lyfe, to ſtudye in ſcooles.
Some by diuinitie doeth honour attayne,
To be chief of the clergye, in learnyng to raigne:
And ſome to the law, as grace doeth them call,
And ſome to good ſciences, as moſt vnto fall.
¶ As I have my chaunce now, a Marchaunt to bee,
To al the whole world, to bond men and free:
To credit or lend, from this day to that,
To tale and retale, for money pit pat.
To heare now my name, you wyl be glad,
And that ſhal you know, both mery and ſad:
My name is truely, *Diues Pragmaticus*,
A man rich and buſy, with thynges *Mundus*.
For ſtone, pearle, or gold, and al kyndes of ware,
None vpon earth, with me can cumpare:
Myne occupyeng is, by ſea and by land,
And you ſhall hereafter well vnderſtand.
Al Chriſten and Heathen, of my marchaundyſe bye,
And I agayne of theirs, or els I ſhould lye:
Now truly for to bye, and truly to ſell,
Is a good thyng (as I have heard tell)
Yf it be vſed accordyng to ryght,

Both

Both God and man, in it doeth delyght.
But falſe weightes and meaſures be execrable,
And to the occupyers moſt dampnable:
Alſo Uſury and Simonie, be thynges as yll
And al that the people doeth powle and pyll.
And as I haue heard tell by predication,
That extorcion is as great abhomination:
As all men doe know, as well as doe I,
Whight from blacke, to lyue or to dy.
Wherefore good reader, marke well in mynd,
Who hath of me neede, as foloweth in kynd:
And I neede of them, money to catch,
Now come who that wyll, I haue to diſpatch.
¶ Pope, Legates, or Cardinalles, of me may haue,
Wares for their money, fine pleaſaunt and braue:
Byſhoppes, Deanes, and Doctours, of me may ſpeede,
Prieſtes, Clarkes, and Sextens, of al that they neede.
Yea, Emperours and Kynges, or Queenes in degree,
Dukes, Earles, and Lordes, wyll ſend vnto mee:
Barons, Knyghtes, and Squyers, that wares doeth want,
Gentylmen and Yeomen, nothyng ſhal be ſcant.
Huſbandmen, and Craftes men, as you ſhall heare,
Muſt come or els ſend, to my ſhop for geare:
Al occupacions to me muſt reſort,
To buy and then ſell, to others coumfort.
Al Brewers, Bakers, Butchers and Cookes,
Al Printers, Stacioners, and ſellers of bookes:
Al Poulters, and Pedders, that ryde day and nyght,
Al Farmours and owners, that in money delyght.
Al Poticaries, Grocers, to me wyll enclyne,
Al Tapſters, Uintners, that ſelleth good wyne:
Al Haberdaſhers, Pedlers, and makers of pinnes,
Al true Hoſtellers, and Keepers of Innes.
Al Webſters, Weauers, Sheremen and Fullers,
Al Carders, Spinners, and ſheepeſkin pullers:
Al Dyers, Drapers, and Mercers lykewyſe,
Al Sylkemen, and Semeſters, that I can deuyſe.
Al Broyderers, Taylers, Quylters and Limners,

Al

Or Declaration.

Al Upholſters, Brokers, Furriers and Skinners:
Al Goldſmythes, Copperſmythes, fine or playne,
Al Blackeſmithes, Bladeſmithes, and Glouers certaine.
Al Bag makers, Purſers, and turners of tops,
Al women hoſiers, and makers of ſlops:
Al Coller makers, Ropers, and Turners of dyſhes,
Al makers of Nets, and catchers of Fyſhes.
Al Pewterers, Tynkers, Glaſiers, and Plummers,
Al Lawyers, Proctours, Scriueners, and Sumners:
Al Grauers, Caruers, and Paincters of clothes,
Al Dicemakers, Carde players, and ſwearers of othes.
Al Armourers, Furbuſhers, and Cutlers alſo,
Al Coſtard mongers, that by the way go:
Al Barbours, Tooth drawers, and Fetherbed dryuers,
Al Collyers, Woodmaſters, and good Billit clyuers.
Al Mylners, Maultſters, and Founders of belles,
Al Braſiers, Potters, and makers of welles,
Al Sadlers, Sawyers, and makers of tappes,
Al makers and dreſſers of hats, hoodes, and cappes.
Al makers of pattens, and lanthornes for lyghts,
Al Bellowes bottels, and caſes for myghts,
Al Cherurgiens, Phiſiciens, that viſiteth the ſicke,
Al makers of lyme, of tyle, and of bricke.
Al Diggars, that occupieth ſhouels, mattockes, and rakes,
Al Reapers, and Mowers, of corne and of brakes:
Al Saulters, and Sopers, in Cittie and Towne,
Al Caryars and Carters, that dryue vp and downe.
Al Cowpers, and Curriars, and Tanners of leather,
Al Shooe makers, and Coblers, that worke for al weather:
Al Free maſons, Bricke layers, and dawbers of walles,
Al Carpenters, Ioyners, and makers of balles.
Al Bowyers, Fletchers, and makers of heads,
Al makers of Hornes, maundes, baſkets and ſleads:
Al makers of Glaſſes, and workers with fyer,
Al makers of Paſtes, and drawers of wyer.
Al makers of Combes, and forgers of lyes,
Al Spectacle makers, for dim ſighted eyes:
Al Maiſters of ſhips, and Mariners bolde,

Al

The Preface.

Al Captaynes, and ſoldiours, that kepeth any hold.
Al maiſters of Muſicke, and Juglers ſtout,
Al Players and Minſtrelles, and the ruflyng rout:
Al occupacions, now vnder the Sunne,
For to be briefe, with me haue to doone:
And that ſhall you know, perfectly and true,
By readying this booke, as here after doeth enſue.

¶ And thus endeth the declaration, of the great Marchaunt of the world: called *Diues Pragmaticus.*

¶ Here foloweth the booke, and his callyng of people to ſale of his marchaundyſe: with a rehearſall of part of his wares by name.

The Names of All Kynd of Wares.

Hat lacke ye ſir, what ſeke you, what wyll you bye?
Come hether to mee, looke what you can ſpye:
I haue to ſell of all thynges vnder the Skye
What lacke you my maſters? Come hether to me.

¶ I have to ſell bookes, for men of Deuyne,
And bookes of all lawes, moſt pleaſaunt and fyne:
Of al Artes and Storyes, as men wyll enclyne,
What lacke you Gentylman? Come hether to me.

¶ I haue all the holy Doctours, and other wryters graue,
Bookes of all languages, here may you haue:
Fables and balades, ſad mery and braue,
What is it that you lacke? come hether to me.

¶ I haue inke paper and pennes, to lode with a barge,
Inke hornes, and pennours, fine ſmall, and large:
Primers and a b c es, and bookes of ſmall charge,
What lacke you Scollers? come hether to me.

¶ What lacke you good people? come hether fayre mayde,
What bye you what ſeeke you? ſpeake, be not affrayde:
Here is to be bought, all thynges to be ſayde,
Both for high and low, come hether to me.

I haue

The Names of

¶ I haue wares for Emperours, Kingſ Queenes & Dukes,
As Stone, Pearle, and Gold, wrought of al ſutes:
Damaſke, Silke, Sattan, and fine Ueluet of Lukes,
What lacke you, what bye you? Come hether to me.

¶ I haue fine Purple, Scarlet, and cloth of grayne,
French hoodſ, caps, hats, from Uenice and Spayne:
Fine head bandſ, necke bandſ, from Flaũders & Millayne,
What lacke you Madame? come hether to me.

¶ Fyne Raynes, fine Camericke, I haue here to ſell,
Fyne Lawne, fine Holland, of a marke an ell:
Fyne Lockeram, fine Canuas, and fuſtien of Napell,
What lacke you miſtris? Come hether to me.

¶ I haue billemenntſ, braceletſ, fine gyrdels and rynges,
Owches, brooches, and fine aglets for Kynges:
Triangles, hookes, claſpes, with many gay thinges,
What lacke you gentleman? come hether to me.

¶ I haue pinnes, poinctſ, laces, of gold ſilke and threed,
For all people to weare, what law doeth betyd:
My ſhop is ſo large, nothyng can be hyd,
What lacke you good people? come hether to me.

¶ I haue fine gownes, clokes, iacketſ, and coates,
Fyne iurkins, dubletſ, and hoſen without moates:
Fyne daggers, and knyues, bagſ, purſes for grotes,
What lacke you my friend? come hether to me.

¶ I haue fine peticotes, kyrtelſ and caſſockſ,
Waſt cotes, ſafegardes, vardyngales and frockſ:
Fyne muflers, and rayles, fine ſhyrtes and ſmockſ,
What lacke you gentylwoman? come hether to me.

I haue

All Kynd of Wares.

¶ I haue partlets, fillets, fruntlets and sleeues,
Fyne napkyns, pastclothes, and gibbets for theues:
Sylke baskets, fine maundes, and preaty Bee heeues,
What by you good woman? Come hether to me.

¶ I haue fine Estrich fethers, white blew blacke and reds
Bolsters and pyllowes of Down, to lay vnder mens heads
Fyne testers, curteynes, and fine carued beds
What seeke you, what lacke you? Come hether to me.

¶ I haue Couerlets of Arras, and fine Tapistrie worke,
Of all sorts and culloures, bright sad and durke:
Stayned clothes and Images, from the great Turke,
What lacke you my friend? Come hether to me.

¶ I haue Inkyll, Crewell, and gay Valances fine,
Pannes to warme beds, with gyrte corde and lyne:
The money is your owne, and the ware is myne,
Come see for your loue, or come bye of me.

¶ I haue fine Cubbords, Countours, and fine table bords,
Ioyned formes, stooles, and trestels, buckelers and swords:
Leekes Unions and Garlyke, rootes Millions and Gourds,
What lacke you good wyues? Come hether to me.

¶ I haue to sell Carpets, chestes, coffers and locks,
Presses and Keyes, whorles spindelles and rocks:
Pyg Goose and Capons, Hennes Chickens and Cocks,
What wares doe you lacke? come hether to me.

¶ I haue table clothes fine, and napkins great and small,
Fyne Saultes, spoones and trenchers, for parlour and hall
Fyne Papers with stories, to nayle on a wall,
What lacke you mistris? Come hether to me.

The names of

¶ I haue Baſons, Ewers, of Tin Pewter and Glaſſe,
Great veſſels of Copper, fine lattin and braſſe:
Both pots pannes and kettelſ, ſuch as neuer was,
What lacke you ſir, what bye you? come hether to me.

¶ I haue platters dyſhes, ſawcers and candleſtickſ,
Chaffers, lauers, towels, and fine trickſ:
Poſſenets fryeng pannes, and fine puddyng prickſ,
What is it that you ſeeke? come hether to me.

¶ I haue of all thynges plenty, to furnyſh a houſe,
Rackes for cheeſe, and trappes for a Mouſe:
Fyne pannes for mylke, and trim tubbes for ſowſe,
Fyrſt cheape, and then bye, come hether to me.

¶ I haue Ladels, Scummers, Aundyrons and ſpits,
Drippyng pannes, pot hookes, ould Cats and Kits:
And preaty fine dogſ, without fleas or nits,
What lacke you my friend? come hether to me.

¶ I haue fier pannes, fier forkſ, tongſ, treuetſ and tramels,
Roſt yrons, fleſh hookes, and buckets for welles:
Troughes, trayes, flaſkets, mortars and peſtels,
What lacke you good mother? come hether to me.

¶ I haue Racketſ, Balles, and all ſortſ of reeles,
Wull cardſ, Combes, and fine ſpinnyng wheeles:
Rowles for paſt, and for Bakers long peeles,
I haue for your mynd, come hether to me.

¶ I haue fine Cearces, boultelſ and flower,
Long poales and crotches, to buyld up a Bower:
Lyme ſand and ſtone, to make with a Tower,
What lacke you my maſters? come hether to me.

I haue

All Kynd of Wares.

¶ I haue fine mould⁊ for Cookes, and fine cuttyng knyues,
Axes for Butchers, and fine glaſſes for wynes:
Medecines for Rat⁊ to ſhorten their lyues,
What lacke you what bye you? Come hether to me.

¶ I haue Fannes forkes and flayles, ſhort and long rakes
Skep⁊ buſhel⁊ and peckes, hardel⁊ and ſtakes:
Beltes, beetyl⁊ and wedges, that good billit⁊ makes,
What lacke you good houſebandes? Come hether to me.

¶ I haue to ſell water cannes, bowget⁊ and bottels,
Shouels, mattock⁊ and Moule ſpades, wickers and ſtoppels:
Tankardes and meaſures, of pynt⁊ quarts and pottels,
Come ſee for your loue, and bye for your moneye.

¶ I haue leades for Dyers, fine Limbeck⁊ and ſtylles,
Quernes and querne ſtockes, and great ſtones for mylles,
Halberd⁊, Polaxes, Club⁊, and foreſt bylles,
What is it that you lacke? Come hether to me.

¶ I haue Wyne Ale Beere and Syder, ſimnel⁊ and bunnes,
Cakes loaues and crackenel⁊, tub⁊ barrel⁊ and tunnes:
Harcabuſhes, Halfehakes, and all ſortes of Gunnes,
What ware doe you lacke? Come hether to me.

¶ I haue to ſell Gun powder, match and gun ſtone,
Long bowes, croſſe bowes, and all that to them gone:
Warbraces, ſhootyng gloues, and rod⁊ of Whales bone,
What lacke you yong men? Come hether to me.

¶ I haue Speares Pykes Iauelins, and Iriſh Dartes,
Spokes Nauelles Wheeles, and Axeltrees for Cartes,
Whippes whipſtockes, and caſes for Fartes,
What lacke you fayre maydes? come hether to me.

I haue

The Names of

¶ I haue Plowes plow trace[s], Horſe Harnis and Harowes
Packe ſaddelſ Collers Seles, and Wheele barrowes:
Byrd lime and lime twigſ, for wyld fowle and Sparrowes
What doe you lacke friend? come hether to me.

¶ I haue to ſell Pinſons Fyles, Hammers and Sawes,
Horſe ſhoone Nayles Halters, and fine thinges of ſtrawes:
Curdes Cheeſe and Creame, and little Calues mawes,
What doe you lacke, what bye you? come hether to me.

¶ I haue all kynd of victualſ, as well fleſh as fiſh,
Mylke Butter Egſ, and one principall diſh:
Called fine laced mutton, or what you can wiſh,
What lacke you what ſeke you? come hether to me.

¶ I haue Sucketſ Sirrupſ Grene ginger and Marmalade,
Biſkitſ Cumfectſ and Carawayes, as fine as can be made.
As for Poticary and Grocery: I haue all that trade,
You ſhall ſe of all thynges, come hether to me.

¶ As Figſ Almondſ Rayzens, Long pepper and Graynes,
Dates Prunes & Nutmegſ, and good ſpice for your braynes
I haue all thinges coumfortable, for the backe and raynes,[1]
What doe you lacke ſir? come hether to me.

¶ I haue fine Triacle of Genes, the plague to preuent,
Fyne Waters fine Oyles, of odour excellent:
Fyne Gummes and Parfumes, as euer was ſpent,
What lacke you Gentleman? come hether to me.

¶ I haue fine Pomaunders, fine Toothpikers & Whiſtles,
Pincaſes Penknyues, fine Bruſhes of briſtles;
Great Acornes for Hogſ, and for Cunnies tough Thiſtles,
What doe you want what lacke ye? come hether to me.

[1] Orig. *vaynes.*

I haue

All Kynd of Wares.

¶ I haue Lye potſ Combes, and fine culoured heare,
Muſke Ciuit and Camphere, with other ſwete geare:
I haue for your purpoſe, I pray you come neare,
What is it that you lacke? come hether to me.

¶ I haue fine pouder to make you ſleape,
Fyne Sythes and Sikcles, for them that can reape:
Of Gryndſtones and Whetſtones, I haue a great heape,
What lacke you honeſt man? come hether to me.

¶ I haue here to ſell, fine Needelſ and Thimbels,
Nayle pearſers ſmall podſ, Chyſelles and Wimbils:
Blades, and for Weauers fine ſhuttelſ and Brembils,
What doe you lacke friend? come hether to me.

¶ For Polcatſ and Wezels, I haue trappes and ſnares,
Fyne hornes for Hunters, and Houndes for Hares:
Fyne Bugles for Gentylmen, and Horſes for Mares,
What lacke you ſir, what bye you? come hether to me.

¶ I haue Harneſſe Helmets Mayle cotes and Jackes,
Gyrt webbes and Gyrtes, Sacke cloth and Sackes:
Panyers for Pedders, and wantels for packes,
What lacke you what bye you? come hether to me.

¶ I haue all thynges for Barbours, Caſes Kniues & ſiſours
For Players and Mummers, garments and vyſours:
Cockſ combes and hoodſ, and gay cotes for Diaſours,
What lacke you my maſters? come hether to me.

¶ I haue Haukes lures, Key thonges and Clogs,
Leames Collers Cupples, and chaynes for Dogs:
Rynges for wroottyng, and Yocks for Hogs,
What lacke you good wyues? come hether to me.

I haue

The Names of

¶ I haue Rolling pinnes Battildors waſhbouls & Brome,
Wylde beaſtes and Puppets, fet from beyond Rome:
Fyne gay & ſtraunge Garlands, for Bryde & Bryde grome
What lacke you fayre maydens? come hether to me.

¶ I haue Harpes, Lutes, Uyalles, Tabretſ, and Pypes,
Shouellers, Cranes, Pecockſ, Wagtayles, and Snypes:
Fyne leſſons for maydes, to kepe them from ſtrypes,
What is it that you lacke? Come hether to me.

¶ I haue Brydels, Saddels, Styrrops, and Trappers,
Sheres for Sheremen for Taylours, and Cappers:
Bytſ, Snafles, and Spurres, and alſo bell clappers,
Wha doe you lacke ſir? Come hether to me.

¶ I haue all inſtruments, that Cherurgiens doe vſe
To graue or to carue, new fet from the Iewes:
Yf ye knew what I haue, you wold wonder and muſe,
What doe you lacke? Come hether to me.

¶ I haue Ships for the ſea, Boates, Barges, and Keeles,
Fyſh hookes, and Netſ, and great trunkes for Eles:
Salues for all ſores, and for ould humbled heeles,
What ſeke you, what bye you? Come hether to me.

¶ I haue Timber, Tyle, Bricke, Straw, Seg, and Reede
Great Plenty of grayne, and all kynd of ſeede:
Look what you lacke, of me you ſhall ſurely ſpeede,
Why be you ſo ſtraunge? Come hether to me.

¶ I haue Staples, Barres, Hookes, Hynges, and Latches,
Fyne Steele, and Flint, Tunder boxes, and Matches:
Pattrelles and Males, without peeces or patches,
What do you lacke ſir? Come hether to me.

I haue

All Kynd of wares.

¶ I [h]aue Fullyng mylſ, Oyle mylſ, Wynd mylſ and ſayles
Hoopes, Hydes, Lether, Ietſ, Scuppets, and Payles:
Lampe blacke for Curryers, Claſpes, Eyes, and Mayles,
What lacke you, what bye you? Come hether to me.

¶ I haue here to ſell Buccles, Alblades, and Laſtes,
Shoone Slippers, and Bootes, Cables and maſtes:
Boxes for Juglers, and many fine caſtes,
What do you lacke? Come hether to me.

¶ I haue haye for Hoſtlers, Ladders and Rax,
Fyne Sault Sope and Candell, Pitch Tar and Wax:
Yron Cole Rozen, Hempe and fine Flax,
What lacke you my maſters? Come hether to me.

¶ I haue Ornamentſ Implements, fit for the Church,
Fyne Rodſ for children, of Wyllow and Burch:
Yf I haue not quicke ſale, I ſhall haue a lurch,
What doe you lacke ſir? Come hether to me.

¶ My Rodſ wyll wex ſeare, within weekes nyne,
Yet a thouſand I haue, knit vp in a lyne:
Yf I ſell them not all the ſooner, the loſſe wyll be myne,
Come maſters, come dames, come bye of me.

¶ You ſhall vnderſtand, that I haue much more,
Farmes Houſes Woodſ, and Cattell great ſtore:
Great Land and Paſtour, from ſhore to ſhore,
What lacke you Gentilmen? Come hether to me.

¶ I haue Spectacles, made of fine Burrall glaſſe,
And caſes from Turkye, that yet neuer ſeene waſſe:
Such thinges as I haue, come cheape or you paſſe,
Looke here for your loue, come, what will you bye?

I haue

The Name of

¶ I haue cases for Crabe, for Creuesses and Cranes,
Cases for Medowes, for Fal gates and Lanes:
Cases for Cucke stooles, and for Horse manes,
What doe you lacke? come hether to me.

¶ I haue Cases for Castels, for Steeples and Trees,
Cases for the Wynd, and the weather that frees:
Fyne cases for Tounges, that neuer agrees,
What doe you lacke wyues? come hether to me.

¶ I haue cases for Shippes, for Hulkes and Hooyes,
Cases for Pewes, for Pulpete and Pooyes:
Cases for Grashoppers that much corne strooyes,
What lacke you what bye you? come hether to me.

¶ I haue cases for Scotches, for them that kepe fennes,
Cases [f]or Whele barrowes, and for Goose pennes:
Cases for Caues for Capons and Hennes,
What doe you lacke now? come hether to me.

¶ I haue cases for Cole rakes, for Tumbrelles and Milles
Cases for Lime pite, for Mountaynes and Hylles:
Fyne cases of Hempe, for such as powles and pylles,
What is it that you lacke? or what wyll you bye?

¶ I am not able halfe my wares to expresse,
Seuerally by name: I tell you doubtlesse:
But briefly thus of all thynges, part I confesse,
Saying what lacke you? come hether to me.

¶ Come to me all you, that newly begynne,
And I wyll hould you vp, euen by the chinne:
Though you lese in the first yeare, the next you may winne
I wyll so be your friend, come hether to me.

Come

All Kynd of Wares.

¶ Come to me you, that yet neuer could thryue,
Foote men and Horſe men, that by the way dryue :
You that with Neuerthrift, dayly will ſtryue,
Lack no kynd of wares, but come hether to me.

¶ Take heede to whome, and where you doe lend,
Take heede with whome, and how you doe ſpend:
All you that in deede, your euyll lyues amend,
Lacke no ſortes of wares, but come hether to me.

¶ Alſo this ſhall be now, my next exhortation,
That you forſake Dice, Cardes, and fornication:
All exceſſe in apparell, and all blaſphemation,
Then lacke no wares, but come hether to me.

¶ The oulde Prouerbe is, kepe the whole from the broken.
By the mouthes of al people, thus haue I ſpoken:
Becauſe all Marchauntes and Chapmen, I doe betoken
Styll callyng what lacke you? come hether to me.

¶ Thus to conclude, no further to clyme,
With this mery Ieſt, and poore ſimple Ryme:
For Seruauntes and Chyldren, to paſſe with the tyme,
At conuenient leyſure, no hurt it wyll be.

¶ Honeſt myrth in meaſure, is a pleaſaunt thyng,
To wryte and to rede well, be gyftes of learnyng:
Remember this well, all you that be young,
Exerciſe vertue, and rule well your toung.

¶ FINIS. (q) Thomas Newbery.

¶ An Aunſwere
to the Proclamation of the Re-
bels in the
North.

1569

¶ Impriṇted at
London by Willyam
Seres
Cum Priuilegio.

An Aunſwere to the Proclamation of the Rebelles.

O Lorde ſtretch out thy mightie hande against this raging route, — To God.
And ſaue our Prince, our ſtate, & land
which they doe go aboute
For to ſubuert, and ouerthrowe,
and make this Realme a pray,
For other Nations here to growe:
what ſo, like fooles they ſay.
¶ You doe imagine (I ſuppoſe) — To the Rebels Firſt article.
your ſelues Princes to be,
Or elſe your ſtile ſhould not be ſo,
to ſende it out with W.E.
The Princes phraſe ye take in hande,
O well diſpoſed men:
A Traytor firſt, that worde ſo ſpake
and he that rulde the Pen.
¶ Hir faythfull ſubiects ye proteſt
your ſelues in wordes to bee — ij Arti
But marke I pray you how your deedes
doe with your wordes agree.
Can you hir loue, and eke obey,
as ſubiectes in their guiſe,
When you againſt hir will and minde,
with force of armes doe riſe?

¶ To

An aunſwere to the

Article.

¶ To all the olde and Catholike,
that be of ſuch religion
As you be, that be franticke madde,
and fooliſh of opinion,
You write: that they your minde may know
and you their minde againe,
Whether they meane to take your part
and ſo in fielde be ſlaine,
No faithfull man you may be ſure
will lyke your crooked ſtyle:
Alſo your trayne if they be wiſe
will lyke it but a whyle,
Chorath, Dathan, and Abiram
or elſe Achitophell,
With Abſalon, Adoniah,
of their olde faith ye ſmell.
In deede your olde religion
is waxen ſtale for age,
Ye meane to make it new againe
with mightye Rebels rage,
You ſhall haue much adoe be ſure
though you thinke nothing ſo:
You haue to long a time ſit ſtill
and ſuffered truth to growe.
When God and Prince is ioynde in one
for to defende the truth,
And you againſt them ſtande in fielde,
marke then, what it enſuth.
The ruine of the contrarie
muſt needes with ſpeede be ſéene
For troubling ſtill the flocke of Chriſt
and ſuch a quiet Queene.
¶ What nobles are they that ye haue
with you to take your parts?
They may be Noble well by name,
but farre from Noble harts.
Belyke ye would make men in doubt
that ſome doe beare the face

To

Rebels Proclamation.

To loue their Prince, and yet at neede
  to turne into your caſe.
O hatefull men vnto the blouds
  that haue alwayes bene trewe,
If you haue ſuch, then name them out
  from Judas line, the Jewe,
That they with ſpeede may hang themſelues,
  for treaſon to their Prince.
O dowbtfull denne that ſo blowth out
  a poyſonde muſing ſtinche.
Such as you be, hir noble grace
  hath truſted ouer long,
For nowe you thinke that in the fielde
  for hir ye are to ſtrong.
It may be ſo, the Nobles mo
  both fathers and their ſonnes
Be puiſſaunt men to beare a Croſſe
  out of the noble Nortonnes
¶ You ſay your faythes is promiſed Article.
  in this your enterpriſe,
Eche vnto eche, to further forth
  your meaning good and wiſe.
What fayth is that, what doe you meane?
  when fayth to Prince is broke?
You meane to pull your neckes from tye,
  of gentle Princes yoke:
And ſet your ſelues at libertie
  and eke your rowte ſo rude,
So that to royall dignitie
  eche ſhall himſelfe intrude.
For this ye may right well beleue,
  nor woorſt in all your ranke
but thinkes himſelfe as good as ye,
  and lookes for as much thanke.
¶ You ſay hir Grace is led by ſuch vj. Art
  as wicked are and euill.
By whom I pray you are ye led?
  I may ſay by the Deuill.

Whome

An aunſwere to the

Whome would ye poynt to leade hir Grace
  if ye might haue your choyſe?
The Pope I thinke, your Father chiefe,
  ſhould haue your holy voyſe.
And then ſhe ſhould be led in deede,
  as Lambe for to be ſlaine.
Wo worth ſuch heades, as ſo would fée
  hir Grace, for all hir paine.
But this I would ye ſhould me tell:
  when ſhe came to hir throne,
What was ſhe then, of age or wit?
  giue aunſwere euery one.
Was not hir age ſo competent,
  and eke hir head ſo wiſe,
as none that heard, or did hir knowe,
  could more in hir deuiſe?
Yea, you your ſelues (I dare well ſay)
  at that ſame preſent houre,
Of all the Princes farre or néere
  tooke hir to be the flowre.
And had ſhe not then will and powre
  hir Counſaylers to chuſe,
To take in whom that ſhe thought good,
  and whome ſhe would refuſe?
If ye ſhould point hir Counſaylers
  the caſe were very ſtraunge.
No marueyle though in deedes ye roue
  when ſo in wordes ye raunge.
And yet good Sirs, this is well knowne
  that nothing hath bene ment
And done, in matters of the Church,
  but by the Parliament.
Wherein the Nobles of the Realme,
  the Biſhop, and the Lorde,
And Commons all gaue their conſent
  and thereto did accorde.
The booke that called is by name,
  the booke of common Prayer,

Was

Rebels Proclamation.

Was ſent to you, by theſe afore,
  though you would it appaire,
By bruting forth that peruerſe men
  ſeducers of the Queene
Hath ſet it out. O ſimple men,
  what ſhall I of you deeme?
Doth not the act that is ſet out
  ſpeake to you in this wiſe?
Haue you not read and ſeene the ſame,
  and now the ſame denies?
Will you that be but priuate men
  attempt for to put downe,
The thing that was authoriſed
  by hir that weares the Crowne?
What gappe make you to breache of lawes
  if this your fact be good?
No Parliament, no Prince ſhall rule,
  but ſhedding ſtill of blood.
If men may riſe againſt their Prince
  that all things doth by lawe,
Then call for Captaine Cobler in
  and wayte vpon Jack Strawe.
¶ Ye ſaye ye feare the noble bloud
  it ſhould be made awaye. vij. Arti
And ye your ſelues will doe the ſame
  of others that you ſaye.
¶ By force ye ſay ye will redreſſe ij Article
  the things that are amiſſe.
Where had you that, out of what ſchoole?
  ſhew me then where it is:
For in your wordes, there is incloſde
  that will the Queene or no,
You will ſet vp, that ſhe put downe:
  that ye ſo meane ye ſhow.
If ye be ſubiects as you ſay,
  where learned ye to force?
But this ye meane (I doe ſuppoſe)
  with hir to make a corce.

The

Article ¶ The mother Church you will defende.
What children call ye theſe,
When trayterouſly themſelues they bende
their Mother to diſeaſe?
But like it is, the Mother that
ye meane to prop with power,
The ſpouſe of Chriſt that ſhe is not,
but Antichriſtes whoore.
For ſure I am, the Church of Chriſt
did neuer knowe this way,
In any place at any tyme
their Prince to diſobay.
What fathers of the fayth ye bee
all men may eaſily iudge,
Who is ſo blinde that cannot ſee
how cauſeleſſe ye doe grudge?

* Artic. ¶ The auncient cuſtomes of the Church
you ſay you will reſtore,
The liberties that ſhe hath had
ſhe ſhall haue as to fore.
You ſpeake but for to make hir ſmoyle
ſuch libertie to haue
The Prince and Realme againe to ſpoyle
of that that once they gaue.
The Monke, the Fryer, and eke the Nonne,
the Armit and the Anker,
You doe intende belyke to place
in your moſt holy Ranker?
God ſend you all as well to ſpeede,
and make your way as ſtreight,
As ſuch as you had in the dayes
of king Henry the eight.
O that he were aliue, to ſee
how you his Daughter vſe.
But he that hath his ſoule to keepe,
Shall ſende you ſhortly newes
I doe not doubt, fit for your factes
the ende of Rebels race,

With

With ſhamefull deathes to haue the ende
full fit in ſuch a caſe.
¶ Good peoples helpe you ſeeme to craue — Article
to ayde you in your ſturre:
Good people will their Princes wrath
be fearefull to incurre.
Though you ne recke like bedlem men
your life and lande to leeſe,
Yet ſhall you finde the contrary,
and that in all degrees.
If God by you will puniſhe vs,
in déede we muſt obey,
And we the better for his ſtroke,
though you be caſt away:
For longer then he thinketh good,
you ſhall not ſure preuaile,
And then will he in wrathfull moode
ſtrike downe both heade and taile.
This is the way to know the foes
of God, and eke our Prince,
Which craftily haue kept themſelues
and ſecretly did wince.
Now may the Queene ſoone finde them out
who faythfull be in deede,
And curſed Papiſtes by this meanes
full ſoone ſhe may out weede.
The hollow hartes will now appéere
and ſubiects true in harts
Will now like men, both ſpeake and doe
and liuely play their parts.
¶ And to keepe backe that foreyne powre — xij. Art
ſhould not this lande deſtroy,
Ye will your ſelues it waſt before
that they ſhall it annoy.
But how know ye that forreine power
would entermeddle heere?
Belike you haue them willde thereto
you loue your lande ſo deere.

And leaſt that they our ſtrength might finde
when they approch to laude,
You will if you may worke the ſame,
it weaken to their hande.
The loſſe of you if you be ſlaine,
as fit is for your ſinne,
Shall leaue the fewer in this lande,
to let the foe come in.
A caſe it is to fonde to thinke
that ſtraungers ſhould refourme
The things amiſſe within this lande
and make it to retourne
What? is it not a Monarchie?
what Prince hath here to doe?
Or who ſo ſtrong that may vs greeue,
if we be true thereto?
A Prouerbe olde, no lande there is
that can this lande ſubdue,
If we agree within our ſelues,
and to our Realme be true.
Was euer lande ſo gouerned
ſith conqueſt heretofore,
As this hath bene in all reſpectes
this xj yeares and more?
What peace, what reſt, what quietneſſe,
what welth, what helth hath reynde,
What iuſtice hath bene miniſtred,
to all that haue complainde.
Was euer Prince ſo mercifull
as this moſt noble Queene?
How ſhe hath nurſt the Noble blouds
is euidently ſeene.
Whoſe head from ſhoulders hath ſhe cut,
though ſome did it deſerue?
Whom hath ſhe burnt, or in the iayle
cauſed that they ſhould ſtarue?
If lenitie may make men riſe,
or meekeneſſe gender yre,

If

Rebels Proclamation.

If colde may cauſe the Coles to burne,
  or water kindell fyre?
If Adamant may thruſt away
  the Iron or the Steele,
Or ſhining Sunne the naked man
  may cauſe the colde to feele?
Then may our Queene Elizabeth
  be thought to be the cauſe
Why theſe Rebels doe go about
  the breaking of hir lawes.
But ſure it is, hir humbleneſſe
  that ſhe hath euer vſde,
The Caytifes now moſt cankerdly
  with treaſon haue abuſde.
¶ God ſaue the Queene, ye crie alowde, xiij. Ar
  with weapon ſtiffe in hande,
To trouble hir, whoſe prudent heade
  hath ſaued all the lande.
Such gloſing wordes, and painted ſtyle
  are fit for fooliſh heades,
Or elſe for babes, whoſe infancie
  does lyke as leaders leades.
¶ But now to you the ſimple ſort
  leaue off from taking part
And ſpeed apace vnto your home,
  and to your Prince conuart.
Afore that God his wrath doe riſe
  by Princes furie wrought
To beate ye downe in fielde by force
  and bring ye all to nought.
Do you ſuppoſe, a Princes powre
  your Captaines may reſiſt?
There is of you can tell you no,
  and if ſo be they liſt.
In hir moſt noble fathers dayes
  when he came with his powre,
Haue ye forgot when ye were up
  how eche man tooke his bowre?

How

An aunſwere to the

How often in one yeare ye roſe
the Chronicles doth tell,
And yet no boote, ye had no gaine
although ye did rebell.
You neuer hard nor euer read
that Rebelles dyd peruayle,
And doe you thinke by dent of ſworde
to make your Prince to quaile?
Nay make your count, though you do thinke
that many be as you
Of Popiſhe mynd, yet ſhall you finde
their hearts to be full true.
And multitudes that doe beleeue
this lore to be full right,
Are readie preſt to take hir part
if you will trye hir might.
But better no: returne in time
if you hir grace doe looue
And ſeeke not iuſtice as your right,
but doe hir mercie prooue.
You cannot poynt, if fielde be fought
the victorie at wyll,
What gaine ſhall come vnto your part
when eche doth other kill?
O ſimple men why ſhould ye thus
deſpiſe the quiet ſtate
Of this the Realme ſo gouerned
as you were in of late?
The Realmes about ſo troubeled
and you in quiet reſt:
Who ſhall the breakers of the ſame
not vtterly deteſt?
And what if that ye ſhould increaſe,
(as God forbid the ſame)
And Princes powre with Rebels might
ſhould runne abrode by fame.
Would not the foes that now be ſtill
then buſkell to come in,

When

Rebels Proclamation.

When feebled is the lande of might
  by broyles that ye begin?
Their holineſſe and yours is like,
  they ſeeke but for to raine,
And for your making of their way
  you ſhall of them be ſlaine.
Therefore take counſell yet in time
  afore yee go to farre.
Your Queene, your Realme, and happie ſtate,
  aboue all things prefarre.
For make account, ye ſhall not bring
  the ſtate to you to yeelde,
You ſhall firſt fynd the engliſhe bloud
  to lie in many a feelde.
The ſonne, the father, yee ſhall bring
  with dent of ſword to ſtryke,
The brother ſhall the brother meete,
  and doe alſo the lyke.
In Princes cauſe no kith nor kinne
  affinitie nor blood
Shall ſtaye the ſubiect to ſet out
  to ſpende both life and good.
With conſcience good, and fayth full ſure,
  though he be ſlaine in feelde
Yet ſhall he as true ſubiect dye
  and ſo his ſoule vp yeelde.
Whereas if you in fielde be ſlayne
  bicauſe ye did rebell
By fact, your ſlaughter hath the waye
  to Deuills that are in hell.
Who for bicauſe they did ariſe
  againſt the Lord of might,
As you doe now againſt his powre
  they loſt eternall light.
The fatherleſſe that ye ſhall make
  and Widdowes in their wo
Shall pray your fee in torments great
  to be for doing ſo.

Yea,

An aunſwere to the Rebels Proclamation.

Yea, of your owne that you ſhall leaue
  ſhall curſſe you for your deedes,
When they ſhall feele the plague to ſtretch
  to them, for your yll meedes.
Bethinke your ſelues, and take aduice
  and ſpeedily repent:
Accept the pardon of the Prince
  when it to you is ſent.
So may you ſaue your bodies yet,
  your ſoules and eake your good,
And ſtay the Deuill, that hopes by you
  to ſpill much Chriſtian blood.
God ſaue our Queene, and keepe in peace
  this Iland euermore,
So ſhall we render vnto him
  eternall thanks therefore

FINIS. q̃. (W. S.)

God ſaue the Queene.

A Neweyeres gift

to the Rebel-

lious perſons in the North partes of England.

Primo Ianuar.

1570.

¶ Seene and alowed, accordyng to the order appoynted.

A newyeres gyft to the Rebellious perſons in the North.

Fœlix quem faciunt aliena
pericula cautum.

THe happy wyght, who happy ſtyll
Would lyue in happy ſtate,
Ought take aduiſe, & teach his wyl
By fall of others fate.
For he by ryght may happy hyght,
Who happy can eſchewe
By others payne the care that would
Through want of care enſue.
And none ſo dead I deme, but demes
That caytyffe curſed thryſe,
Whom no experience can perſwade
Nor reaſon to be wyſe.
Synce only cauſe of quiet caſe
Dependeth on the care,
Which doth forecaſt the much miſhappes,
The diuers fonde miſſare
And yll ſucceſſe that doth purſue
Thunwyſe conceate of thoſe
Who raſhly bent, diſtemper peace,
And quyet ſtate depoſe.
Unhappy men, for ſo by ryght
You do deſerue your name,
What hath prouokte your wilfull heartes
To worke your proper ſhame?
What hath compeld you to diſdayne
The long preſerued peace
Your natyue countrey hath inioyde?
What makes your ſeruice ceaſſe
Unto your Prince, and to reſigne
The ſame to Princes foe:
What moues your ſtomackes to procure

The ſucceſſe of Rebels.

Your Natiue ſoyle ſuch woe?
You wote your ſelues the yll ſucceſſe
That rebelles ſtyll obtayne,
You know the proofe was alwayes founde
To worke their proper payne.
Whereby experience doth infourme
The perylles of your caſe,
And warnes you, not to tracke the ſteppes
Of former traytors trace.
And why accurſed, be not you
By their deſerued ſpoyle
Aduyſde to leaue your raſhe deuiſe
And ſhunne your ſhamefull foyle?
You further knowe that no attempt
Can proſprouſly proceede
Except that reaſon beare the ſway
And do conduct the deede.
And you deuoyde of reaſon haue
Aſſaulted ſuch a fact,
As reaſon ſcornes to be compryſde
In ſuch a ſenſeleſſe act.
Whereby you playnely prooue your ſelues
Unhappy curſed wyghtes,
And thralled ſlaues to ſhameleſſe wyll
And clokt before your ſyghtes:

The conclusion prouyng their folly.

Becauſe you neither wyl be warnde
By others perylles paſt,
Nor yet by preſent reaſon taught
Nor nature made a gaſt.
I muſe no leſſe what matter ſhoulde
Compell you to conſpire,
Then I do maruell what conceate
Dyd flatter your deſire.
A gratious Lady is your Queene,
A Princes louyng ryght,
In mynde as meke as pitifull,
And neuer wrought you ſpyght.

You

to the Rebelles.

You knowe your ſelues in wordes diſcrete,
And in her deedes ſo iuſt,
That voyde of eche ſuſpitious thought
She mynded leaſt miſtruſt.
In quiet ſtate you alſo lyude
And wrong hath nere ſuppreſt,
Your wyſhed wealth, in careleſſe eaſe
You myght haue toke your reſt.
And what hath moude your grateles hearts
Such recompence to make,
As for her mercies, her diſpoyle
And wracke to vndertake?
Oh feendes vnnaturaller farre
Then *Polyphemos* was,
Whoſe teeth deuourde the tender fleſhe
Of men, you Tygers paſſe.
It had ben good you curſed impes
That death had ben your hyre
In mothers wombes, or that your byrthes
Had ben in broylyng fire:
Then ſhould your pryde not haue preſumde
Upon ſo lofty pray
Nor you haue purchaſt to your ſelues
Your further worſe decay.
Oh ſenſeleſſe, thynke what hye abuſe
Hath blynded your conceate,
And ponder well the whole diſcourſe
Of your pretended feate.
And you ſhall then perceaue and ſee
No doubt yf you ſurmiſe
What euyll quarrell hath prouokt
Your doynges to deſpyſe.
The common wealth of natyue lande
In diſobedience ſhowne
Unto your ſoueraigne Princes grace
Your duties not yknowne.
And thynke that yf it ambition is

Obiections.

A iuſt exclamatiō

The cauſe therof.

A perſwaſion to reſpect

The diſobediens to the Prince, is a diſdaine of the common wealth.

That

A Newe yeres gift

That hath deceaude your wyttes,
How you are moylde in *Plutoes* lake
Amongſt a thouſande fyttes.
Nowe thorowe vayne rebellious hope
To eleuated pryde
Arayſde, and ſtrayght through pondred feare
Your cauſe of hope denyde:
And then with ſpurre of conſcience pryckt
And with diſquiete mynde
Agayne diſtempered and ytoſt
In ſundry paſſions kynde:
Suppoſyng nowe of hautie wealth,
And thynkyng then of ſhame,
Nowe luſty lyfe, nowe purchaſt death,
Then fedde in hope of fame:
And ſomtyme moude through blynd conceat
In corrage to preuayle,
When as agayne the ſame perceaude
You feare, you faynt, and fayle.
And then your thoughtes conſyderyng of
Your trauell and your payne,
Comparyng both in your attempt
Your domage, and your gayne:
You lothe to thynke what yrkſome toyle,
What turmoyle, carke, and care
Doth burden you, and what diſeaſe
You dayly muſt forbare.
And then you ſee, or at the leaſt
May ſee what vayne accountes
You make, ambitiouſly to gape
For gayne, when there amountes
Unto your paye the loſſe of goodes
And hazarde of your lyfe,
And great effuſion of your blooddes,
The only fruites of ſtryfe.
Oh blynded then, and may you knowe
Your quarrels to be yll?

A diſſwaſion from ambition in diſcrybyng the paſsions thereof.

The frutes of rebellion.

A diſſwa

And

And may you ſee the deuyllyſhe proofe
  Of your ambitious wyll?
And may you vnderſtande the ſhame
  Of your rebellious deedes?
And may you viewe the great offence
  That from the ſame proceedes?
And may you lyue in quiet ſtate,
  In fauour of your God,
And grace of Queene and countreymen,
  And yet wyll coyne a rod,
Wherwith to ſcurge and whip your ſelues?
  Oh foolyſhe, much to blame,
Who may in wealth deſerue renowme,
  And yet incurre defame.
You knowe full well, that many by
  Ambition haue decayde,
Who myght in hautie plyght haue lyude
  And rich eſtate haue ſtayde.
As eke you can not but confeſſe
  Your ſelues at wyſhed eaſe
To ſpende your dayes yf you haſt lyſt:
  And coulde not this appeaſe
Your lofty ſtomackes to haue thought
  Upon the ſhamefull fall
And ruynous diſpoyle of ſuch
  Ambitious wicked all
(As haue through their preſumptuous pryde
  Poſſeſſed worſe degree)
But that you lykewiſe wyll preſume
  Lyke wicked impes to be?
Oh ponder of the vayne abuſe,
  Conſyder of the caſe,
And ſee howe ſuch your raſhe pretence
  Nought tendes but to deface
Your ſelues, and waying you ſhall deme
  No leſſe then I ſuppoſe,
That to your ſelues, your ſelues remayne

ſion by exclamation againſt their wilfulnes

Perſwaſion by preſidentes.

No

No leſſe then deadly foes.
And whylſt your pryde prouides to mount
A loft vnto the ſkyes,
Your perſons ſhalbe forſt to couche
Whereas the loweſt lyes.
Can not you wyſely beare in mynde
That ryche is the content?
And why ſhoulde not ſuffiſaunce ſerue
Your hungers to preuent:
The golden meane is free from thrall,
Becauſe that no exceſſe
Nor needy want may once extende
His meaſure to oppreſſe.
And who that hyeſt ſekes to clyme,
Attaynes the greateſt fall:
The greedy lykewyſe who doth ſnatche,
Full eftſoones leeſeth all.
Let therfore meaſure rule your myndes,
And yf ambition moue
Your hungry heartes to greedy thoughts,
Reſtrayne your wylles to proue:
And feede not fanſie with the bayte
Of fables, rather feare
Leſt that the burden be more bygge
Then you can byde to beare.
Thus thynke on this, and yf the ſame
Hath cauſde you to rebell,
You ſhall perceaue howe blynde conceate
Your reaſon doth expell.
Of which preſumption cheefly doth
You traytorouſly detect
Eſteemyng ſuch your greedy pryde
Of your abuſe theffect:
Becauſe that no occaſion hath
Geven cauſe whereby you ſhoulde
Againſt your ſoueraigne prince preſume
To beare your ſelues ſo bolde:

Perſwaſion by preſumptions.

A confutation to ambition

Ambitiō the lykelieſt to be the cauſe of their rebellion

The reaſon therof.

Or

Or ſeke reuenge on natyue ſoyle
  As though as ſuch offence
Your countrey had committed late
  As you by your pretence
Woulde nowe correct, Oh traytors you
  Amende your ſelues in tyme,
And rather ſeke for to auoyde
  The horror of your cryme,
Then for to cauell with the clauſe
  That doth condemne by ryght
Your ſelues for traytors to your Queene
  And countrey, as you hyght:
You ſay for order good you ſeke
  To haue at ſetled ſtay
The common wealth, that wyſe aduiſe
  May only beare the ſway.
And yet your owne indeuours all,
  Do interrupt the peace,
The very meanes and redy wayes
  Miſorder to increaſe.
And chiefly you diſordred do
  Diſquiete orders ſquare,
Which is mayntayned by the peace
  That voydes vnquiet care.
Do tyrauntes teache their peoples heartes
  To folowe pities trade?
Or is it ſeene that wyttie lawes
  Of foolyſhe men be made?
Or can a drunkarde grauely yeelde
  An aunſwere to the wyſe?
Or may a foole in wayghtie thynges
  Declare a good deuyſe?
As they, euen ſo lyke power haue you
  Good order for to plant
In common wealth: when as your wyttes
  And workes all order want.
You alſo earneſtly pretende

An accuſation of their excuſe.

A New yeres gift

As with religious face
To roote out ſciſmes, and error voyde,
And ſet the trueth in place.
Yet venimous deceauers, leaſt
You mynde the ſame intent:
But make religion for a cloke
To couer that is ment.
And vnder ſubtyll clauſe contayne
A venimous deuyſe,
As eche may ſee who marketh howe
Your cauels do aryſe.
For though you ſtoode in mayntenaunce
Of trueth, as you not ſo,
But in ſuch falſe opinion erre,
As is to trueth a foe:
Yet ought you not agaynſt your prince
A weapon for to beare,
Synce that the perfect loue of God
Conſyſteth in the feare
Of hym, and in the duetie done
Unto the rulyng throne
Of earthly magiſtrates, whereto
The ſcriptures bynde eche one.
But you rebellious voyde of grace,
As not in your defence
Through any cauſe compellyng you
Deuiſe a vayne pretence:
But make a quarrell, and aryſe
Agaynſt your Princes myght,
Whoſe ſtate you ſeeme for to diſdayne,
And dealynges to diſpyght.
Oh blynded you, and do you deme
That of a godly ſonne,
Who ſees his father do amys,
It were a thyng well done
That he his father ſhoulde correct
Or punyſhe? no you knowe,

Much

to the Rebelles.

Much leſſe likewiſe ſhoulde you preſume
  Lyke rygour for to ſhowe
Agaynſt your Princeſſe, who would guyde
  Your footſteppes to the lyght:
But wylfull ſubiectes you deſpyſe
  The day, and loue the nyght.
And further, though the wicked ſyer
  Shoulde ſeeme for to prouoke
His well diſpoſed ſonne to yll
  Through force of ſtrype or ſtroke:
Thynke you the chylde in his defence
  May offer ſtrype agayne?
No, no, his bounden duetie is
  For to forbeare the payne.
And in lyke caſe the ſubiectes ought
  Their ſoueraigne to obay,
As to forbeare, and not reuenge,
  Though in their power they may.
For as the chylde by nature is
  Unto the father bounde,
And as it is the fathers ryght
  Of ſonne to be renownde:
So lykewyſe are the ſubiectes thrall
  Unto their Princes wyll,
By perfect duetie to obay,
  Forbeare, and honor ſtyll.
And therfore howe much you to blame
  As traytors to rebell
Agaynſt your Princes (who neuer ſought
  Your conſcience to compell:
Except you troubloufly diſcryde
  the ſame) you may perceaue,
As alſo ſee what blynde abuſe
  Your ſenſes doth deceaue:
When hauyng ſuch a Matrone meke,
  who iuſtly doth conduct,
And mercyfully teache the ryght,

And

And wyſely truth inſtruct:
You wyll not (as your duetie doth
compell you) once attende:
But traytorouſly with weapons ſeke
Your fondnes to defende.
Oh wytleſſe blynde how dare you thus
To deale? can neither loue
Of countrey cauſe you to relent,
Nor duetie make remoue
Your ſtubberne wylles, nor feare compell
you, madnes to forſake,
Nor yet remorſe of conſcience cauſe
You leaue to vndertake
Such yll attempt, nor lykelyhod
Of your deſerued fall,
Prouoke you to be terrifide
Therin no whyt at all:
But that you wylfully withſtande
The force of Princes powre,
And nought regarde the common wealth,
But ſeke for to deuoure
The gyltleſſe blood, and to diſpoyle
The mayntenaunce of truth?
Oh careleſſe men, what heart ſo harde
But this your lewdenes rueth?
Reſpect howe through your peruerſe actes
For want of quiete ſtay,
What great miſorder wyll aryſe
Unto the realmes decay.
As lykewiſe viewe what madnes ſeemes
Your trauels to poſſeſſe,
For to pretende, who ſubiectes be,
Your Princes to ſuppreſſe,
Or to correct, as though yf that
She error ſhoulde mayntayne,
It were your duetie with the rod
To worke your Princes payne.

As

to the Rebelles.

Perſwaſion by deſcription of the diſcommodities of rebellion.

As lykewiſe thynke howe you diſturbe
  The cauſe of common wealth,
When as you ought imploy your payne
  For to deuiſe the health
Therof, as alſo howe you ſeme
  Your countrey for to hate,
With ſuch contention which diſdaynes
  Your countreys quiet ſtate.
And further, way the great reproche
  You reape to Englyſhe ſoyle,
And what an entraunce you haue made
  For foes to worke our ſpoyle.
As alſo ponder what defame
  Unto your ſelues you breede
Through your abuſe, and to your ſtockes
  What ſhame there wyll proceede.
And laſtly thynke vpon thaccompt
  The which you ſhall reſtore
For your offence to myghtie God,
  And howe that ſtyll the more
You do offende, the greater is
  The reckenyng to be made:
Theſe yf you way, no doubt the thought
  Therof wyll ſoone diſſwade
Your ſtubberne heartes from ſuch abuſe,
  As long through foggye myſtes
Haue blearde your eyes, and nowe the cauſe
  Remaynes of your reſiſtes,
Which nowe I wiſhe you to reſpect,
  Although ſomewhat to late
It is: and to auoyde your harmes,
  And ea[r]neſtly to hate
Your former actes: and with your heartes
  Repentaunt, for to ſue
Of God for pardon, that as tyme
  Hath made the yere a newe:
So lykewiſe may you be renewde

In

to the Rebelles.

In ſprite, that you may thynke
Your laſt yeres actes ſo vnſauery, as
For ſtalenes they do ſtynke:
And ſo become retayned impes
To God, with pacience beare
Such iuſtice as by your deſertes
Your ſoueraigne ſhall referre,
For better tis to yeeld your lyues
Unto your Princes wyll,
Synce wickedly you haue deſerude
Your deathes, in doyng yll:
Then for to dye in quarrell ſuch
As enemie to good,
Woulde alſo purchaſe to your ſelues
The aunſwere of much blood.
And ſure I am that in our Queene
Remaynes ſuch mercies ſtore,
As vnto you, then you deſerue
Imparted ſhalbe more.
This wrote your frende, a wyſhyng frende
Unto his natyue ſoyle:
Who craues your frendſhips to befrende
Your ſelues, and feare your ſoyle.

Edmond Eluiden.

Imprinted at London in
Powles Churchyarde at
the ſigne of Loue and
Death, by Richarde
VVatkyns.

A true re=

porte or deſcription of an horrible, wofull, and moſte lamentable murther, doen in the citie of Briſtowe by one Jhon Kynneſtar, a Sherman by his occupation, declaryng howe wickedly he murthered his owne wife, in the monethe of Auguſt laſte paſte, and beyng taken, was haged the ſame moneth 1572 and now newly ſet forth in print the. xxv. daie of the monethe of January. 1573.

¶ *At London*
By Henry Kirkham.

¶ *These bee the witnesses*
that this is true.

Thomas Pepper

Dauie Floyde,

Willyam welche.

Richard Barwicke vicare of the Temple in Bristowe

Of a horrible murder.

AS I a ſlepe in bedde did lye,
In a ſtormie and windie night:
I hard a voice full loude did crie,
Beholde a dolefull ſight.
A woman here lieth dedde on grounde,
God knoweth here I dead haue her found,
Drawe nere and ſee her deadly wounde,
Whiche greuous is to me:
Beholde he ſaied, and cried faſte,
She is out of a windowe caſte,
The people then in all the haſte,
Drewe nere that facte to ſee.

And I drewe nere emong the reſte,
This vglie ſight to vewe:
Alas I ſawe it was no geſte,
His ſaiynges was to true.
For there the corps of one laie dedde,
At night ſhe merie went to bedde,
But now the peoples eyes ſhe fedde,
As ſhe laie on the grounde,
I muſyng how this facte might bee,
One ſaied, O man doeſt thou not ſee,
It is her huſbandes worke truely,
That hath giuen her deathes wounde.

Then

Of a horrible murder.

Then for her huſbande I did call,
And aſked where he might bee:
No newes of hym there was at all,
For no man did hym ſee.
Then to his doore I did procede,
In all the haſte I knockt with ſpede,
Then came he forthe that did the deede,
He knewe it was not well,
And when he came he was agaſte,
Becauſe he heard me knocke ſo faſte,
Where is thy wife, I aſkte at laſte,
Saied he I can not tell.

I tooke hym then faſte by the arme,
His wife to hym did ſhowe:
I aſkte of hym who was the ſame,
Saied he, I doe not knowe,
O man ſaied I, were thou diſtracte,
When thou committeſt this wicked facte,
If thou haddeſt tolde, what was thy lacke,
Or opened once thy mynde,
If thou to God haddeſt often praied
On thee had neuer come this daie,
Come man with me, thou muſt awaie,
Leaue houſe and gooddes behynde.

Then to the Sherief I hym brought,
Within a little ſpace:
And by the waie I hym beſought,
To call to God for grace.
Saiyng thou haſt not long to leue,
Wherefore thy ſelf to praier geue,
From God ſee nothyng thee remeue,
But in hym put thy truſte,
The Sherief beyng ſcarcely raied,
To here this facte, was halfe diſmaied,
Came forthe, and to this man he ſaied,
To priſon now thou muſte.

Of a horrible murder.

I tooke hym then faſte by the hande.
Awaie with hym I went:
Thou kildeſt thy wife, I vnderſtande,
Tell me for what intente.
Was there betwene you ſuche debate,
That in thy harte ſprong mortall hate,
For to kill her that was thy mate,
The deuill was greate in thee.
His wordes thei were to me againe,
This mynde in me did long remaine,
She is now rewarded for her paine,
That ſhe hath doen to me.

But yet I aſkt hym this before,
Saiyng, ſome doeth beare in hande,
Thou haſte money, and that good ſtore,
Let me it vnderſtande.
That parte of it maie now thee helpe,
While thou art in this miſerie,
Where it doeth lye, therefore tell me,
Giue ſome before thou dye,
If I ſhould neuer goe here hence.
I haue no more but one fiue pence,
That God doth knowe, who is my defence
I ſpeake vnfainedly.

Unto the place I brought hym then,
Impriſoned for to bee:
And this I ſaied to hym againe,
Loe here now thou maieſt ſee.
In priſon here thou ſhalbe caſte,
In yron colde thou ſhalbe faſte,
Cauſe of the deede that doen thou haſte,
Which greuous is to ſee.
But how that thou diddeſt kill thy wife,
Was it with dagger or with knife,
Or how thou tookeſt awaie her life,
I praie thee tell it me.

Seyng

Of a horrible murder.

Seyng you requeſt ſo earneſtly,
The truthe of me to knowe,
I will it tell you certainly,
And all thyng to you ſhowe.
This night before we were merie,
As any man and wife could be:
And that the neighbours did vs ſee,
Betwene vs was no ſtrife,
And after I had ſlept a while,
I did not thinke her yet to ſpoile,
Till in my head was put this ſtile,
Ariſe goe kill thy wife.

Then was I in a marveilous rage,
I could not long lye ſtill,
Ther was nothyng my wrath could ſwage
But I muſt worke my will.
Then from my wife there did I goe,
Recountyng her to be my foe,
Wherefore I thought to worke her woe,
What meane you man ſhe ſaied,
And if thou be a very man,
Tell me whether thou doeſt goe than,
My aunſwere was, I will come anan,
It forceth not to thee.

Then doune I went immediately,
To the haule I did procede:
I knowyng where the Knife did lye,
The whiche ſhould doe the deede.
When in my hande I had it take,
I of her death accoumpte did make,
Came vp and ſodainly her ſtrake,
In bedde where ſhe did lye.
And when ſhe felt her fleſhe ſo ſmarte,
Our of the bedde anone ſhe ſtarte.
O man ſaied ſhe. you haue perced my hart,
That I am like to dye.

Yet

Yet for all that I did not leaue,
But wounded her in deede,
Her woundes I could not well perceiue,
But as I felte them bleede.
Alas ſhe ſaied, no more, O man,
For Chriſtes ſake now holde thy hande,
I am nere death, I vnderſtande,
Sweete man no more, ſhe cried.
But when ſhe ſawe no remedie,
O man ſhe ſaied, God forgeue thee,
And Chriſt take mercie vpon me,
And ſo fell doune and died.

A candle then in all the haſt,
I went to light with ſpeede,
For ſorowes none my harte did taſte,
For all my wicked deede.
If light I could haue got at all,
My neighbours in I would haue call,
To ſee what had betwene vs fall,
My wife there dedde ſhould ſee.
But ſeyng that I no light could gette,
Into the bedde againe I lepte,
Thinkyng a while for to haue ſlept,
Alas it would not be.

A thouſãde thoughtes came in my minde
My wittes were not myne owne,
To ſee how blouddely I was fedde,
With ſeedes whiche the diuell had ſowen,
For then my wife on grounde laie dedde,
Before a ſlepe ſhe was on bedde,
And yet my mynde was alwaies ledde,
Aganiſt her for to be.
For I no ſorrowe yet did taſte,
Roſe vp againe in all the haſt,
Out at a windowe I her caſt,
Cauſe people ſhould her ſee.

Of a horrible murder.

O what a harte man hadſt thou,
To wound thy wife ſo ſore,
A wound or twoo had bene enow,
If it had been no more.
But all the while ſhe was aliue,
Thou neuer ceaſeſt but ſtill did ſtriue,
Till ſhe had twentie wounds and fiue,
Whiche one her all were tolde,
After that I had once begonne,
Greate haſt I made till I had doen,
Thereby my death I haue now wonne,
That all men maie beholde.

Then was he brought vnto the hall,
For to receaue his meede,
And there by name they did hym call.
Touchyng his wicked deede,
One ſaide to hym holde vp thy hande,
Thou kildeſt thy wife I vnderſtande,
How ſaieſt, is it true, ſpeake O man,
Art thou giltie, yea or no.
It was my deede I not deny,
Wherefore good people praie for me,
He to the iudge againe did ſaie,
Giltie the trouth is ſo.

The iudge then iudgement on him gaue
And ſaied now thou muſt dye:
Worſe death thou haſt deſerued to haue,
But take this paciently.
From whence againe thou ſhalt retourne.
Unto the place from when thou come,
With theſe thy fellowes all and ſome,
That were ſo leudely ledde,
To Mighels hille, then thou ſhalt procede,
There for to receiue thy meede,
Becauſe thou diddeſt a wicked deede,
Hang there till thou be dedde.

When

Of a horrible murder.

When to his death then that he went,
The preacher went hym by,
Exhorting hym, ſaiyng repent,
Prepare thy ſelf to dye.
This worlde now that thou muſt leaue,
And that thou ſeeſt and well perceaue,
God will thy ſoule no doubt receiue,
For all this wicked deede.
Truſt then in Chriſt ſaued to be,
Beleue I ſaie, that onely he,
Thy wickedneſſe hath forgiue thee,
He hath it ſo decreed.

But when he came vnto the place,
In deede where he ſhould die:
One ſaied, beholde the ende and race,
Of all thy miſerie.
Anon thy ſoule in heauen ſhalbe,
Where thou ſhalt God beholde and ſee,
With greate ioye and felicitie,
Feare not to die therefore,
There ſaincts and angels doeth ſtill ſyng,
We praiſe the lorde our heauenly Kyng,
And then with them thou ſhalt begin,
To praiſe hym evermore.

Finis. q D. S.

¶ *An Admoniſhment of the ſame.*

YE that on yearth with liuely ſence,
are now adorned right
Perpende and notifie this facte,
expreſſed here in ſight
He bare the name of honeſtie,
as by his outwarde ſhowe,

Appered

Of a horrible murder.

Appered no leſſe, for but a fewe,
the contrarie did knowe:
Yet in his harte ſuch deadly ſinne,
for want of ſeruyng God.
There did remaine that vainly he,
did nought regarde his Rodde:
And as a ſtock whiche outwardly,
is trim bedeckt with Golde.
Beſet with pearles and precious ſtones,
yea more then twentie folde:
But yet, within is nothyng els,
but Timber rough and plaine:
Euen ſo was he a perſone light,
and of opinion vaine.
As by his deades it doeth appeare,
the greater is my care:
That ſuche as Chriſtians haue to name,
ſhould ſo with ſinne compare.
Therefore let al men take good heede
how they doe leade their life:
And how thei doe behaue them ſelues,
in liuyng with their wife
If that thou canſt not well agree,
with her and with her vſe:
Or if thou doeſt perceiue and ſee,
her ſelf ſhe doeth abuſe.
Admoniſhe her the contrarie,
if that will not preuaile:
Doe ſeparate thy ſelf from her,
ſuch grudgyngs for to quaile.
Tis better that thou liue alone,
in peace and ſo to reſt:
Then for to greeue thee with thy wife,
or yet thy ſelf moleſt.
If this vnrighteous perſone here,
had followed this aduiſe:
To ſlaie his wife from out his bedde,
he would not ſeme to riſe.

But

Of a horrible murder.

But Sathan who had hym ſubdued,
did egge him to the ſame;
That he obliuious of the Lorde,
did nothyng waigh the ſhame.
That would enſue, nor yet the woe,
wherein he ſhould remaine:
But raſhly did put forthe hym ſelf,
with Sathan for to raine.
A lamentable caſe it is,
for any chriſtian harte:
To thinke that he a Chriſtian ſhould,
ſo rudely plaie his parte.
And yelde hym ſelf as Sathans thrall,
who ought in deede by right:
To be his foe, and alſo vnder
Chriſt his Banour fight.
For Sathan roareth vp and doune
as Lions for their praie:
Sekyng whom he maie deuour,
and bryng vnto decaie.
If we did well remember this,
or bear it in our braine:
We would not ſeeme to gree vnto,
ſuch fancies fonde and vaine.
But we are ſo be witched ſtill,
with diueliſhe operation:
That in the end it bringeth nought
vnto vs but damnation.
Exāple well your ſelues with this
ſame tyraunts doyng here:
And iudge if any feare of God,
in hym there did appeare.
If none, why then ſhunne you the ſame
and learne to mende your miſſe,
That after death you maie remaine,
in comfortable bliſſe.
And ſerue the Lorde in holines,
and puritie of life:

That

Of a horrible murder.

That euery man maie well maintaine,
his family and wife.
And that there maie ſuche vnitie,
appere betwine them twaine:
That God maie ſtill be glorified,
where glorious he doth raigne.
God graunt vs all to folowe this,
and then we maie be ſure:
With God the ſon and holy ghoſt,
for euer to endure.
Unto the whiche I ſaie amen,
and ſo let all the reſt:
That loue the lorde and feare his name,
for ſo I thinke it beſt.

Pſalme. xxv.

All the waies of the Lorde are verie mercie, and faithfulnes vnto ſuche as Keepe his Teſtament and couenaunt.

Pſalme. xxviij.

Recompence them after the workes of their handes, and paie theim that they haue deſerued.

Finis q̃ Iude Smith.

¶A SHORT Diſcourſe:

Expreſsing the ſubſtaunce of all the late *pretended Treaſons againſt the Queenes Ma*ieſtie, and Eſtates of this Realme, by ſondry Traytors: who were executed for the ſame on the 20. and 21. daies of September laſt paſt. 1586.

*VVhereunto is adioyned a Godly Prayer for the ſa*fetie of her Highneſſe perſon, her honorable Counſaile, and all other her obedient Subiects.

Seene and Alowed.

¶Imprinted at London by George Ro*binſon for Edward VVhite, and are to be ſolde* at his Shop at the ſigne of the Gun.

¶ To the right Worſhipfull Sir Owen *Hopton: her Maieſties Lieutenaunt in her* Highneſſe Tower of London.

RIght Worſhipfull, the due conſideration of the innumerable Treaſons practiſed and entended againſt the Queenes moſt excellent Maieſtie ſince the tyme of her Highneſſe moſt happie and proſperous raigne, togither with the ſucceſſe of them and all other Traytors whatſoeuer, aſwell in the Raigne of other Kings and Princes of this Land (from whom ſhe is royally decended) as alſo in her owne, might ſufficiētly haue terrified thoſe late executed Traytors to haue bene warned from their wicked entents and daungers depending thereon, not onely to their liues, their ſoules, their goodes and Lands, but alſo of the infamie enſuing thereby to their poſteritie for euer: in reſpect of their horrible practiſes, againſt our moſt gracious and dread ſoueraigne (whoſe Highneſſe God long preſerue in all health and happineſſe) for whom all her louing and duetifull Subiects are bound (euen in our Soules) to giue God cōntinuall thankes for preſeruing her Maieſtie and vs all, from ſo apparent daungers as was pretended, and had enſued thereby, to the ruenating of this whole Realme, had it not moſt graciouſly bene preuented by the finger of God. The ſubſtaunce of which their entended Treaſons, I haue rudely handled in a fewe verſes here enſuing, and haue boldly dedicated them to your Worſhip, humbly beſeeching you to accept them at his hands, who ſtandeth bound to your Worſhip (in reſpect of the vndeſerued courteſie he lately receiued by your good meanes) to pray for you and yours during his life.

Your Worſhips in all bounden duetie, *Thomas Nelſon.*

A Godly Prayer giuen
to her Maieſtie.

O Gracious God bowe downe thine eare, to me that proſtrate ſtand,
And graunt my prayer may be perfourmde with thy moſt mightie hand.
Graunt Lord that our moſt gracious Queene Elizabeth by name,
May floriſh ſtill in happie ſtate and euerlaſting fame.
Graunt that her Highneſſe liue and raigne in health and perfect peace:
Graunt that her foes may be cut of, her friends O Lord increaſe.
Graunt that her Counſaile ſtill may liue, to doe that which is right,
For ſafetie of her perſon and, this Realme both day and night.
Graunt that the Nobles of Eſtate, and Lords of high renowne,
May liue in duetie to their Prince, and true ſtill to the Crowne.
Graunt Lord that Paſtors ſee diſchargde, their duetics in this Land,
To beate downe Sinne and wickedneſſe, which hath the vpper hand.
Graunt Iuſtices may haue a care, to doe that which is right,
That Widdowes nor the fatherleſſe, be not oppreſt by might.
Graunt Lord that they may ſtill defend, the ſtraunger and the poore,
Who ſondry tymes by violence, is thruſt cleane out of doore.
Graunt Lord that each mans Conſcience, may pricke him to doe well,
To flye deceite, to baniſh fraude, leaſt that they hang in Hell.
Graunt Lord that trueth may ſtill take place, though ſome would blinde the ſame,
And graunt that tyme may trye the trueth, to their rebuke and ſhame.
Graunt loue may raigne twixt man and man, ſo may contentions ceaſe:
Graunt Lord that each man haue his owne, thy bleſſings to encreaſe.
Graunt Lord that Pride and Couetouſneſſe, may baniſht be for aye,
Or els the poore ſhall quickly be, thereby brought to decaye.
Graunt Lord that euery kinde of viſe, may ſtraight be troden downe,
And euery man reforme himſelf, in Cittie and in Towne.
From wicked Lawyers vs defend, conſume the Vſurers Hall,
They ſcratch and ſcrape the poore mans purſe, they get the Deuill and all.
They hourd vp wealth in wondrous ſtore, they doe incroach for Lands,
They racke their Rents they poule the poore, yet giue nought with their hands.
Graunt Charitie may come againe, who went to ſeeke S. Eedie.
That rich mens eares and purſſes might, ſtand open to the needie.
God graunt all quarrelles now may ceaſe, among both great and ſmall,
That bowget Lawyers may not lurke, about Weſtminſter Hall.
God graunt that Children now may growe, obedient as they ought,
And that their Parents haue a care, they may be duely taught:
Their duetie to the God of heauen, their Parents and their Peeres,
So ſhall they better teach their owne, when that they come of yeeres.
God graunt that ſeruaunts may haue care, to doe their duetie ſtill,
Firſt to pleaſe God, to liue in feare, and doe their Maiſters will.
God graunt we may forgiue our foes, reuengement for to ſhunn:
For God a iuſt reuenger is, of wrongs that hath been donn.
Thus of my Prayer I make an ende, God graunt our endes be good,
That we may reſt with Chriſt himſelf, who bought vs with his blood.

FINIS. *T.N.*

¶ Verſes written vpon the Alphabet of *the Queenes Maieſties name, and* giuen to her Highneſſe.

Eternall God who guideth ſtill your Grace,
Lengthen your life in health and happie ſtate:
Inſpier your Subiects hearts in euery place,
Zealous in loue, and free from ſecret hate,
And ſhorten life in thoſe that breede debate.
Beholde her Lord who is our onely ſtay,
Euen ſhe it is, by whom we holde our owne:
Turne not thy face from her in any way,
Hewe downe her foes and let them all be knowne.

Renowmed Queene, your highneſſe Subiects ioye,
Euen for to ſee the fall of all your foes:
God of his mercie ſhield you from anoye,
Intended Treaſons ſtill for to diſcloſe.
None of [us] all but will moſt duely pray,
Almightie God preſerue you night and day.

¶ The

The ſubſtance of all the late
entended Treaſons.

O Lord preſerue our noble Queene, her Counſaile long maintaine:
Confound her foes and graunt her grace in health to rule and raigne.

WHen firſt the gracious God of heaven, by meanes did bring to light,
The Treaſons lately practiſed, by many a wicked wight,
Againſt their Prince whoſe life thei ſought, and many a noble Péere:
The ſubſtaunce of whoſe Treaſons ſtraunge, you ſhall moſt truely heare.

Their Treaſons once diſcouered, then were the Traytors ſought:
Some of them fled into a Wood, where after they were caught,
And being brought vnto the Tower, for ioye the Belles did ring,
And throughout London Bonfiers made, where people Pſalmes did ſing.

And ſet their Tables in the ſtreates, with meates of euery kinde,
Where was preparde all ſignes of ioye, that could be had in minde:
And praiſde the Lord moſt hartely, that with his mightie hand,
He had preſerued our gracious Quéene, and people of this Land.

Which thing was taken in good parte, by our renowmed Quéene,
Who by her Letters gaue them thankes, as plainly may be ſeene:
Aſſuring them that all her care was for their ſafetie ſtill,
And that thereby ſhe would deſerue their loue and great good will.

The Traytors well examined, (whom God himſelf bewrayed)
Their Treaſons knowne, then were they ſtraight to Weſtminſter conuayed,
Whereas they all indited were of many a vilde pretence,
Seauen pleaded guiltie at the Barre before they went from thence.

The maner how they did begin, herein will plaine appeare,
Their purpoſes in each reſpect, you ſhall moſt truely heare:
Herein vnto you will be ſeene, if they had not bene foylde,
Our Quéene, our Realme, yea rich and poore together had bene ſpoylde.

Of the late entended Treaſons.

One *Sauidge* lurking long in *Fraunce*, at *Rheames* did there remaine,
Whom Doctor *Gifford* did perſwade, great honor he ſhould gaine:
If that he would goe take in hand (theſe matters very ſtraunge,)
Firſt to depriue our gracious Quéene, Religion for to chaunge.

And then for to enuade the Realme, by trowpes of forraine power,
To ouerthrowe the gouernment, and kill her in her Bower:
Or forceably to diſpoſſeſſe, the Quéene of Englands Grace,
And to proclaime the *Scottiſh* Quéene, and ſet her in her place.

Which matter *Sauidge* promiſed, his full performance too,
So that he might ſee warrant with, ſafe Conſcience ſo to doo:
The Doctor vowed by his Soule, and bad him vnderſtand,
It was an honorable thing, to take the ſame in hand.

When *Sauidge* heard that merits were, to him thereby ſo rife,
He vowed for to doe the ſame, or els to loſe his life.
And ſhortly into England hyed, and did imparte the ſame,
To *Babington* of Darby ſhire, a man ſure voyde of ſhame.

And tolde him how that he had vowed, to doe it or to dye,
Deſiring him of helpe and ayde, and that immediatly:
A Jeſuit Prieſt whom *Ballard* hight, came ouer to that end,
He came alſo to *Babington*, and daylie did attend.

Still to perſwade him that he would, attempt and take in hand,
This vilde and wicked enterpriſe, and ſtoutly to it ſtand:
And tolde him that he ſhould haue ayde, of ſixtie thouſand men,
That ſecretly ſhould landed be, and tolde him how and when.

And in reſpect of all his paines, he truely might depende,
That it was lawfull ſo to doe, Renowne ſhould be the ende:
But let all Traytors now perceiue, what honor he hath wonne,
Whoſe trayterous head and wicked heart, hath many one vndone.

This proude and haughtie *Babington*, in hope to gaine renowne,
Did ſtirre vp many wilfull men, in many a Shire and Towne:
To ayde him in this deuiliſh act, and for to take in hand,
The ſpoyle of our renowmed Prince, and people of this Land.

Who

Of the late entended Treaſons.

Who did conclude with bloudie blade, a ſlaughter to commit,
Upon her Counſell as they ſhould, within *Star Chamber* ſit:
Which is a place whereas the Lords, and thoſe of that degree,
Yeeldes Juſtice vnto euery man, that craues it on their knee.

Yea famous *London* they did meane, for to haue ſackt beſide,
Both Maior and Magiſtrates therein, haue murdered at that tide:
Each rich mans goodes had bene their owne, no fauour then had ſerude,
Nought but our wealth was their deſire, though we and ours had ſtarude.

Beſides theſe wicked practiſes, they had concluded more,
The burning of the Nauie and, the chéefeſt Shippes in ſtore:
With fier and ſworde they vowed, to kill and to diſplace,
Each Lord Knight and Magiſtrate, true Subiects to her Grace.

They had determinde to haue cloyde, and poyſoned out of hand,
The chéefe and greateſt Ordinaunce, that is within this Land:
And did entend by violence, on rich men for to fall,
To haue their money and their Plate, and to haue ſpoyld them all.

The Common wealth of England ſoone, ſhould thereby haue bene ſpoylde,
Our goodes for which our Parents and, our ſelues long tyme had toylde,
Had all bene taken from vs: beſides what had enſued,
The ſubſtance proueth plainly, to ſoone we all had rewed.

Thoſe were the Treaſons they conſpirde, our good Quéene to diſplace,
To ſpoyle the States of all this Land, ſuch was their want of grace:
But God that doth protect her ſtill, offended at the ſame,
Euen in their yong and tender yeres, did cut them of with ſhame.

Theſe Traytors executed were, on Stage full ſtrongly wrought,
Euen in the place where wickedly, they had their Treaſons ſought:
There they were hangde and quartered, there they acknowledgd why,
Who like as Traytors they had liued, euen ſo they ſeemde to dye.

O wicked Impes, O Traytors vilde, that could theſe déedes deuiſe,
Why did the feare of God and Prince, departe ſo from your eyes:
No Rebelles power can her diſplace, God will defend her ſtill,
True Subiects all will loſe their liues, ere Traytors haue their will.

How

Of the late entended Treaſons.

How many miſchiefes are deuiſde: how many waies are wrought:
How many vilde Conſpiracies, againſt Her Grace is ſought:
Yet God that doth proteſt her ſtill, her Grace doth well preſerue,
And workes a ſhame vnto her foes, as they doe beſt deſerue.

O heauenly God preſerue our Quéene, in plentie health and peace,
Confound her foes, maintaine her right, her ioyes O Lord encreaſe:
Lord bleſſe her Counſaile euermore, and Nobles of this Land,
Preſerue her Subieſts, and this Realme, with thy moſt mightie hand.

FINIS.

The names of thoſe Traytors that were *executed for the Treaſons before mentioned* on the firſt day.

Iohn Ballard, a Prieſt.
Anthonie Babington of Deticke in the Countie of Darbie Eſquier.
Iohn Sauidge Gentleman.
Robert Barnwell Gentleman.
Chidiacke Tichborne of Porcheſter in the Countie of South [Hampton] Eſquier.
Charles Tylney Eſquier and a Pentioner.
Edward Abington of Hinlop in the Countie of Worceſter Eſquier.

The names of thoſe which were executed on the ſecond day.

Thomas Saliſburie of Denbigh in the Countie of Denbigh Eſquier.
Henry Dunn Gentleman.
Edward Iohnes of Denbigh in the Countie of Denbigh Eſquier.
Iohn Trauers of Preſcot in the Countie of Lancaſter Gentleman.
Iohn Charnock of Lincolnes Inne Gentleman.
Robert Gage of Croydon in the Countie of Surrey Gentleman.
Ierome Bellamie of Harrow in the Countie of Middleſex Gentleman.

VERSES
Of Prayse and Ioye,

Written

vpon her Maiesties preseruation.

Whereunto is annexed Tychbornes lamentation, written in the Towre with his owne hand, and an answere to the same.

LONDON

Printed by John Wolfe.

1586.

Verſes of Praiſe, and Ioy,

Written vpon her Maieſtie, after the apprehenſion and execution of Babington, Tychborne, Saliſburie, & the reſt.

MONGST ſpyny cares ſprong vp now at the laſt,
ſprowt higher then the hautieſt of their heads:
That with thy Roſelike Royal peace (O Prince)
all other princes thou muſt ouer-peere.
Thee and thy Realme oppreſt it happ'ly pleaſd
our higheſt God in ſafety to preſerue.
For this, thy people publikely applaude,
and euery where aboundeth godly loue.
Good fortune and an euerlaſting fame
attend on thee in all thine actions.
This makes thy friends, this makes thy foes admire,
and daily hold thy name in reuerence.
Honour'd art, Princely behauiour, zeale to good,
and with thee reſt a Royall maieſtie.
Theſe foure faire giftes (O Prince, of right renound)
thy Princely minde moſt Princely Enterteignes.
Liue Soueraigne Ladie, Liue Elizabeth
health of thy Countrey, helpe to all our harmes.
Seeld ſeen, thou Reign'ſt a maiden & a Queene,
Long maiſt thou liue, and heauen be thy home.

Tychbornes Elegie, written with his owne hand in the Tower before his execution.

MY prime of youth is but a froſt of cares,
my feaſt of ioy is but a diſh of paine:
My Crop of corne is but a field of tares,
and al my good is but vaine hope of gaine
The day is paſt, and yet I ſaw no ſunne,
And now I liue, and now my life is done.

My tale was heard, and yet it was not told,
my fruite is falne, & yet my leaues are greene:
My youth is ſpent, and yet I am not old,
I ſaw the world, and yet I was not ſeene.
My thred is cut, and yet it is not ſpunne,
And now I liue, and now my life is done.

I ſought my death, and found it in my wombe,
I lookt for life, and ſaw it was a ſhade:
I trod the earth, and knew it was my Tombe,
and now I die, and now I was but made.
My glaſſe is full, and now my glaſſe is runne,
And now I liue, and now my life is done.

Hendecaſyllabon T. K. in Cygneam Cantionem

Chidiochi Tychborne.

THY prime of youth is frozen with thy faults,
thy feaſt of ioy is finiſht with thy fall:
Thy crop of corne is tares auailing naughts,
thy good God knowes, thy hope, thy hap and all
Short were thy daies, and ſhadowed was thy ſun
T'obſcure thy light vnluckelie begun.

Time trieth trueth, & trueth hath treaſon tript,
thy faith bare fruit as thou hadſt faithles beene:

Thy ill ſpent youth thine after yeares hath nipt,
  and God that ſaw thee hath preſerude our Que[ene]
Her thred ſtill holds, thine periſht though vnſpun,
And ſhe ſhall liue when traitors liues are done.

Thou ſoughtſt thy death, and found it in deſert,
  thou look'dſt for life, yet lewdlie forc'd it fade:
Thou trodſt the earth, and now on earth thou art,
  as men may wiſh thou neuer hadſt beene made.
Thy glorie and thy glaſſe are timeles runne,
And this, O *Tychborne*, hath thy treaſon done.

In nefariam Babingtoni cæterorumque coniurationem, Hexaſticon.

QUID non Papa ruens ſpondet, modò iuſſa capeſſas?
  en diadema tibi, ſceptráque, pactus Hymen.
Diſſimilem votis mercedem nacta, ſed auſis
  & ſceleri retulit turba nefanda parem.
Succeſſere rogi regno, coruique coronæ,
  pro ſceptro laqueus, pro thalamo tumulus.

The ſame in engliſhe.

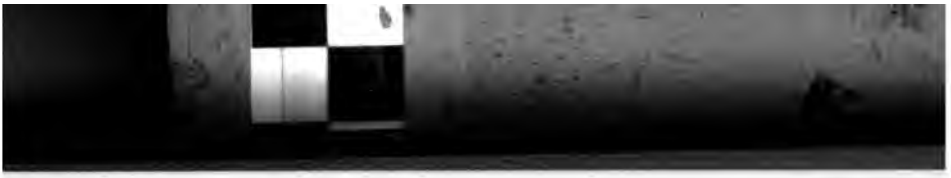
THE Pope to prop his ruinous ſtate,
  doth golden proffers make:
Crowne, ſcepter, roiall marriage bed,
  to thoſe his part that take.
The traytrous crew late reapt reward,
  not fitting their deſire:
But as their purpoſe bloody was,
  ſo ſhamefull was their hire.
For Chaire of ſtate, a ſtage of ſhame,
  and crowes for crownes they haue:
Their ſcepter to a halter changde,
  their bed become their graue.

Ad Sereniſſimam Reginam Elizabetham, Apoſtrophe.

REGNA, viue, vale, mundi, patriæ, atque tuorum,
ſplendida, ſola, vigens, gloria, vita ſalus.
In te ſperamus, per te ſpiramus ouantes:
det ſpirare tibi ſæcula multa Deus.
Pro te dulce mori, niſi pro te viuere durum:
at ſine te mors eſt viuere, vita mori.

The ſame in engliſhe.

RAIGNE, liue, and blisfull dayes enioy,
thou ſhining lampe of th' earth:
The only life of countries ſtate,
thy ſubiects health and mirth.
On thee we ground our hope, through thee
we draw our breath with ioy:
God graunt thee long amongſt vs breathe,
God ſhield thee from annoy.
To die for thee were ſweete, to liue
were wretched but for thee.
Without thee, death a ſecond life
life double death ſhould be.



CERTAINE ENGLISHE Verſes, preſented vnto

the Queenes moſt excellent Maieſtie, by a Courtier: In ioy of the moſt happie diſcloſing, of the moſt dangerous *conſpiracies pretended by the late executed Traitours, againſt her royall perſon, and the whole Eſtate.*

AT LONDON
Printed by Henrie Haſlop, and are to bee *ſold in Paules Church-yard at the ſigne of the Bible.*
1586.

THE TRIUMPHS OF TROPHES,

In Saphic verſe of Jubiles.

IF DAVID daunſt for ioy before the Arke being a King
If *Barac* ſang when Iſraels foes were foild,
Then victors wee that *Deboras* ſong may ſing
Our *Iudith* ſtout *Holofernes* Mates hath ſpoild.

Exultãtes cantate Domino, & iubilate Deo Jacob. Pſal. 80.

If *Rome* of Romane Triumphes earſt was oft ſo glad
and likewiſe *Greece* of *Grecians Trophes* ioyed:
If *Iewes* of *Iubilees* their onlie mirth haue had
then *England* leap, and laugh aloud for Queene enioyd.

Pſallite Domino in Cithara iucunda & voce carminis. Pſal. 98.

Now Baal and Bell, now Titanes ſonnes are ſlaine,
their Prophets falſe their wicked Prieſts are kild
Their *Pluto* howles that Babels brood are taen,
their Tower did fall that *Nimrods* Imps did build.

Clangite tubam, ſumite pſalmũ, & date tympanum cum nablo. Pſal. 80.

Sith *Neſſus* brood and *Caſſius* crue are knowen
like *Siluane Centaures* conſpirde your Realme to quaile,
Take courage Queene, for *Sinon* ſleights abroad are blowen,
The Traitours found, and yet the treaſons faile.

Tu deus diſſipaſti impios & cõfregiſti capita draconũ in aquis ps.

Theſe

Demerſæ ſunt gentes in foueâ quam fecerunt.

Theſe *Cicloppes* ſeede which at your crowne doe kicke
and frame a forme to make your Kingdome bleed,
Like *Giants* ſeeke with ſtones the ſtarres to ſtrike
but miſt the marke and wound themſelues in deed :

Sepulcrum patens guttur eorum. Pſal. 5.

They vowd *Zopirus* vowes, to pleaſe Darius beck
they ſought a new deuiſe which *Sphinx* of *Rome* thē taught,
They faine would finde, that *England* had one neck,
that by a ſtroke the head might off they ſought—

Gladiū ſtrinxerunt & arcū tetēderunt impij, vt iugulent eos qui rectō ſunt corde.

Their match was made, their wager was not wonne,
their ſnares were laid, but yet their purpoſe miſt,
Their day decreed, and yet the deed not done,
a will they had you ſee, that wanted what they wiſt

Vt darent cadauera tuorū in cibum auibus cæli. Pſal. 93.

What thought *Pyragmons* ſprats to doe, we know,
their Romiſh *Ieſabell Naboths* vineyard ſought,
Who like *Meduſa* bends her curſed Bow
the onlie *Circes*, which hath this miſchief wrought

Deus vltionum eſt Dominus. Pſal. 94.

Theſe vipers tend with *Briareus* hundred hands,
with hundred *Argus* eies theſe Scorpions wait,
Theſe buſie *Baſiliſks* and brood of Cocatrice ſtands
like *Nilus* Crocodiles hungrie for their bait.

Callidū excogitarunt conſiliū contra dominū Pſal. 93.

Theſe ſucking ſerpents, theſe monſtrous ſnakiſh crewe,
theſe blooddie Dragons like ſpitefull Aſps are ſet,
With *Hidras* heads which erſt *Alcides* ſlue
are now of late with our *Bellona* meete.

Vt Jeſerualem ponerēt in aceruos ruinarum. Pſal. 79.

Of Canaan faine they would a *chaos* make
and bring *Palladium* in, our *Ilion* to deface,
A ſpoile for *Hiſpaine*, a feat for *Fraunce* in hand they take
and quite to make an end of *Brutus* race.

Thus

in Saphic verſe of Iubilees.

Thus theſe climing mates *Enceladus* like attempt,
in armes ſeeke *Ioue* from ſkies by force to take,
They ſeeke the Sun, the Moone, the ſtarres in great contempt
To obſcure their light a deadlie Eclips to make.

Via impiorum tenebroſa, neſciunt vbi corruant. Prou. 4.

They ſeeke with *Phaæton Phoebus* charge to reſt,
Vulcans net, *Gordions* knot they would vnknit
And breake their blooddie blades on *Pallas* breaſt,
thus they couet much in Moſes chaire to ſit.

Sepe expugnauerũt me a iuuẽtute mea nunc dicat Iſrael. Pſal. 129.

To wreſt from *Hercules* hand his Club, who can?
who may from *Ioue*, his lightning take by force?
Homers verſe, who can diſgrace? I ſay no man,
who then can touch a ſared Princes coarſe.

Though *Cæſar* was in Senate ſlaine by *Brute* his friend,
Though *Cirus* head was bathd in blood luke warme,
No maruaile though, for blood requireth blood at thend
but mercie too much thine, I feare doth harme.

Sanguis ſanguinis merces Deut

For if *Laban* was for *Iacob* ſake ſo bleſt,
and *Putiphars* hap, by *Joſephs* meane no leſſe
Our hap, our bliſſe, our ioyes wherein we reſt,
For whom it is, we muſt of force confeſſe.

Genes. 30. 39.

Who with *Ionas* gurth hath ſau'de vs from the Sunne,
Who with *Aſer* ſhoes, hath kept vs from the mire?
Who hath with *Dauids* ſling *Golias* mates vndone.
our *Cynthia*, ſhe who hath appeaſd *Iehouas* ire.

Tegmen a turbine & vmbraculum ab æſtu dominus. Deut. 33.

Theſe on *Bellerophons* horſe doe ride in ſkie,
with *Icarus* wings to clime in cloudes is their drift,
Theſe would make *Architas* woodden Doue to flie,
What blinde *Tereſias* doth not ſee their ſhift.

Quærunt animã meã & meditati ſunt tota die dolos. Ps. 38.

In

Pone eos domine vt clibanum ignis, in tempore iræ tuæ. Pſal. 21.

In *Phætoniſſa* ſchoole, at *Endor* they were taught,
with *Dracos* inke to write, with *Creons* ſeale to ſigne,
With *Iudas* kiſſe to kill, with *Hamons* haue they ſought,
both *Iudaes* ſpoyle, and Sions fall in fine.

Theſe ſeceet *Satires*, theſe cruell *Catelins* wait,
theſe dogs of *Moabs* houſe greadie of their pray.
Like *Eumenides* whelpes tending on their bait,
Vultures for *Prometheus* guts readie ſet in ray.

A periculis perſequentium & a conuentu malignantium tu ſalus mea.

They ventured *Acherontas* depth to wade,
they ſtriued through *Stigias* ſtreame to ſaile,
Mauger of *Megeras* head away they made,
by *Carons* help, *Eliſius* field to aſſaile.

Eijce fulmen & diſſipe eos: mitte ſagittas tuas & diſturba illos. Pſal.

To make ſpotted Ewes with *Iacobs* ſtick they ſought,
to walke vnſeene, with *Giges* ring faine they would
Of *Simon Magus* theſe men would faine be taught,
like Curres by *Circes* charm'd to be with Lions bold.

Leuate ſignũ capta eſt Babilon, cõfuſus eſt Bell.

Circes cup is falne, *Calipſos* ſauce is ſhed
Balims brood is bard, their *Harpies* are deſcried,
Cerberus ſoppes are found, *Cirens* ſongs are red
thus is *Accaron* knowen, and *Romane* Idoll tried.

Carnes piorum beſtijs terræ dederunt. Pſal. 25.

Their drinke is blood, their bread is humane fleſh,
Conſuls heads with Preachers tongues their food, & what
Is their daintieſt diſh? Princes harts I geſſe,
Thus like *Baſan* Bulles, they feed their Pope with fat.

Conati ſunt priuare me anima mea. Pſal. 25.

But time decreed, how long ſhould *Aſſur* liue,
and God foretolde, when *Pharaoes* life ſhould end,
To take thy life the man of ſinne doth ſtriue,
in vaine O Queene, when Angels thee defend.

Could

in Saphic verſes of Iubiles.

Could *Ionas* in the raging Seas be drownd?
  could Lions *Daniel* in their dennes deuoure?
Might *Miſael* burne in firie furnace bound?
  durſt Traitours blade attempt our ſacred Princes bowre?

Non obueniet tibi malũ, nec appropinquabit plaga tabernaculo tuo. Pſa. 62.

A blaſt of winde made *Th'aſſirians* hoaſt to flie,
  Earthen pots made *Madianites* to take their flight,
Hornes threw *Ierichoes* wall flat on ground to be,
  God, makes Flies, Frogs, Rats and Lice, for him to fight.

Non eſt conſiliũ nec prudentia contra Dominũ.

Cains curſe, *Herods* death, I wiſh on them to fall,
  that ſeeke a ſacred Prince with ſecret ſword to kill,
Iudas death to good for *Iudas* mates I call,
  who bathes in blood, and drinke of blood their fill.

Pone eos ſicut rotam, & ſicut ſtipulam ante ventum.

But Serpents neuer build in Boxe, nor breede
  in *Cipres* tree, no Canker can the *Emerald* touch,
Euen ſo theſe helliſh Heliottes cannot feed,
  on her whoſe vertues rare amaſeth ſuch.

Jntret gladius eorum in cor eorum Pſal. 37.

Theſe *Minotaurus* brood from *Rome*, from *Creete*,
  with ſword and fire, in *Albion* ſwarme like Bees
Like *Sampſons* Foxes with fired tailes and feete,
  they dread no death to winne a Popiſh fees.

Profer lanceã apprehẽde clyp[eum] & ſurge in auxiliũ domini. pſal. 36

In *Rhodes* was neuer ſeen, they ſay, an Eagles neſt
  ſome hold it ſo, tha[t] *Creete* can breed no Owle
And Crowes in *Athens* were neuer ſeen at leaſt
  that England breedes no wolues, an error foule.

Cymerians blinde, that haunts *Troponius Caue*,
  could neuer bide the ſhining Sunne in ſight,
Who ſtill in darkneſſe dwell, the light doe neuer craue,
  but like *Cacus* Captiues ſhrouded die with night.

Qui ambulat in tenebris odit lucem.

Dij Gentũ vani ſunt. Deus noſter cælos fecit.

A ſimple Goat could aſſwage god *Faunus* ire,
a grunting hog could *Neptunes* rage appeaſe,
A ſeelie Cocke could coole *Aſculapius* fire,
but Lions cround, the bull of *Rome* muſt pleaſe.

miſerunt in Ignem ſancta tua & polluerũt tabernaculum nominis tui. Ps. 74.

His *Dan* and *Bethell*, ſacred *Pantheon* cald,
his ſinagoge eſteemes no Oxe, no Calfe, no Bull,
But blood of Kings in Royall ſeates enſtald,
wherein *Perillus* part he plaies at full.

No fire in *Rome* could *Romulus* ſtaffe conſume,
no meanes might make King *Pyrrhus* toes to burne
But Pope with *Nævius* Knife euer durſt preſume,
with Briers and Brambles make Cædar trees to mourn.

Anima noſtra ſicut paſſer erepta eſt ex laqueo venantium Pſal.

But might theſe mates haue had but *Aarons* rod in hand
or could haue borrowed *Elias* cloke no doubt,
They had made the Seas, on both ſides for to ſtand,
That *Fraunce* and *Spaine* might make the ſlaughter out.

Quis deus præter Dominum? quis fortis? ſicut Deus noſter. Sam. 22.

Their *Dagon* fell, our ſacred Arke ſtood vp,
Their *Pharao* myſt, our Moſes did preuaile,
Their croſſe was downe, our crowne did neuer ſtoupe,
Their Barge did ſinke, our Ship top gallant ſaile,

Cadant a conſilijs ſuis, quoniã rebelles ſunt tibi. Pſal.

Noughtie *Nabals* curſe on *Dauid* neuer fell?
Achitophels cruel counſaile did no good
to *Abſalon*, when *Abſalon* did rebell?
Semei could doe no harme, when *Semei* God withſtood.

Regum. 4. cap. 7. Act. cap. 5 Act. cap. 19

Elizeus bones could raiſe the Dead from graue,
Peters ſhadowe paſſing by, made ſicke men hole.
Paules handkercher from death, did many ſaue,
thus vertue deales to vertuous men her dole.

But

in Saphic verſes of Iubiles.

But *Bulles* of *Rome* and Beares of *Hiſpaine* did more,
They murther whom they will, and pardon whom they lift,
Kings from crownes depriue, and Kings to crownes reſtore,
thus to ſhadow *Cæſar* ſtates, the Pope hath euer wiſht.

Spiritus procellarum erit pars callicis eorum. Pſal.

If *Dathan* and *Abiron* ſanke for treaſon wrought,
if *Aſſur*, *Pharo* ſo enuied *Dauids* ſeat,
If Greekes Iewes and Gentiles *Iacobs* ſtarre haue ſought,
theſe *Gorgons* would *Eliza* faine from Crowne defeat.

Pluet ſuper impios laqueos, ignem & ſulphur.

When *Perſeus* ſword ſhall ſnatch of *Meduſas* head,
when *Mercuries* whiſtle lulls *Argos* eies to ſleep,
When *Phœbus* faulchon kils monſtrous *Python* dead,
then ſhall *Eliza* make Romane *Cerberus* creepe:

Inueniet manus tua inimicos tuos. Pſal.

Though ſtill you beare, the Oliue branch in breaſt.
yet ſome wiſh you *Hermes Harpen* in your hand,
Though you the Lambe imbrace, the Lion is your beaſt.
for mercie muſt with iuſtice ioine to rule a land.

Cleanſe *Augeus* hall, deſtroy *Stymphalides* ſeede,
your ſouldiers readie preaſt, do ſtand in aray,
Thunders, hailſtones, brimſtone, fier, your foes ſhal ſpeede
Angels armd, hoſts from hie, God himſelf will ſay.

Diſpelle eos ſicut palea a facie venti. Pſal. 1.

To *Cuma* trudge, of *Sibill* knowe your fates,
to *Ammons* prieſts, at *Ammons* temple ſcrape.
To *Delphos* poſt, call and knock at *Phœbus* gates,
to knowe of *Phœbus* how traitors beſt may ſcape.

Stent & ſaluēt te augures cæli qui contemplātur ſydera. Eſa. 47.

No Iewell, Gemme, no goulde to giue I had,
no Indian ſtones, no Perſean gaze in hand.
No pearles from *Pactolus* to a Prince, yet glad,
theſe happie *Halcions* daies to ſee in *Britaine* land.

Dux fœmina faction.

FINIS. q *L.L.*

A DVTIFVL INVECTIVE,

Against the moste haynous Treasons of BALLARD and BABINGton: with other their Adherents, latelie executed.

Together,

with the horrible attempts and actions of the Q. of Scottes: and the Sentence pronounced against her at Fodderingay.

Newlie compiled and set foorth, in English verse:

For a Newyeares gifte to all loyall English subiects. by W. Kempe

¶ Imprinted at London by Richard Iones, dwelling at the signe of the Rose and crowne, neere Holborne bridge. 1587.

To the right honorable my very good Lord, *George Barne*, L. Maior of the Cittie of London: W. Kempe wiſheth in this world al earthlie felicitie, and in the world to come the ineſtimable ioyes of Heauen.

BLame me not (right honorable, and my eſpeciall good Lord) though my boldenes exceede the compaſſe of diſcretion, and my raſhneſſe herein, ſurmount the limittes of reaſon: For though there be (vndoubtedlie) manie cauſes of great importance and efficacie, which may vtterlie extinguiſh all hope of your Lordſhips fauourable acceptance hereof, and chieflie for that it wanteth ſuch ornaments as a work (worthie your reading) ought to be furniſhed withall: yet my good Lord, hauing a certaine and moſt aſſured knowledge, both of your Lordſhips moſt ſincere, zealous, and loyall affection, you haue alwaies carried towardes her moſt excellent Maieſtie, (whoſe happie daies I beſeech the almightie may be innumerable) and alſo of the ſtudious care you haue euer foſtered, for the proſperitie of this floriſhing common wealth, hath ſo animated my fearefull minde, that (caſting away all doubtes which I might iuſtlye ſtumble at) I haue (moſt bayardlike) burſt out into this boldenes, and preſumed to preſent vnto your Lordſhippe, this vnlearned pamphlet or ſmal treatiſe, wherin I haue ſimply and plainly diſcouered the horrible and deteſtable treſons lately practiſed by thoſe graceles traitors and vnprofitable mēbers, which (thankes be to God) latelie ſuffered condigne puniſhment for their traiterous enterpriſes: and alſo made manifeſt the treacherous dealing of that vngodlie diſpoſed woman, the Scottiſh Queene

Queene: with the ſentence pronounced againſt her at Fodderingay, and cōfirmed by her Maieſtie, And further, haue therein ſhewed, what rewardes they alwaies reape which attempt the like: and laſtlie conclude with an exhortation to all her Maieſties liege people, to ſhunne ſuch vngodlie and vnnaturall enterpriſes, together with a praier for the preſeruation of her Highnes moſt royall perſon, her honorable Counſaile, and the Commons of this Realme: humblie beſeeching your Lordſhip (of your accuſtomed goodnes, and louing encouraging, you haue alwaies vſed towards euerie one, whome you ſee forward in weldoing) to vouchſafe to protect the firſt fruites of my labour, and whereas it (altogether) wanteth learning, to furniſh it with your fauour, ſo ſhal your Lordſhip yeeld more than I dare deſire or can deſerue, and binde me foreuer, to reſt at your honors commaund to the vttermoſt I may: not omitting my praier vnto the almightie, to ſende your Lordſhip a happie new yeare and many: to his (onely) glorie, and the earneſt deſires of all your welwillers.

Your Lordſhips moſt readie, as it ſhall pleaſe you to vſe me. W. Kempe.

A Ioy

A Ioyfull New-yeares Guift

to all loyall Engliſh ſubjectes.

Woe, woe, yea treble woe, be vnto them appointed:
That goe about to ouerthrowe, the liuing Lords annointed.

GHat madnes hath ſo mazd mens minds, that they cānot forſee,
The wretched end of catiues vile, which work by treacherie?
To ouerthrowe the bleſſed ſtate, of happie common wealth,
or to depriue their ſoueraigne prince, of her long wiſhed health.
If feare of God and of his lawes, were clearlie out of minde,
If feare of death (by Princes lawes) might not their dueties binde?
If vtter ruine of the Realme, and ſpoile of guiltleſſe blood,
Might not ſuffice to ſtay the rage, of traitors cruell moode,
Yet, might they well conſider, howe treaſons come to nought,
And alwaies worke their ouerthrowe, by whom they firſt were wrought
And what they haue pretended, that ſhould on others light,
Hath happened on their curſed corpes, and them confounded quight.
Examples many haue bene ſhewen, which plainly doe expreſſe,
How neuer traitor could preuaile, in that his wickedneſſe.
But ſtill they haue by God himſelfe, moſt ſtraungely bene preuented,
And their deuices ſtill diſcloſ'de, though ſecretly inuented:
Yet theſe ambitious wicked graftes, aſpiring to growe hier,
And cheriſht (as it ſeemes) by that moſt lewd Italian Frier,
I meane the Pope and curſed crue, of Papiſts moſt vnkinde,
Who walking darckly in deceite, would faine haue all men blinde,
Not fearing God nor yet his lawes, nor hauing any care,
For to preſerue the common wealth, or howe the commons fare.

Haue

Haue ſought by all the ſubtile meanes, the Deuill coulde inuent,
To ſlay our Queene, confound the Realme, and kil the innocent.
But God the ſearcher of all thoughts, who knewe their wicked minde:
And ſaw the platforme of their worke, whereto they were inclinde:
And likewiſe hauing ſpecial care how he might ſafe defende:
His ſeruant true (our ſoueraigne Queene) from ſuch moſt cruel end:
And with his mercie louingly, beholding the eſtate,
Of vs his people here on earth, before his face proſtrate:
Hath brought their treaſons vnto light, and them hath ouer-throwen
In their owne ſinnes, whereby it is moſt plainely ſeene and knowne,
Our ſoueraigne Queene to him is deare, and in her he is pleaſde.
That for her ſake theſe dangers great and troubles are appeaſde.

Ballard

O *Ballard* thou that waſt the firſt, and chiefe man in this acte,
What moued thee (ſo void of grace) for to attempt this fact?
Didſt thou not know, that ſtuttering Birds wil treaſon ſtil bewray:
And heauen and earth doe ſtill prouide, for traitors ſharpe decay?

Babington

AND *Babington*, thou curſed wretch, what did bewitch thy minde?
That to thy Prince and country deere, thou ſhouldſt be ſo vnkinde,
Thou hopedſt (belike) for better happe, then euer traitor had,
But now thou haſt thy true deſert, which maks our harts ful glad

Sauadge

S*Auadge* alſo thy name of right, vnto thee is aſſignde,
For what could be more ſauadge-like, then beare a bloody mind,
againſt ſo gratious Queene as this, who alway doth inuent,
How ſhe her ſubiectes wealth and peace, by al meanes may augment.

Barnewell

BUt *Barnewell*, thou of all the reſt, moſt curſed maiſt thou be:
How could thy hardened Tygers hart, ſo wickedly agree,
For to beholde ſo good a Prince, and of her take a view:
How ſhe might be depriu'd of life, by this moſt traiterous crue?

And

to all loyall Engliſh ſubiectes

AND *Tichburn*, thou which liu'dſt ſo wel, & hadſt great wealth at wil — Tichburne
what was the cauſe thou wentſt about, the Queene & realme to ſpil?
Was Pope and popiſh packe, ſo vile, now planted in thy minde:
That thou didſt hope for this thy crime, pardon by them to finde?

AND *Tilney* [th]ou, amongſt the reſt, moſt worthie art of blame, — Tilney
That wouldſt conſpire th'vntimelie death, of ſuch a peereleſſe dame.
To whome (beſides thy allegeance) thou ſpecially didſt ſweare,
That during life, thou wouldſt to her, a loyall duetie beare

AND *Abington*, what *Circes* charme, thy wicked mind bewicht, — Abington
Her for to hate, who thee and thine, ſo largely had enricht,
Thy fathers wealth, which thou poſſeſt, in court it was all gaind
But nowe thy name (with loſſe of it,) for euer thou haſt ſtainde.

AND *Saliſburie*, I marueile much, what graceleſſe Feend thee led, — Saliſburie
Or diueliſh hagge of hateful hell, this miſchief in thee bred:
Didſt thou not knowe our gratious Queen, is placed here by God:
By iuſtice for to puniſh vice, with ſharpe correcting rod:

AND *Iones*, how fel thy wittes away, that thou couldſt not remember: — Jones
That he which treaſons doth conceale, or traitors actes doth tender,
Of like and equal ſcorge ſhall taſt, and haue ſuch puniſhment,
As he that author is thereof, and doth the ſame inuent.

C*Harnocke* alſo, what furie fell, thy ſenceleſſe heade did fraught, — Charnocke
With ſuch vngodlie enterpriſe, which thee to ſhame hath brought,
Now maiſt thou ſee what fruitles gaine, from Antechriſt doth ſpring
And how to ſhamefull wretched end, the Pope his people bring.

DIſtreſſed *Dun*, thy diſmal day, thou iuſtly haſt deſerued: — Dun
That wouldſt conſent her to deſtroy, who thee and vs preſerued

In

In quiet peace from time to time, and alwaies doth deuiſe,
Gods trueth to raiſe within her Realme, and poperie doth deſpiſe.

Trauis

ANd truſtles *Trauis*, what meanſt thou, this treaſon to conſpire?
Thou thoughts[t] by this to mend thy ſtate, and thereby clime vp hier:
But now thy fall deſeruedly, thy name hath more diſgrac'd:
Then all the actes thou euer didſt, in fauour had thee plac'd.

Gage

ANd graceleſſe *Gage*, was feare of God and duetie ſo exilde:
That thou thy name with treaſon foule, ſo lewdly haſt defilde?
Wel maiſt thou curſſe thy careles courſe, thou tookſt in this attempt
And wiſh thou hadſt euen at thy birth, bene from the world exempt.

Bellamie

ANd *Bellamie*, though laſt, not leaſt, in this diueliſh deuice:
What was the gaine thou hopſt to haue, for this bad enterpriſe?
The Pope of like did promiſe thee, that thou ſhouldſt ſainctted be.
But in meane time thou quartered art, a thing more fit for thee.

Another Bellamie

ONe other *Bellamie* there was, amongſt this curſed crue,
What was the recompence, I pray, he ſhould receiue in lue:
Of this his traiterous enterpriſe, perhaps he ſhould be martred:
But if he had not hangd himſelfe he (ſurely) had bene quartered.
Now may you ſee you faithles wights, what fruite from treſons ſpring
Now may you ſee what wretched end, your haples hope doth bring:
Now may you all with open crie, the hower and time both curſſe
That euer you lent your liſtening eares, to her, whoſe words haue worſe
Bewitcht your wretched ſenceles mindes, that you could not forſee
The guerdon alwaies incident, to workes of treacherie:

Then

Then euer *Circes* wicked charmes, did anye wight enchaunt:
For God forbid, that traitor ſhould, of good ſucceſſes vaunt.
THe *Scottiſh* Queene, with miſchiefe fraught, for to perform the will
Of him (whoſe Pupil ſhe hath bene) hath vſed all her ſkill:
By wordes moſt fair, and louing termes, & guifts of value great:
For to perſwade your hollowe harts, your dueties to forgette.
And for to be aſſiſtant ſtil, her treacheries to further,
Wherein ſhe reckens it no ſinne, though you commit great murther.
Such is her haynous hateful minde, who long hath liued in hope,
By ſuch her ſubtil lawles meanes (and helpe of curſed Pope)
Both to depriue our ſoueraigne Queene, of her imperiall crowne,
And true religion to expell, Gods goſpell to put downe.
And though to colour this her fact, ſhe onelie did pretend:
A title and her libertie, yet God will vs defend.
As plainlie doth and may appeare, by this his ſpeciall care
He hath of this our ſoueraigne Queene, and of our happie fare.
Yet you bewitched wretched wights, her *Siren* ſongs did hear,
And gaue ſuch credite thereunto, as nothing you did feare,
But traiterouſly forgetting cleane, the duetie you did owe,
To this your gratious ſoueraigne, (as al the world did knowe)
Did giue conſent, you would forthwith, by al the force you might,
Seeke to depriue this peereles Prince, of Realme and regall right.
Wherein you fully did conclude, that it could neuer be,
Except you firſt conſpirde her death, by ſecret treacherie.
And thereupon conſulted ofte, and ſundry waies did ſeeke
For to performe this diueliſh acte, which you ſo well did like.
Nexte vnto this your promiſe was to lende your helpe and aide
With all the force and power you coulde, to foes that ſhould inuade.
And thereby for to ſet at large, that Queene whome I did name:
Who alwaie in her treacherous minde, doth nought but miſchiefe frame.
Theſe were the faithleſſe partes you plaied, at inſtance of that Dame,

The Scottiſh Queene

Who

Who ſought your endes and vtter ſpoile, with euerlaſting ſhame:
For plainlie hath it fallen out, by ſundrie proofes moſt true,
She was the onelie maintainer, of all this Traiterous crue:
For triall whereoff we may ſee, how that our gratious Queene
Both hauing care the verie trueth, moſt plainely might be ſeene,
And ſhe with honor might be tried in that ſhe was a Prince
Did cauſe the chiefeſt peeres, her faults (by iuſtice) to conuince:
Who did aſſemble at her place (by name) call'd *Fodderingay*,
There to examine out the trueth, and heare what ſhe could ſay:
And to that end did then direct, to them a large commiſſion
For to examine euery one, in whome they found ſuſpition.
Who meeting at that place, it plainlie did appeare,
How that ſhe was the chiefeſt cauſe, of al our troubles heare,
And that ſhee by perſwaſions did ſeeke for to withdrawe,
The ſubiectes heartes, from this our Queene, who earſt had liu'd in awe.
And that the treaſons nam'd before, were al by her conſent:
And that ſhe author was thereof, and did the ſame inuent,
Whereto her anſwere was ſo light, and to ſo ſmall effect,
As that the weakeneſſe of the ſame, her treaſons did detect.
And thereupon, theſe Peeres of ſtate, hauing a due regarde,
To what ſhe could obiect thereto, and likewiſe nothing ſparde.
(by circumſtance) to ſearch out trueth, did forthwith then pronounce,
That ſhe was guiltie of theſe crimes, and could them not renounce.
Which ſentence ſo by them declarde, was by our Queenes conſent,
Plainelie reueal'd to all eſtates, in court of Parliament:
And was by them conſidered off, who there did all agree
To ioyne in ſute vnto her grace, the ſame to ratifie.
Whereto our Queene with wonted grace and mercie beinge moued
Was lothe to yealde conſent thereto, for that ſhee well her loued
And if it coulde haue bene deuiſed, howe ſhee mighte ſafe remaine

From

to all loyall Engliſh ſubiectes.

From ſuch like trecherous attemptes, then is it moſte certaine,
She woulde not haue agreed thereto, but ſought ſome milder way,
To deale with her, although ſhe ſought, her Graces ſharpe decay.
But ſeeing there could no way be knowne, how any truſt might bee
Repoſde in one that had ſo ofte, practiſed moſt traiterouſly
The ouerthrowe of this eſtate, and ſought her Graces death,
She was reſolued at the length though with a fainting breath,
For to confirme that ſentence iuſt, was by her Peeres decreede,
And that the ſame ſhould ſtand in force as her own acte and deed.
Commaunding ſince in publique ſorte, for open declaration,
That it ſhould notified be, by publique proclamation.
This is the end the Lorde appoints, for thoſe that ſceme to frowne:
Gainſt his annointed, whom he hath indued with regal crowne.
Fie on ſuch fond and faithles wightes in whom no trueth doth dwell,
Who both alleageance, duetie, loue, and conſcience doth expell.
Could any Chriſtian fearing God or bearing any zeale,
To good religion, chriſtian faith, or ſtate of publique weale:
Finde in his heart for to deuiſe how he might darke a light:
That like the Orient Sun doth ſhine thorowout the world moſt bright.
Hath not her Graces gouernment this eight and twentie yeares:
Bene had in admiration of al that thereof heares.
The fruite whereof doth plainely proue, ſhe is the Lords annointed:
Plaſt here by God for to performe, what is by him appointed.
Such ſenceleſſe ſottes, and dreaming doltes, which at her ſtate do ſpurne,
Doe ſeeme with Cieues (by labour ſtrong) the riuers ſwift to turne,
Or els doe ſhoote againſt the ſkie, and when the arrowes fall:
They light vppon their curſed corpes, and kill themſelues withall.

Liege

A Ioyfull New-yeares Guift

Liege people to ſo good a Queene, example take hereby,
Feare God, in chiefe, obey your Prince, and loue her zealouſly.
Good engliſhmen and loyall heartes, lift vp your mindes with mee:
Stretch out your handes, bow down your knees, vnto our God moſt hie:
And with inceſſant voice, thus crie, O Lord of might and power,
Preſerue our Queene from traitors force, who ſeeke her to deuoure.
Cut off ſuch graceleſſe wicked graftes, grub vp and roote their ſtocke.
Driue out ſuch rauening wolues (O Lord) from out thy ſeely flocke,
Prolong her daies we pray thee Lord, and if it be thy will:
Let vs not ouerliue her raigne, but let vs haue her ſtill.
Unto her Counſell (likewiſe) graunt, thy wiſedome from aboue:
That with al loyall faithful hearts, they firmely may her loue.
Let all their counſailes euer tend, her perſon to protect:
From rage of foe, and popiſh crue, that are with miſchiefe dect.
Upon the commons Lord alſo, poure downe thy heauenly grace:
That in all ſtates a perfect loue, and duetie may take place,
Towards this peereles Prince of price, who alwaies doth delight,
To haue thy praiſes beautified, and glory brought to light.
Amen: thereto, let all men ſay, with ioy of inward heart,
And they that will not ſay, Amen: the Lord them ſoone conuert:
Or ſpeedely confound at leaſt, and bring to ſhamefull end:
That (by their fall) al others may, their traiterous liues amend.

Finis. W. Kempe.

THE BLESSEDNES OF *BRYTAINE*,

OR

A Celebration of the Queenes Holyday,

CONTEINING,

A Breefe reherſall, of the ineſtimable Benefits, generally had & enioyed, not only all England ouer, but alſo in forrein Partes, through the gracious Bountie, and incomparable bleſſed Rule of our Royall Queene ELIZABETH.

Compoſed, and ſet foorth, in due Reuerence, & ioyfull Memoriall, of her Maieſties preſent entrance in the *Thirtieth yeere* of her moſt triumphant raigne, with hartie prayer, for the long continuing, and proſperous preſeruing of the ſame: by

Maurice Kyffin.

Deum Timete.. Regem Honorate. 1 *Pet.* 2. 17.

Fiant preces pro Regibus & Principibus, vt tranquillam & quietam vitam degamus, cum omni pietate & honeſtate. 1. *Tim.* 2. 2.

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1587.

Plura Poſthac

To The Right Honorble

and Renoumed in all Heroicall Vertues, Sir
Robert Devreux Knight, Erle of Essex and Ewe,
Viſcount Hereford, and Bourgchier, Lord Ferrers
of Chartleigh, Bourgchier and Lovain, and
Maiſter of her Maieſties horſe.

THe faithfull loue, and dutie, (Right honorable) long ſince deſeruedly born, by my deceaſed Father, both to your lordſhips Noble Graundfather, and like wiſe to the famous and woorthie Erle your Father, (vnto whom for diuers reſpects, he was much bounden being aliue, and being dead, left the like Bond of dutie, in vs his Children towards your Lordſhip) hath the more emboldened me, (preſuming on your Lordſhips great Courteſies) To publiſh, vnder your fauourable protection, theſe my vnpoliſhed verſes, of her Maieſtie: wherin, though I haue but ſhowen my leaden ſkill, in a *Golden Cauſe*, yet hath the ſame proceeded from ſuch ardent deſire, and deuotion in me, as thereby it may ſeeme, in ſome meane, to merit Tolleration, eſpecially, ſith it carrieth a dutifull remembrance, of her Maieſties moſt proſperous and *peaceable* raigne ouer vs: which hauing run the full, and Bleſſed Courſe, of *Nyne and Twentie yeeres;* doth now, begin the *Thirtieth*, to the great ioy, & inſpeakeable comfort of this her royall Kingdome; In reuerend regard whereof, this poore Poem is moſt chiefly intended; I humbly therefore, preſent it to the Courteous acceptation of your moſt Honorable Lordſhip: Whome I beſeech the *Higheſt* to bleſſe, and enriche, with increaſe of all perfect Honor, long life, and euer during felicitie.

Moſt humble at your good
Lordſhips commaundment
Maurice Kyffin.

D. P. To the Reader.

Two things make blisfull Realmes, *Religion* pure and *Peace*:
Which *Two* our England hath enioyd, long time with large increaſe.
The God of peace be praiſd, who grauntes our Birth and Being,
In this ſame *Realme*, with this *Rare Prince*, theſe *gladſome Seaſons* ſeeing.
And pray we God likewiſe, this State ſtill to defend:
Preſeruing it, in perfect Peace, till that the world take end.
The Author of this booke, deſerues a during fame,
Who choſe a good Ground, for his worke, and wrought well on the ſame.

T. LL. In praiſe of this booke, and the Author.

Who liſt to ſee her Noble deeds diſplaid,
Whoſe golden gifts, eche creature doth adore,
Whoſe Vertues Rare, haue hauty harts diſmaid,
Whoſe Name, and Fame, encreaſeth more & more:
Let them peruſe this Poem, with Aduiſe
By *Kyffins* pen, put down in perfect wiſe.

A work of woorth, beſeeming well his Arte,
So fitly framed, and fraught, with tryed Truthe,
As may Reioyce, eche loyall ſubiects hart,
To heare, and ſee; which hidden had bin Ruthe.
Our Queenes long Raigne, to our ſtill during ioy,
The King of Kings, preſerue free from Annoy.

F.H. In commendation of this worke, & the writer.

The Perſian *Cyrus*, *Xenophons* penne, *Achilles*, *Homers found*:
King *Alexanders* valure great, did *Curtius* ſtill reſound,
Their worthie fame, thoſe worthie wittes, to ſkies aloft do ſend,
Thoſe worthie wits, eahe by their fame themſelues to fame commend.

Though ſkilfull Muſes notes, come ſhort to ſound this Princes prayſe,

Her

Her Princely giftes, her Iuſtice mylde, her Peacefull laſting
dayes:
Yet *Kyffins* Muſe in ſtately ſtile, hath ſhot ſo neare the ſame,
That by reſounding worthie praiſe, himſelf deſerueth fame.

R. Cooke, in commendation of his friend Mr. Kyffin.

The frutefull Muſes ſeeme, to haue conſpird, with full aſſent,
Vplifting *Kyffins* lore, with weightie woords to work Content:
The ſubiect of his Verſe, is ſacred, firme, and full of grace,
Whereon his Web is wrought, whoſe learned ſkill, none can
deface,
Momus the carping God, to Cauill here can finde no cauſe,
And *Zoylus* ſpitefull wretch, hath here wherewith to ſtop his
iawes.

The Bleſſednes
Of Brytaine.

PEarce Clio Muſe, my weake, vnwoorthie wit:
Caliope, ſet foorth my ſtile with ſtrength;
Vnfold her Fame (with words foorth ſounding fit,)
Whome Kings adore, & Lords in worldly length:
Whoſe Sacred Hand the Stately Scepters hold,
And Royall, Rules her Realmes in Crowned gold.

A Monarch Mayden Queene adorned rare,
With Regall Heauenly dowres, of diuers kinde;
In whome, who liſt dame Natures Workes compare,
With thoſe rich Thewes, & Vertues of her Minde,
Shall much admire, at ſuch a Myrrour ſheene,
At ſuch a Prince, at ſuch a Peereles Queene.

The Starre of Women Sex, Graue Wiſedoms ſtore:
Sententious, ſpeaking Tongs in filed phraze,
Profoundly learnd, and Perfect in eche Lore,
Her Fame, no Rav'ning Time, ſhall euer Raze:
Hater of Wrong, high Refuge eke for Right,
Concord, and Peace, continuing by her Might.

What

What ſhould I Nymphs, or Goddeſſes Recount?
Or Ægypt Queenes, or Romane Ladies* name?
Sith as Supreme, our Sov'raigne dooth ſurmount,
In choice of Good, the cheefe of all thoſe ſame?
For to compare the Great, with ſimple ſmall,
Is thereby, not to praiſe the Beſt at all.

* Beſides that ſuch manner of Reciting ſtrange and Hetheniſh Names, were here altogether inconuenient. The author doth alſo of very purpoſe, ſomewhat ſhun that beaten high way, to fil paper with peſtring Names of fained Gods, Goddeſſes, Nymphs, Perſians, Grecians, Romans, &c. Being a thing of ſome ſomtimes vſed, too too much, and to little effect.

Elizabeth, Large Light of Sov'raigne Seat,
Whoſe Iuſtice, Prudence, Temprance, Fortitude,
Ingrafted yong, are grown foorth ſpreading Great,
Throughout the world, mong Nations wiſe & rude:
No land, but laudes this right Reſplendant Roſe,
Tutor to Frends, and Terror vnto Foes.

The reeſtabliſhing of the Goſpel, by her Maieſtie, a work of ineſtimable worth, euerlaſtingly famous for euer and euer.
Primaria Principis Cura, Religio.
Dauid. 1. P. 13 Aſa. 2. Par. 14 Iehoſ. 2. P. 17. Ioaſh. 2. p. 23 Ioſias, 2. Reg. 22. Hezechiah. 2 Par. 29.

As Shyning Sunne recleeres the darkned Skye,
And foorth recalles eche thing, from ſhiv'ring Shrowds,
So hath our Second Sunne, both farre and nye,
by brightning Beames, outcleerd erronious Clouds;
A pow'rfull Prop of Chriſtes Euangell pure,
One whoſe Support, it reſts Repoſed ſure.

Argentum tuum Scoria. Iſaiah. 1. 22
Baſe Coynes aboliſhed by her highnes.

Our Currant Coyne, was Mettall baſe and meane
Till her moſt princely Grace, the ſame put out,
By perfect Gold, and pured Siluer cleane,
Which paſſe for cōmon Coynes, her Realms throughout.
A Deede, deſeruing her Perpetuall Praiſe,
And Publik Profit, to this Land alwaies.

The royal increaſe of Armour, & Artillery, by her Maieſtie for the defence of the Realme.
Foelix eſt ea Reſp. quæ tempore pacis, Bella tractat, Laur. Grimal. de optimo Senatore fol. 71.

Ad hereto Armour, and Artillery,
Of her moſt Royall Charges cheefely found;
As ſtore of Arming ſteele defenſiuely,
And Roring Gunnes, for rendring fired ſound;
A furth'ring Strength for Peace, and ſafe Repoſe:
And Meanes, reſiſting Rage, of Warring foes.

I may

I may not here omit in ſilent ſorte,
Her Royall Ships ſtrong wrought for ſtearnful warre,
(Whereof all worldly Realmes do raiſe Report)
Through raging Seas diſcouering Regions farre:
A ſcowre-ſea Nauy all bright & brauely burniſht
Foorth ſpowting fire, faire, huge, and fully furniſht.

The imcomparable Nauie Royall, built & maintained by her Maieſtie.
Pericles Athen. ait: Vnã pecuniæ parãdæ rationem putandam, naues quamplurimas habere, alias vero extra eam rationes, nullius momenti exiſtimandas.

When flooriſht Learning to ſuch Type of height?
Or purefull Preaching, when it had more place?
When was Gods worde ſo knowne to euery weight,
Which heretofore, did ſuffer ſuch Deface?
When raignd Religion ſo deuoyd of cryme?
Or rightfull Lawes, as in her Royall tyme?

Plentiful exerciſe of Religion: perfection in all kind of learning, & right wholſome lawes, enioyed by her Maieſties moſt gracious meanes.

When was this Realme ſo riche of glittring Gold,
Of plated Siluer, pearle, and precious ſtones?
When was more Tillage on this fertile Mold?
Or more riche ſtreaming Graces growne at ones?
Or more Concordant life, in Country and Towne,
Then ſince her Regall Highnes came to Crown?

The Realme wonderfully enriched with Gold and Siluer. The earth moſt abundantly bleſſed with fertilitie, And euery man quietly enioying his own, vnder her highnes proſperous gouernement.

Her Sacred Senate by their graue foreſight,
Prouide for Publik Good and Ev'ls preuent,
Conſeruing Common weale, from Perils plight,
In Rightfull Ruling, Concord, & Concent;
A Senate well befitting Such a Charge;
Prudente, & prompt in Lore and Wiſdome large.

The vigilant care, and inceſſant trauell of her Maieſties moſt honorable priuy council.

From Wrathfull Warre, her People reſt in Peace:
From waſting Woes, her Subiects liue ſecure:
And yet our Neighbour Nations Warres not ceaſe,
Their dire diſtreſſe, and wailfull Woes ſtill dure;
The Moſt of Might, eke makes her Realm a Towre
Strangers to ſhield, from many a balefull Showre.

The moſt bleſſed and peaceable ſtate of her Maieſties ſubiects in compariſon of other Nations round about them.
Strangers graciouſly receiued, and releued by her Highnes, within her own kingdom.

Her Maiesties gracious aide vnto her distressed neighbours abroad: Regia (crede mihi) res est succurrere lapsis, conuenit vt tanto, quantus es ipse viro.
Ouid li. 2 de Pou.
* Low Countries.

A Mightie Queene, pure with compassion prest,
Rendring Reliefe, to Neighbour freends forlorn:
Her helping Hand, holds vp the weake distrest,
And hath the haughtie, dreadfull, oft down born:
Whereof Records, full rife remaining store;
Note Scotland, *Belgia, and many places more.

Her Highnes bountiful liberalitie. Her mercy towardes offenders.
Imperia duobus potissimum continetur, nempe, Præmio & Pœna: teste Solone. Justicia Sine Misericordia Crudelitas. Misericordia sine Justitia fatuitas.

Lib'rall Rewarder of Heroicall Acts;
Ritch in Reward, large giuing Gwerdons great;
Prone eke to pardon, many offending facts,
Yea though the same, concern her Regall Seat;
Rigor of Iustice, in Reuenging Lawes,
Mylde by her Mercy, wreaks not eche Cause.

Her Maiestie Princesse of Wales, where the Inhabitants enioy Gods worde in their own language, through the meere grace & goodnes of her highnes.

A Blessed Branch of Brutus Royall Race;
To Brytish wightes a Blisfull worldly ioy,
Puissant Princesse of Their Natiue place,
To shield their Earthly liues from all annoy:
And to their Sickly Soules, a Sov'raigne Leche,
Graunting Christs Gospel, in their Country Speche.

* A perpetual memory of her manifold goodnes, insteade of Sonnes and daughters. Præferre patriam liberis Regem decet. Seneca in Tr.

Princely Possessor of this Realme full Right,
And Heire apparant to the Heav'nly Crown:
Assignd to serue Gods Truthe, with Maine & Might
Vpraising Vertue, Vice depressing downe:
Frutefull in Faith, though fruteles, wanting feere:
Such brings shee *Frute, in stead of Children heere.

Omnis laus virtutis in Actione consistit Arist.

Such Rare, Renowmed Deeds,* our Queene hath don
And more than my poore powre may well expresse:
Long hath her Raigne, this Glorious Race foorth run
Long may it last, foorth bringing frutes no lesse:
Great is the Good, thus grown foorth, frō her Grace:
Great good shal grow, through her like lēgthned space.

* Violenta nemo Imperia continuit diu. Sen. in T.

O

O wretched Wights, that would this Queene enharme,
By close contryuing of her Cruell Death;
What curſed Circes, could their mindes ſo charme,
As not to reche, to reaue their Liege of breath?
Fell Raging Rome, all this is long of thee,
From whome, no Troubling Treaſons, here are free.

A reproof vnto Traytors.
They rewarded me Euill for Good: for they haue priuily laid their net to deſtroy me without cauſe.
Pſalm 35.

Our kingly Rooted Roſe, freſh flowring ſtands;
Garded by Gods great Powre, and Prouidence:
Amaſing much, all Traitours trembling hands,
Which plye to pluck this Plant by violence:
Yea *Truthe downe treading Treaſon vnto ſhame
Victor ſuruiues, by vanquiſhing the ſame.

* Magna eſt veritas, & Præualet. Eſdras. 3. c. 4.

Thriſe happie Land, whoſe Sov'raigne Ladies life,
The Lord enlengthning, ſaues from ſoddein haps;
Though Ciuile Bronds, and forrein Furies rife,
Conioyning erſt, haue threatened Thunder claps,
Yet Maugre Malice, Foes are put to foyle,
And ſafe remaines, our Sov'raigne, & our Soyle.

Si Deus nobiſcum, quis contra nos.
Paul 8. Rom.

The Angel of the Lord tarryeth about them that fear him, and that put their truſt in him.
Pſal. 34.
There is no King that can be ſaued by the multitude of an Hoſte, &c.
Behold the eye of the Lord is vpon them that fear him, and that put their truſt in his mercy.
Pſal. 33.

Thriſe happy Queene, acknown of God ſo deere,
Gainſt whome, what ſecret Miſcheefs haue bin ſought,
But that the ſame, would preſently appeere,
By meanes Miraculous, as yet vnwrought?
A Sured Signe, whome God protects to Ioy,
No lurking Ev'l, can there to worke Annoy.

O Glorious Ruler of the gliſtring Hev'n,
Prolong her Health, with Heapes of happie Yeeres,
That as her Rule hath Raignd twice Sev'n & Sev'n,
So may ſhee ſtill, ſurpas all Potent Peeres,
To liue, and long time wield the Ciuile ſwoord,
As far, as courſe of Nature can affoord.

The prayer & wiſh of all good Sub-[iects.]

For

Far Forrain lands, beare witneſſe of her Name ;
Far ſurging Seas, haue felt her warlik Ships ;
Both Seas, & Lands, foorth thunder out her Fame,
Through force of flowring Acts, free from Ecclips :
Elizabeths due praiſe ſhall neuer dye,
In Earth, nor Seas, nor in the ſtarrie Skye

Fama manet facti, poſito velamine, currunt ; Et memorem Famã, qui bene geſſit habet. Ouid. li. 2 Faſt.

Right Reu'rend Princeſſe, rare is thy Renown,
Though Spitefull Enuie, ſpue foorth poyſned gall ;
Naught ſhall it craſe, thine Acts Eternall Crowne,
Nor miniſh much, thy ſound ſucceſſe at all :
No Beſt may ſhunne fell *Enuies ſowrfull ſtench
Whom Kezars, Kings, & Qneenes, haue fail'd to (quench.

* Ars prima Regni, eſt poſſe Inuidiam pati. Senec. in Herc. Iur.

As Higheſt Hils, bide fierceſt force of Weather,
And Tall Trees tops, beare greateſt ſtreſſe of Winde,
As fineſt Blacke, yelds ſhowe of ſmalleſt fether,
And in Pure White, the leaſt black Mote we finde :
So Enuies ſhaft, is ſhot at *Higheſt Marke ;
And pries in Pureſt Things, whereat to barke.

* Summa petit liuor, perflant altiſſima venti. Ouid

No Ruler Such hath weld this Realme of yore,
Fewe Realmes haue ioyd, ſo long a *Peacefull Rule :
No Realme is read, t'haue Rul'de bin heretofore,
By ſuch a Queene, ſafe quelling Ciuile Brule ;
Who raigning ſtill, a Prince withouten peere ;
Her highnes now, holds on her Thirtieth yere.

* Iniqua nunquam regna, perpetuo manent. Senec. in Med.

Adore Nouembers ſacred *Sev'nteenth Day,
Wherein our Second Sunne began her Shine :
Ring out lowd ſounding Bels ; on Organs play ;
To Muſikes Mirth, let all Eſtates incline :
Sound Drũmes, & Trũpets, renting Ayre & Ground
Stringd Inſtruments, ſtrike with Melodious ſound.

* More fit to be ſolemnized, than many other dayes noted in the Kalender.

Ye

Ye Mightie Men of Mars ennobled Knights,
Aduaunce your ſelues, on fiery foming ſteedes;
Reuiue This Tymes Remembrance, with all Rights,
In Armour bright, and gorgeous warlik weedes:
At Tylt, & Turnay, trying Martial Might;
And Battring ſtrokes, at Barriers forcefull fight.

Ye Cuntry folke, foorth ſtalking in your feelds,
Lowd Carols ſing, to celebrat This Tyme;
Show Signes of ioy (as Cuntry manner yeldes,)
In Sporting Games, with Daunce, and rurall Ryme:
Eche Swayne, and Sheppard, ſound his piping Reede,
For ioy, enioying Feelds, & Flocks to feede.

Ye Bryttiſh Poets, Repeat in Royall Song,
(With waightie woords, vſde in King Arthurs daies)
Th' Imperiall Stock, from whence your Queene hath ſprong;
Enſtall in verſe your Princeſſe laſting prayes:
*Pencerddiad, play on Auncient Harpe, and Crowde:
†Atceiniaid, ſing her prayſes pearcing lowd.

* Maſters in the Science of Muſick.
† Expert men in ſinging.

Let Hilles, & Rocks, rebounding Ecchoes yelde,
Of Queene Elizabeths long laſting Fame;
Let woody Groaues, and Watry Streames be fild,
And Creeks, & Caues, with ſounding of the ſame:
O Cambria, ſtretch, & ſtraine thy vtmoſt breth,
To praiſe, and pray for Queene Elizabeth.

Her Third tyme Ten yeres Raigne, we now poſſeſſe;
Thriſe three times Ten, god graũt her grace may raign
To this her Realmes long wiſht for wealfulneſſe,
Whereby, eche long erſt Loſſe, it may Regain:
And ſo Redound, the happieſt Realme for ay,
Vnturnd from Truthe, ev'n till the Latter Day.

Let euery faithfull ſubiect ſay Amen.

God Preſerue Queene Elizabeth.

Pſalm. 147. O Hieruſalem praiſe the Lord: Praiſe thy God, ô Sion For he hath ſtrengthened the Barres of thy Gates: And hath Bleſſed thy Children within thee. He hath made all thy Borders Peace: And with the good Nutriment of Wheat doth ſatisfie thee, &c. He hath not done thus to euery Nation els: Praiſe we all the Lord therefore. Amen.

FINIS.

Fames Trumpet

ſoundinge.

OR

Commemorations of the famous liues and deathes, of the two right honourable Knights of England: the right honourable Sir *VValter Mildmay*, and Sir *Martin Calthrop*, Lord Mayor of this honorable Citty of London, who deceaſed this yeere 1589. Not onely neceſſary to bee ſeene, but alſo to be followed of euery worthy perſonage in their callings. Written by *Henry Robarts.*

Loe heere a Mildmay milde, a Counſeller moſt graue,
A worthy man in all his deeds, as one could wiſh or haue:
A Phœnix in this life, to God and Prince moſt iuſt,
In Commons cauſe and publicks weale, a man of perfect truſt.

AT LONDON,
¶ Printed by I. C. for *Thomas Hacket*,
and are to be ſolde at his ſhop in Lumberd ſtreete, vnder the ſigne of the Popes head. Anno. Domini. 1589.

To the right worſhipfull, and moſt vertuous minded Gentleman, Ma. *Anthony Mildmay* Eſquire, Henry Robarts your worſhips in hart moſt affected, wyſheth the continuall encreaſe of all worldly promotions, and after death the life eternall.

RIght worſhipfull, amongſt the famous Romaines, Grecians, and others of moſt ſame in auncient times, theyr cuſtome was when any dyed of worth, to frame eloquēt Oracions in the deceaſeds iuſt cōmendation: which was vttered by ſome of great ſkill. (Accordingly) this little Ile doth hold the like zeale to their fauoured. The conſideration of which, (right worſhipfull) made me long expect ſome thing of your honourable deceaſſed Father, to be by ſome of learning publiſhed, in commemoration of him, and his zeale to Armes, Juſtice, and learning. But ſeeing none ſo forward as my ſelf, I haue at laſt thus boldly aduentured, in naked bare truth, wanting eloquent phraſes, to beautifie his deedes of love to his Country, and zeale to his poſteritie, written theſe lines, and humbly offer them vnto your worſhip, hoping your curteous nature wyll accept this Mite at the hands of a ruſticke welwyller, as if Alexander had offered a whole Talent.

Your worſhips euer
at command
Henry Robarts.

The honorable life and death of the moſt famous and noble Counſellor, Sir *Walter Mildmay* Knight, one of her highnes moſt honourable priuie Counſell, & Chaunceller of the Court of the Exchequer, who departed this life, at his houſe in great S. *Bartholmewes*, the 30. of May laſt paſſed.

What ſhrikes, & plaints, what heauie mourning cryes
Doo pearce mine eares, and fil my hart with mone?
With wringing hands what meanes this wofull noyſe,
Thoſe direful tunes from harts deepe ſpent with grone,
Why walke you thus like men with greefe forlorne,
What wofull chance hath you behapt of late,
What cauſeth thus ſo heauy mourning ſtate.

Why greeues the *Phœnix* of this Weſterne Ile?
Why mournes her Peeres and Nobles of her land?
What cauſe haue they all mirth for to exile,
And Commons eke in ſuch ſad dumps to ſtand,
At pleaſure theirs, which may ſo much commaund.
No loſſe of treaſure nor Jewels of what ſtore,
Could cauſe you thus with teares for to deplore.

Tell then deere freends, the cauſe of your annoy,
Explaine the greefe that doth your harts offend,
Tell tell the cauſe you ceaſe your wonted ioy
And whollie nowe to ſorrowes yoke thus bend,
Yeelding ſuch ſighs as to the heauens aſcend.
Such teares, ſuch greefe, ſuch heauie morning mone,
Mongſt Commons all, full ſildome hath beene knowne.

When Common wealth doth loſe a noble freend
A ſtaffe of comfort to the Commons all,
A Iuſtice good, which poore mens cauſe will tend,
And lend his eare to harken to their call,
Such loſſe, ſuch lacke, the Commons harts doth gall.
Loe ſuch an one hath late reſignd his breath,
By curſed hand of fierce and cruell death.

Mildmay

He was one of the priuie Counſell to her Maieſtie and Chaũcelour of the Exchequer.

Mildmay, graue Knight of Counſell to our Queene,
Of Th'exchequer Court the Chauncellor that was,
In honors place that oftentimes was ſeene,
And highlie ſtood in fauour of her grace,
By cruell death is reft from noble place,
Entomb'd in earth his corps doo now remaine,
The loſſe of whom doth cauſe vs thus complaine.

Mildmay by name, was milde in all his deedes,
Pure was his thoughts, like gold his vertues ſhine,
His vpright iuſtice fewe or none exceedes,
To poore nor rich he neuer would encline
But right with right, as Lawes did him aſſigne.
To euery man he iuſtice did impart,
As cauſe requird, and equitie of hart.

For Princes cauſe, as his allegeance bound
And duetie of that honorable place,
He carefull was, his actions alſo ſounde,
With conſcience pure he wayed euery caſe.
As well for Commons, as profit to her grace.
That Prince nor Subiects had iuſt cauſe to ſay,
Mildmay hath wrongd vs any kind of way.

When poore complaind he ready was to heare,
To eaſe their greefe was cheefe of his delight,
When poore oppreſt was forced to appeare,
In Exchequer Court, where he their cauſe might right.
He was their help, he freed their enemies ſpite,
Yea *Mildmay* euer was the man they ſought,
Who many a cauſe to happy end hath brought.

He neuer gaue any aduiſe that was againſt the benefit of the pore.

As *Solon* graue his counſell was full ſweete
When he was ſet mongſt Nobles of the lande,
For Commons good his counſell was moſt meete,
And for their wealth, as for his Prince would ſtand,
With reuerent care of what he had in hand.
To glory of God, to Commons welth and good,
Through grace of him that bought vs with his blood.

Thus

Thus as at home, ſo in affaires abroade,
When Prince did pleaſe his ſeruice to commaund,
Ambaſſadour to King of *France* he yode
From gracious Queene to giue him vnderſtand,
What was his charge vnder her highnes hand,
Which place of truſt he did diſcharge ſo well,
As *France* reports his wiſdome did excell.

He was Ambaſſadour in France.

His grauitie and bountie great withall,
The French admire, and him a *Cæſar* name,
Cato for wiſedome, for proweſſe *Haniball*,
His courage ſuch as gained endleſſe fame,
Amongſt French Nobles which beheld the ſame.
Where *Mildmay* liues, though death his life hath tane,
And ſtill ſhall liue, eternized by fame.

His valour ſhowne in perſon braue and ſtoute,
Ile not omit when Prince his ayde did neede.
Seauen ſcore odde men on horſeback in a route
All furniſht well to doe ſome noble deede,
At his owne coſt, they forward did proceede.
Againſt Sir *Wyat* to defende her right,
For which deſert ſhe dubt him then a Knight.

In Queene Maries time he ſerued againſt Wyat with 150. men on horſebacke at his proper coſtes.

There did he ſhewe his noble valiant hart,
In cheefeſt preaſe did *Mildmay* venture forth,
Where like himſelfe he ſhewd his conquering hart,
And with his ſword made proofe of mickle worth.
Showing thereby his loyaltie and truth,
To Prince to God, and to his Countrey both,
As ſubiect good according to his othe.

When *Spanyards* proude diſturbt our quiet land,
And noble Lords did ſhowe theyr warlike traines,
For Countries good all ſtates employd their hand,
To fight for Prince, and put our foes to paines,
Then *Mildmay* ſhowed without regard of gaines,
A band of men, with horſe appointed well,
Lead by his Sonne, whoſe valoure did excell.

Who

Who like a branche from *Mildmaies* loynes eſprong,
Moſt Lyon like yong *Anthony* did attend
On enemies backs, with branding blade to ha'rung
Such valiant ſtrokes, as *Spanyardes* liues ſhould ende.
Moſt reſolute in what he did pretend.
Showing hereby a noble *Mildmayes* hart,
Foe to all ſuch as ſought his Countries ſmart

Thus as in Court to counſell he was fit,
So in the field like ſeruice he hath doone,
His Counſell ſage, his prudent readie wit
By golden trompe throughout the world doth run,
Whoſe fame ſhall liue ſo long as ſhines the ſunne.
For vertuous life, for counſell graue and wiſe,
Mildmay our Knight was held in worthy priſe.

A note to knowe a good man.

A booke in print nowe extant to be ſeene
Did *Mildmay* write vnto his laſting praiſe,
Of counſell good all ſtates that may be ſeene,
To frame their liues, both God and world to pleaſe
As well in houſe as other kind of waies.
By which is ſeene of Common welth his care,
Such godly mind his liuing doth declare.

He foûded Emanuell Colledge in Cambridge at his owne proper coſtes.

His zeale to learning, and maintaine the ſame
The world doth know if I forget to tell,
In *Cambridge* Towne he late a houſe did frame,
A Colledge faire, which hight *Emanuell.*
Placing a manie of poore ſchollers there to dwell.
For whoſe maintainance as by record appeare,
He giues for euer four hundreth pound a yeere.

And like a Patrone which did learning loue,
With graue foreſight he poore men firſt there plaſt,
Preſcribing rules from which they may not mooue,
So long as *Manuell* monument doth laſt,
A worthy note for Nobles that are plaſt
In high eſtate to imitate his waies,
Which vertue ſought vnto his ending daies.

A number

A number more moſt charitable deedes,
Sweet *Mildmay* did, which merits to be told,
His rule in houſe, releeuing pooremens needes,
Deſerues by fame to be engrauen in Gold.
That as in glaſſe they able, may behold
What famous works our *Mildmay* wiſe hath doone
Whoſe worth ſhall liue ſo long as ſhines the ſunne.

Yet life muſt end, nature her due will haue,
This wretched life a pilgrimage vnſure,
We needes muſt leaue when death the ſame doth craue,
No mortall fleſh his ſtroke that may endure,
No gold or fee his freendſhip can procure
The olde the yong, the Prince, the Lord or Knight,
To earth muſt pay what ſo is hers by right.

This man of God, our noble *Mildmay* Knight,
This Lampe of honor, this Iewell of our lande,
To Death hath yeelded what was his by right,
For what is he that death cannot commande,
Yea all eſtates obeyes his direfull hand.
And death in ſpite hath doone our Country wrong,
By ſtriking him that might haue liued long.

But as he liued ſo likewiſe did he die,
A conſtant ſeruant of our Sauiour Chriſt,
On him alone with faith did he relie,
Hoping to reſt with him that is the hieſt,
All popiſh rites with hart he did deteſt.
Calling on God that with his blood vs bought,
And by his blood our free redemption wrought.

Mildmay farewell, thy loſſe we all lament,
Our cheefeſt ſtaffe, thou Commons onely truſt,
The poore and rich thy frindſhip oft ſhall want,
For whom thy care was louing, kind and iuſt,
Firme vnto all which did thy fauour truſt.
Thy loſſe, thy lacke, we pooremen may complaine,
When Prince and Peeres, to teares thy death conſtraine.

Thy childrens teares might moue a heart of flint,
To ſee them waile their aged Sires deceaſe,
From ſighes and ſobs that day nor night doth ſtint,
Thy ſeruants ſorrowes likewiſe doth increaſe
Crying out on death which ſo diſturbs their peace.
Reauing from hence their Maiſter (vertuous Knight,)
That gemme of worth, our Lampe of Engliſh light.

Ceaſe worthie Gentils, ceaſe *Mildmaies* children ceaſe,
Leaue to lament, leaue ſhedding bootleſſe teares,
Your aged Knight with Chriſt doth reſt in peace,
In heauenly ſeate as one of his coheares,
A choſen place for thoſe his name that feares,
Where you with him in glory once ſhall meete,
And ſee him ſhine by Chriſt like Angell ſweete.

Sweet natures buds of *Mildmaies* famous tree,
Surceaſe thoſe plaints, leaue fathers death to mone,
And let his life and godly ending be,
A Mirror good for you to gaze vppon.
Yea let him reſt intombed vnder ſtone.
But ſee your deedes, your actions, and your waies
Do gaine you fame, and father endleſſe praiſe.

The fruite that ſprings doth ſhew the vertuous tree,
Such doo you ſeeme as noble Sire hath beene,
Your vertuous liues the world doth hope to ſee,
Gaine Commons loue and fauour of the Queene,
In honors place like *Mildmay* dead to ſhine.
Such loue, ſuch fauour euer doo I pray,
Pleaſd God to grant ſweet *Anthony Mildmay*.

Finis. H. R.

Londons

Londons Lamentation for the loſſe

of theyr worthy and famous Lorde Mayor, Syr Martin Calthrop Knight. Who departed this life in April laſt paſſed. 1589.

In Lacedemon, *Lycurgus* once did dwell,
Renowned far for prudent ſage aduiſe,
His counſell graue fewe liuing did excell,
In *Lacedemon* helde he was of priſe,
As with his yeeres, ſo did his credite riſe.
His godlie life, his iuſtice vſde with lawe,
From greeuous ſinnes his people oft did draw.

Cato in *Rome*, for wyſedome might compare,
With anie one that liued in thoſe daies,
Unto his charge he had a fathers care,
To traine them vp as God the beſt might pleaſe,
He to the iuſt was friend at all aſſaies.
And iuſtice vſed according vnto right,
Without regard of poore, or men of might.

Lycurgus dead, *Lacedemon* mournd amaine,
And wayld with teares his loſſe whom they did loue,
Whoſe wiſedome knowne, their honors did maintaine,
Yea oftentimes his counſell many proue,
Whoſe conſcience cleere like to the Turtle doue,
Did ſhewe his care to maintaine their renowne,
That liu'de with him in this moſt happy Towne.

For *Catoes* life whom death hath likewiſe reft,
Romes Conſuls mourne in weedes of wofull blacke,
In *Rome* ſay they his peere there is not left,
Which for his charge both day and night would carke.
Unto the Senate he may be a mark,
To ayme aright, and iuſtice ſo to vſe.
As their eſtates by wrongs they nill abuſe.

Amongſt

Amongſt the reſt that mourne their Conſuls want
Let famous London preſſe in place to ſhowe,
In weedes of woe with teares for to lament,
The loſſe of him for whom they ſorrowe ſo,
Ye London Cittizens, now explaine your woe.
For *Calthrop* graue who late reſignd his breth
And natures due, hath yeelded vnto death

Our *Cato* wiſe, our *Calthrop* peereleſſe Knight,
Lord Mayor of London, bleſſed in her name,
To earth hath yeelded what was hers by right,
Ye[a] in that yeere he to his honor came,
By Death was forced to reſigne the ſame,
To Londons loſſe, and Commons ſorrow great,
For *Calthrops* death then cheefe in Iuſtice ſeate.

Calthrop Lord Mayor the Commons all thus cry,
Which late did liue in tipe of hie renowne,
Beloued of Prince, beloued of Commontie,
Beloued of all in louelie London Towne,
From high eſtate loe death hath taken downe,
To reſt with him entombed in the earth,
Untill Chriſt come, that bought vs with his death.

A worſhipfull of Drapers Companie,
Was *Calthrop* graue, when he with vs did liue.
Of birth a Gentleman of Norfolke Countie,
As wel was ſeene by auncient cotes he geeue,
For whoſe deceaſe his Kinne and friends may grieue.
Threeſcore odde yeeres by number of record,
He liued in fame, and died at laſt a Lord.

In *Iunos* right, with Matron wife he linckt,
From out whoſe lines branches moſt ſweete did ſpring,
By whom he liues, though death hath cauſde him ſhrinke,
Yet of his worth my muſe a while ſhall ſing,
And cheeflie touch one honorable thing
Calthrop performd not long before his death,
His entertainment of Queene *Elizabeth*.

When

When royall Prince of her moſt gracious loue,
To famous London did pretend to come,
Then *Calthrop* graue her Cittizens to prove
Did notice giue, and warned all and ſome
Each man ſhould ready be in his appointed roome,
To giue her grace the welcome that was meete,
For louing Subiects to a Queene ſo ſweete.

Which by his doome moſt brauely was performde,
In royall order ſparing for no coſt,
By *Calthrops* counſell, whoſe honor yet conſernde
In ſuch braue ſort as Cittizens may boaſt,
Their paines and charges nere a whit was loſt
For graciouſly each thing ſhe did eſteeme,
And gaue them thankes moſt like a royall Queene.

But *Calthrop* cheefe with grace ſhe did reward,
Through whoſe foreſight her welcome was the more,
To Aldermen ſhe had a like regard,
And curteously as ſhe had doone of yore,
Unto Lord Mayor her princelie Mace that bore,
With hartie thanks their zeale ſhe did requite,
Which with ſuch pompe had pleaſde her princely ſight.

Thus of our Queene did *Calthrop* merit fame,
And fauour ſuch as ſildome hath beene ſhowne,
For which deſerts honor extols his name,
And fame with trompe ſhall make him better knowne
In London Cittie, where he did ſit in throne
Of Iuſtice, miniſtring his Princes lawes,
As right requirde and equitie of cauſe.

Whoſe care to rule in honourable ſtate,
Was ſuch as London might full well beſeeme,
He iuſtice vſed with ſuch an vpright rate
As *Salomon* for wiſedome he had beene,
Pleaſing to God and to our gracious Queene.
Religion pure he did ſo much regard,
As zealous preachers dailie he preferd.

Pittie

Pittie had place within his tender hart,
As many in diſtreſſed ſtate can tell,
Whoſe hand was ready alwaies to impart
To ſuch as in behauiour vſde them well,
As manie in this Cittie walles can tell.
To fatherleſſe, the widdow and the Mayd,
His greateſt fauour neuer was denayd.

The poore with weeping wayle and wring their handes,
And ſighing ſay, gone is our chiefeſt truſt,
The priſoner poore which lies in ſorrowes bands,
Defie the Fates that cloſde thee in the duſt,
Who in thy actions was mercifull and iuſt.
And with thy purſe was ready ſtill to giue,
Their needie ſtate, thy bountie did releeue.

When they recount thy charitable deedes,
And thinke howe death hath nowe bereft their ioy,
Sad heauie lookes and teares from eyes proceedes,
Curſing fell death the cauſe of their anoy,
Which in his furie our comfort did deſtroy.
Reauing his life which might haue liued long,
Of enuious mind to doe the Commons wrong.

If cruell thou hadſt wayde our Common good,
Thou would'ſt haue ſpard to ſhred his vitall thred,
And not haue ſought ſo ſoone his peereleſſe blood,
That all the poore within thoſe gates ſhould neede.
But Siſters three with thee had ſo decreed.
That die he muſt, and death thou haſt thy right,
The liuely truncke of *Calthrop* worthy Knight.

Whom teares ne plaints, nor ſhriking wofull cries,
Can call againe vnto his former life.
His childrens mones, nor ſeruants ſorrowing noyſe,
Nor yet the plaints of his moſt louing wife,
Whoſe teares like floods from eyes hath beene as rife.
But all in vaine, entombde he muſt abide,
Untill Chriſt come his choſen to deuide.

Calthrop

Calthrop farewell, thou peere of Common weale,
Thou light to men to guide their wayes aright,
Thy vertuous worth I cannot halfe reueale,
Nor zealous life as thou deſerueſt reſite,
Of thee my quill vnable is to write.
But whilſt I liue graue *Calthrop* I will praiſe,
Whoſe iuſtice ſhind like Phæbus in her rayes.

Bleſſed art thou whom God hath pleaſde to call,
Unto his throne to reſt with him on hie,
Plaſt next his ſeate in glory eternall,
Where faithfull ſoules doth liue and neuer die,
That on the blood of Chriſt vnfained doth relie.
Amongſt which ſort, O Lord for Jeſus ſake
Accept vs all, and to thy favour take.

To famous London, ſweet Chriſt encline thine eare,
Maintaine their honour, her Lord Mayor doo bleſſe,
To Aldermen haue thou a Fathers care,
Whoſe paines are great thy Goſpell to encreaſe.
Moſt zealouſly thy name which dooth profeſſe.
Aduancing daily thy religion,
Of zeale to thee, and truth to Engliſh Crowne.

Whoſe redines for Prince and Countries good,
Is daily ſeene when ſhe in neede doth ſtand,
Their purſe their men, all bent to venture blood,
Whether to ſea, or ſeruice on the land,
Yea all alike be preſt at her commaund.
God and S. *George* our London harts ſtill ſayth,
For Countries cauſe, and Queene *Elizabeth*.

Finis. H. R.

A

HANDEFVL OF GLADSOME VERSES,

giuen to the Queenes Maiesty *at Woodstocke this Prograce,* 1592.

By

THOMAS CHVRCHYARDE.

At Oxforde printed by IOSEPH BARNES, *Printer to the Vniuersitie* 1592.

TO THE QVEENES MOST EXCELLENT *MAIESTY.*

MOſt gratious and ſacred Soueraigne, if hope of your princely fauour did not carry me beyond the compaſſe of my ordinary iudgement, I had long agoe ſurceaſed the common courſe of writing in verſe to your Maieſtie, but a ſweete and comfortable conceite of your gracious goodnes towards me, euer and at all times commanded my muſe, my pen, and vttermoſt power, to goe about no other earthly felicity then the ſeruing and pleaſing of the onely Phœnix of this world, my betters farre haue beene ful of that fortunate humor, and thriuen well thereby, & my ſelfe deſires neuer to be diſcharged of that ſweet ſeruitude, pleasāt to the mind, profitable to the body, and a ſafety for the ſoule. Now in this quenchles deſire of mine that encreaſeth a continuall thirſt to doe well, there riſeth a reſtles cogitation, making me think, that verſe, that booke, or that peece of ſeruice (as oft I haue put in practice) will be happely accepted, But beholding (moſt redoubted Queene) a multitude of people as well deſpoſed as my ſelfe, that are rūning & preaſing apace before me, ſome with rare inuentions & ſome with deep deuices to the honouring of your Maieſtie. I feare they haue carried cleane away ſo much knowledge frō me, that ther is left no deuice, nor matter to ſtudy on, ſuch is the bounty of our time, & forwardnes of their wittes which are learned, that all fine inuentions are ſmoothly reaped from my reach, & cunningly raked away from my vſe or commoditie. Then am I forced, to ſearch what ſubſtāce or ſlēder ſtuffe of poetrie lyes cowching in mine owne ſhallow head, and ſo hapning on a few voluntary rimes I haue as it were by good fortune, peeced or cōpounded vp a booke, which I cal a handful of

of gladſome verſes, God graunt they be pleaſing, but the beſt is they are deuiſed for a paſtime, inuēted for a merry conceyt, and preſented of a harmles mind, to the ſweete and ſacred conſideration of your Maieſtie. Thus hoping they ſhal haue free paſſage to your princely preſentes I pray humbly for the preſervation of your moſt Royall perſon.

Your Maieſties dutiful and loyall ſeruant,

THOMAS CHVRCHYARD.

A few voluntary verſes to the general readers.

If aged daies, had dryed vp my Muſe
As ſummer drouth, hath partcht both hearb and graſſe
Yet now compeld, my pen againe to vſe
That world ſhall ſee, my minde is as it was
Looke for no gold, when I can giue but glaſſe
My morning dew, ſun beames hath taken hence
And troubled ſprings, yeelds puddle water ſence.

Take edge away, the knife can cut no more
Hard ſtony ground, can beare but little corne
Old appels ſone, are rotten at the kore
Ne Figs nor Grapes, can come from pricking thorne
The glaſſe ſoone goes, from ſilke that long is worne
Hope for no fruit, when leaues forſake the tree
So falleth out, betweene my verſe and me.

When youth was freſh, and floriſht as a flowre
The wits were quicke, and ready to conceive
When age did frowne, and browes began to lowre
My ſkill grue ſcant, the muſes bid me leaue
Then tract of time, in head did cobwebs weaue
So rufty grew, the reaſon of the braine
And ever ſince, I loſt my Poets vaine.

What though ripe wit, be now but bare and blunt
And fine deuice, of head is farre to ſeeke
And age can not, doe that which youth was wont
And pen ſcarce makes, a verſe in halfe a weeke
And all my workes, not worth a little leeke
Yet what I doe, but bad or worthy praiſe
I neuer robd, no writer in my daies.

It

Voluntary verſes to the generall Readers.

It is mine owne, I bring to Printers Preſſe
I haue by happe, a Hatchet in my hand
To hew the wood, (let it be more or leſſe)
In what ſtrange forme, I liſt to let it ſtand
Though ſome be chips, let all be juſtly ſcand
Ne chips ne choice, nor nothing els I knew
But was well ment, and may abide the vew.

A Booke in Preſſe, that I my challenge name
Shall tell you more, of workes that I haue done
But blame me not, (ſince each man ſtriues for fame)
To holde on right, the courſe wherein I runne
I ought to weare, the cloth my fingers ſpunne
I will ſo lowd, for bookes and verſes crie
That ſure no bird, ſhall with my feathers flie.

Some Peakocks then, will ſpread their tailes no more
Small boaſt is beſt, let touchſtone trie out golde
I haue as yet, ſome tragedies in ſtore
That like Shores wife, in verſes ſhalbe tolde
Condemne no man, though he be waxen olde
A rough barkt tree, whoſe bowes but crooked grow
When ſeaſon ſerues, ſome mellowd fruit may ſhow

A greate olde Oake, long time will akornes beare
And ſmall young graffes, are long in ſprouting out
Some ſaie old wine, is liked euerie where
And all men knowes, new ale is full of grout
Old horſe goes well, young tits are much to doubt
But ſure old golde, is more eſteemd than new
No Hawke compares, with Hagard in the mew.

Old men know much, though young men cal them fooles
Old bookes are beſt, for there great learning is
Old authours too, are daily read in Schooles

New

Voluntary verſes to the generall Readers.

New ſectes are nought, old knowledge can not miſſe
Old guyes was good, and nothing like to this
Where fraude and craft, and fineneſſe all would haue
And playneſt men, can neither pole nor ſhaue.

Olde fathers built, faire Colledges good ſtore,
And gaue great goods, and landes to bring vp youth
Young men thinke ſkorne, to make of little more
And ſpends away, their thrift to tell the truth
Olde mindes were full, of mercie grace and ruth
And pitty tooke, of thoſe that ſeemd to lacke
Young gallants gay, from poore doe turne their backe.

Olde cuſtomes good, at length becam good lawes
Olde lawes are likte, and honourd of the wiſe
Good men obey, the euils olde order drawes
Newe fond delights, olde fathers did deſpiſe
In olde graue heads, great ſkill and wiſedome lies
Sounde councell comes, from age in time of neede
Olde mens aduice, is that which doth the deede.

Olde beaten waies, are readie ſtill to hit
Theſe new by-paths, leades men on many ſtiles
An old prouerbe, hath no more wordes then wit
Newe fangled heades, at each light fancie ſmiles
Olde wiſedome farre, ſurmounts young fondlings wiles
Experience is, the doctor eury daie
That carries cloſe, all knowledge cleane away.

Young houndes are fleete, the olde hunts ſlowe and true
Olde dogges bite ſore, if all his teeth be ſound
Olde auncient friends, are better then the newe
In younglings loue, there is ſmall ſuretie found
For like a toppe, fine fancie turneth round
Olde cloth or ſilke, made in our elder daies
Weares long and firme, when new things ſoon decaies.

No

Voluntary verſes to the generall Readers.

No further nowe, of age but to my taſke
I tooke in hand, to ſhewe my duety throw
Yet licker ſweete, comes none from emptie kaſke
With vargis ſowre, is fild olde barrell now
But reaſon muſt, inuent the meane and howe
I doe diſcharge, my duety as I ought
To make a booke, ſhall anſwere writers thought.

Nowe muſt my Muſe, goe borrowe if I may,
My betters workes, to fill my matter full
Tuſh world growes hard, each man will ſay me nay
Some cannot ſpare, a little locke of wooll
So greedely, for pealfe they plucke and pull
But namely ſome, ſo watch and pry for fame
That they with wordes, will hinder mens good name.

Spite is a ſparke, of fire that flies in thaire
And makes a cracke, like pouder in a dagge
Spite hides foule thoughts, in lookes and ſpeeches faire
Whoſe wordes reſts not, as long as tongue may wagge
Spite of himſelfe, will boldly boaſt and bragge
To hurt by hate, the hart that harmeles is
For ſpite like ſnake, in euery hedge can his.

Who flings a ſtone, at euery dogge that barkes
A wearie arme, is ſurelie like to haue
Though enuy ſhootes, his bolts at many markes
Pride wins not all, the glory he doth craue
Some will not giue, the dead good words in graue
Howe ſhould the quicke, then get bad worlds goodwill
When hollowe harts, but harbours hatred ſtill.

March on plaine booke, although thou paſſe the pikes
Some marſhall man, will ſaue a ſouldiers life
Holde in thy head, from thoſe that thee miſlikes

In

Voluntary verſes to the generall Readers.

In ſkornefull daies, I knowe diſdaine is rieſe
Thy gladſome verſe, ſtirs vp more mirth then ſtrife
So Prince thou pleaſe, thine owne deſire thou haſt
Come cleare from court, care not for enuies blaſt.

Thus Readers all, I bid you heere farewell
And to the Prince, a ſimple tale I tell.

FINIS.

A Handefull of Gladſome

VERSES GIVEN TO THE QUEENS
Majeſty at Woodſtocke this prograce.

I moſt preſume of all
(A boldnes more then needs)
To come where flowers ſweet ſent lets fall
And I bring nought but weeds.

But though the fountaine ſprings
From whence all learning flowes
By ſtudy great, great ſcience brings
And therewith duety ſhowes.

The barraine ground of mine
That feld ſweet roſes beares
May yeeld ſome word or pleaſant line
Shall pleaſe your Princely eares.

But as an *Oaten* pipe
When ſhepheard plaies a round
Can moue no matter of delite
By ſtrangnes of the ſound.

So verſe puft vp with quill
And cunning fleight of braine
(Where ſwift conceite conceiues at will
Some grace of Poets vaine.)

No pearſing paſſage findes
To enter as it would
In great eſtates, whoſe noble mindes
Knowes quickly glaſſe from gould.

A handfull of gladſome verſes.

A tale of plaine plowe man
That roughly runneth on
Finds frowns for fauor now and than
When gracious lokes are gone.

What meanes my Muſes weake,
In heate of humor newe:
So neere graue heads to write or ſpeake
Of things I ſeldome knewe.

As one ſtart out of ſleepe,
Tels dreames and viſions rare,
To thoſe that take of dreames no keepe,
Nor doth for fancies care.

Our engliſh Idle rimes,
To this is here compard:
Whoſe rouing reaſons often times,
Reapes nought but ſmall regard.

For learned ſages wies,
That much haue ſeene and red:
Who knowes the courſe of ſtars in ſkies,
And what may well be ſed.

And all the liberall artes,
Have at their fingers ends:
They for their giftes and ſpeciall partes,
Which God to ſcholers ſendes.

Are worthie hearing ſtill,
They bring the ſugred cuppe:
They are the nurſes of good ſkill,
That foſters children vppe.

They with the muſes talke
As all things were their owne
And like the Gods doe cloſely walke
In ſecret clouds vnknown.

Vaine

A handfull

Vaine verſes haue no power
Great vertue to perſwade
They are but bloſſomes of a flowre
(Whoſe beauty ſome doth fade)

That pleaſeth men a while,
With wordes of no great weight:
A ſpeech that may ſome eares beguile
A fine and pretty ſleight.

A ripe inuention rare,
That ſprings on deepe deuice:
But verſe is worne ſo weake and bare,
It beares but little price.

Becauſe ſo many braines,
Runnes verſes out of breath:
And poſting wits with thankeles paines,
Hath ridden rime to death.

Though Poets in time paſt,
As *Virgill* and the reſt:
Gote crownes and many a famous blaſt,
To make them hold vp creſt.

Yet moſt of them poore men,
Like byrdes but newely pluckt:
For *Ovid* that through gift of pen,
Did ſeeme that drye he ſuckt.

The ſpringes of learned lore,
He had hard hap withall:
Homer had no great golde in ſtore,
Nor worldly wealth at call.

And ſince, fewe Poets roſe,
To any worthy place:
And ſome ſcarce got meate drink & clothes
So poore was Poets caſe.

If

of gladſome verſes.

If Poets lucke be ſuch,
That daily they decline:
And writers neuer can be rich,
For all their flouriſh fine.

Then ſeeke a better trade,
And fling away thy quill:
And take a mattoke and a ſpade,
And digge downe Maulvorne hill.

Twere better labour ſo,
By ſweat of browes to liue;
Then like a threedbare Poet goe:
That hath no bread to giue.

Yet men may ſeeke to thriue,
By verſe or ſtately proſe:
Againſt ill chaunce, or ſtreame to ſtriue,
Both ſtrength and time we loſe.

Verſe well deuiſde and framde,
Wins friends and feareth foes
So writer ſhape, vnharmd or blamd,
For treading on mens toes.

Where angry cornes doth growe,
Yea verſe breedes merry bloud:
When each ſad word to world doth ſhowe
A liuely ſentence good.

Verſe maketh many knowen,
That els forgotten are:
Who brings odde verſis of their owne,
And prints no borrowd ware.

Who watcheth not their hours,
To ſteale and picke away:
From others gardens goodly flowres,
To make their poſies gay.

Thus

A handfull

Thus ſome doe borrowe much,
And then on braues doe ſtand:
A begger ſo may ſoone be rich,
Ne borne to rent nor land.

Great princes have made verſe,
And favred poetrie well:
Verſe hath a grace the clouds to pearce,
And clime where Gods doe dwell.

In verſe great vertue is,
If worke well paſſe the file:
And verſe gets grace, with that or this,
To make the Prince to ſmile.

Then many knacks we proue,
Our credite well to keepe:
And tell how Lords for Ladies loue,
Will lie all day a ſleepe.

And faine when they awake,
In verſe or letters long:
That they doe die for miſtreſſe ſake,
And ſuffer too much wrong.

A large diſcourſe thereof,
Twere good to tell in deede:
But ſome would ſay I ieſt and ſcoffe,
And ſpeake more wordes then neede.

Nay better talke of bogges,
That walkes in dead mens ſhapes:
Or tell of little pretty pogges,
As Monkies Owles and Apes

A tale of two hours long,
Blinde peoples eares to pleaſe
Nay that were like a *Syreins* ſong,
That ſhipmen heares on ſeas.

Strange

of gladſome verſes.

Strange *Farlees* fathers tolde,
Of feendes and hagges of hell:
And how that *Syrſes* when ſhe would,
Could ſkill of ſorcerie well.

And how old thin faſte wiues
That roſted crabs by night
Did tell of monſters in their liues
That now proue ſhadowes light.

And told what *Marlin* ſpoke
Of world and times to come
But all that fire doth make no ſmoke
For in mine eare doth home.

Another kinde of Bee
That ſounds a tune moſt ſtrange
A trembling noiſe, of words to me
That makes my countenance change.

Of old *Hobgoblings* guiſe
That walkt like ghoſt in ſheetes
With maides that would not early riſe
For feare of Bugs and ſpreets.

Some ſay the fayr[i]es faire
Did daunce on bednall greene,
And fine familiars of the aire
Did talke with men vnſeene.

And oft in moone ſhine nights
When each thing draws to reſt
Was ſeene dum ſhoes and vggly ſights
That feared evry gueſt.

Which lodged in the houſe
And where good cheere was great
Hodgepoke would come & drink carows
And mounch vp all the meat.

But

But where foule fluts did dwell
Who vſde to ſit vp late
And would not ſcowre their pewter well
There came a mirrie mate.

To kitchin or to haule,
Or place where ſpreets refort:
Then downe went diſh and platters all,
To make the greater ſport.

A further ſport fell out,
When they to ſpoile did fall:
Rude *Robin* good fellow the lowt,
Would ſkime the milke bowls all.

And ſearch the cream pots too,
For which poore milke maide weepes,
God wot what ſuch mad geſts will doe:
When people ſoundly ſleepes.

Then world full merry was,
And goſſips made good glee:
And men for wealth did little paſſe,
Good mindes were franke and free.

And ſome found heapes of gold,
Long hid in hollow ground:
And tript with timbrels where they would
Full many a friſking round.

Theſe are but fabuls faind,
Becauſe true ſtories old:
In doubtfull daies are more diſdaind,
Then any tale is tolde.

Theſe toies cuts of the cares,
That worldly cauſes brings:
And drawes the heauy mind vnwares,
To think on better things.

As

of gladſome verſes.

As when a may game comes,
Before a ſort of ſtates:
With morrice daunſers flutes and drums
That common weals debates.

The motion of the mirth
Though ſimple be the ſhow
May moue the ſaddeſt man on earth
To gladſome thoughts I trow.

But how farre of am I
Now brought from wit and ſence
To tell a tale ſmels like a lie
Before ſo great a Prince.

O pardon my raſh wit
Sweete Queene and ſoueraigne deare
For he that doth in heauen ſit
Knowes mine intent is cleare.

From all offence in minde
For when I tooke this taſke
Each toy and fancy head could finde
(as man diſguiſde in maſke.)

To make you laugh or ſmile
I tooke in hand to write
But now with troth another while
(And baniſh fables quite.)

My pen ſhall armed be
In this ſweete cauſe and ſoile
To ſheeld my muſe, my verſe and me
From blemiſh blot or ſoile.

Now as by heaunly grace
You paſt through many a ſheere
So Roial Prince this auncient place
Hath hap to haue you heere.

A handfull

Old *Woodſtocke* houſe is glad
It ſhall haue ſtone and lime
That long with *Iuy* hath bin clad
To ſhew the ruen of time.

This ſeat nay ſure this ſhrine,
That thouſands now doth praiſe:
That did preſerue, by power diuine
The *Phœnix* of our daies.

And in a cruell age,
When might did right great wrong:
This houſe was made the Phœnix cage,
And held her here ſo long.

That no proude tyrants power,
Had force to touch her then:
True harted people eury houre,
And prayers of good men.

Kept Phœnix ſafe and ſound,
And brought her to the crowne:
Who doth in vertues ſo abound
Shee raignes with great renowne.

And further flies her fame,
And ſpreads for gifts moſt rare:
Then all the princes we can name,
Let foes ſpeake what they dare.

Nowe humble ſubjects true,
Whereof you haue great ſtore:
A triple crowne, preſents to you,
Of fame for euer more.

And ſuch as neuer ſawe,
Your Maieſtie till nowe:
Full neare the coatch do daily drawe,
We ſee wherefore and howe.

The

of gladſome verſes.

The people ſwarmes like Bees
When Prince abroad doth ride :
And ſome climes vp to tops of trees,
As ſoone as ſhee is ſpied.

Yea ſuch as ſaw her firſt
Doe after trudge a maine
Who haue in hart, ſo great a thirſt
To ſee her once againe.

That they ſtand gazing ſtill
Afreſh on *Phœnix* face
As though they neuer had there fill
Of looking on her grace.

Comes this of cuſtome old
That ſubiects ows a King
No ſure it rather doth vnfolde
An inward ſecreet thing.

Of kindely zeale they beare
By nature not by art
Ioynd faſt with duty loue and feare
That flowes from faithfull hart.

A ſpeciall warme goodwill
For neuer King was ſeene
More truely ſerude, more followd ſtill
More honoured then our Queene.

Some noble cauſe there is
That workes ſuch wonder now
Then who hath ſence to vew of this
And can ſearch cauſes throw.

Diſcus this cauſe a right
But if world credit me
In liuely ſort, and open ſight
I doe ſuch graces ſee.

In

A handfull of

In your moſt gratious raigne
That daily ſhines ſo cleare
As neuer none ſhall reach or ſtaine
Nor euer could come neare.

This grace which God doth giue
Whereon great graces groe
Makes Prince loue peace and long to liue
And long a prograſſe goe.

This grace great Ioue hath ſent
To garde your grace from harme
That Practiſe foule, nor falſe intent
Nor wordes nor deedes nor charme.

Nor forraine force nor warres
Nor proude attempts ſhall feare
For God that guides ſun moone and ſtars
Shall ſaue you eury where.

O ſacred Soueraigne ſweete,
Our faire red roſe and white
We fall on knees at *Ceſars* feete
To ſee our worlds delite.

And on her life depend
That now the ſworde doth ſwaie
The Lord of hoſts doth her defend
In ſuch a kinde of way.

That nothing may impeach
Her heaunly graces great
For ſure it paſſeth human reach
To touch her ſacred ſeat.

of gladſome verſes.

So raigne good Queene in reſt
Full free from all anoye,
As one the Lord aboue hath bleſt,
To be all Englandes ioye.

FINIS.

Verſe

Verſe of variety to all thoſe that honors the onely Phœnix *of the worlde, which verſes are but xx. lines and hath in them* ten waies, finde out the ſame who *pleaſeth.*

My Phœnix *feathers faire*, as Phebus beames beſpreades the ſkie
Shades face from partching aire, in hoat extreames and wether dry
[Tha]t by the aire ſhee liues, dame kinde her ſelfe will haue it ſo
And life and breath ſhee giues, as farre as Phœnix force may go
To them ſhee lifts aduance, the faurets of our happy time
On whom her eie doth glance, vnto the clowds ſhee makes them clime
But where doth Phœnix frowne, as fortunes wheele were turned quite
She flings proud Pecockes downe, ſome fauls in laſh and worlds deſpite
As Eagle mounting ſkies, in roiall ſort like ſtately king
Doth daunt each bird that flies, if hee but clap his featherd winge
And where hee lifts to pray, on any foule that life doth beare
No Hawks makes flight that day, nor dare come well in preſens there)
So Phœnix in her guies, with princely pompe as you may ſee,
Doth dazell cleareſt eies, and dailye conquers each degree:
And ſtrikes baſe people blinde, that makes their God of worldly droſſe:
Who beares no noble minde, and digges and delues for mucke and moſſe:
Wherefore you courtiers nowe, the prime and buds of youthfull bliſſe:
Confeſſe your duetie throwe, if you can iudge what vertue is.
But one in theſe our daies, and ſhee a Queene nowe note it well:
Deſerues immortall praiſe, that doth in worthy Brittaine dwell.

A WISHED REFORMACION OF *wicked Rebellion.*

Nevvly ſet foorth by *Thomas Churchyard* Eſquier.

¶ IMPRINTED AT LONDON by Thomas Eſte dwelling in Alderſgate ſtreete. 1598.

To all the right noble of birth or mynd, with the true hartted Gentlemen and loyall ſubiects of England, Thomas Churchyard wiſheth heuenly happineſſe, with worldly honour, reſt, peace and parfait felicite.

MOeſt worthy, vertuos, honourable and well diſpoſed people of all degrees, whoes goodnes and wiſdom I dowt not but haue offtten ballanced in breſt the terryble trobuls & broyls, that treſon, & rebellion hath broght to many quyet kingdoms, by parrelos practiſes, proud attempts, and ſedicios diſorders, a ſoer peſtilent ſicknes that breeds many dangeros deffects in a publyck ſtaet. If ithear wear no other preſident maek Ierland an example, what curſed callamitees aer ſet a broetch by theas wicked and vnwelcom cawſis, canckers in a common weall, blayns and botchis in a ſound body, and gnawing worms and caetter pillars to euery honeſt hart. If a wyes world accownts theas rotten byells no better, how ſhuld a true wrytter giue them any better naem. Wherefore I pray you with pacience and ſweet conſitheracion (and no ſowre ſenſſuer) read what followeth in mield manner of vers, albeit ſomwhat byetting the gawlls of ſuch, whoes wounds cannot bee healed but with ſom ſharp and ſerching medſon: thear is ment by the wryttars good will, a ſodayn wiſhed reformacion of wicked rebellion & ouer great boldnes, that ſhuld maek them bloeſh that aer actters and doers in theas tragecall commedies and mizerable Pagants, I craue but your good iuegments and layzer to loek with frindly eyes on the verſis that wear well ment and louingly offred.

Thomas Churchyard.

A wiſhed reformacion, of wicked rebellion.

GOod men wear glad, at Gods great glorie ſeen,
(By ſpeſhall grace) on Englands ioy to ſhyen,
Which grace prezarued, our quinttesenſſed Queen,
That ſkaeped ſaef, from ſkaeth throw power deuien,
O falls forſworn, what ear you aer giue place,
To mightty Iovs, Lieftenant heer on earth,
O hatefull flock, of traytors heid your face,
From rightfull Kings, and Queens well boern by byrth,
Fy tretcheros traſh, that wind will blo a way,
Pluck vp your ſight, and ſee your own decay.

Haue you not hard, how birds of theayr diſcloes,
Fowll treaſons oft, and brings traytors to ſhaem,
His conſhence doth, condemp him whear hee goes,
That ſeeks to torn, a Kingdom out of fraem,
Cowncell a broed, and bad deuice at hoem,
Ritches ill won, and gold that enmies giue,
Baerfoet lyek freers, to wrangling Roem may roem,
In England long, heer may no traytors liue,
O Jezuwits, can you your ſelus eſkus,
Whan Iheſus naem, and Doctrin you abues.

Hee

A wiſhed reformacion,

Hee preached peace, you ſow diſcord and war,
All duety done, to Sezar Cryſt dyd lyek,
But you in rage, and errors run ſo far,
Yee care not whom, ye poyſon kill or ſtryek,
A ſhameleſſe ſwarm, off Seminaries now,
Diſgiſd lyek dogges, that whine beefore they bite,
Fills euery towne, with truthleſſe traytors throw,
Whoes words lyke ſwords, are ready drawne to ſmite,
But blo of Axe, comes oft ere they bee waer,
And ſtryeks of head, and leaues the body baer.

All ſpeeds a lyek, and all comes to one end,
Hee dyes to day, next moern his fellow goes,
No warning ſarues, nor may the miſchiefe mend,
So faſt and far, the floods of folly floes.
Runs ore the brym, beeyond obedience bounds,
Tears vp great trees, and throwes good houſes downe,
Harms common weales, maeks cuerles ſoers & wounds,
And cuts them off, that ought ſarue prince and crowne,
What win you then, when lyues of many a man,
Are ſpilt and loſt, ſince you theas broyls beeganne.

To ryed in poeſt, from Spayne to Tybron ſtreight,
Is ſure a knack, of coofnaeg in a coerd,
Some Swyngars ſay, hanging is but a ſleight,
Yet drawing ſuer, and quatring is aboerd,
Of honeſt harts? Fy helhounds hunt no moer,
Among true men, your haunt is ſoen eſpyed,
To bee truſt vp, and get no thank therfoer,
Is boldneſſe great, ſo lyek a traytor tryed,
O England wayll, the baebs boern in thy woem,
Who neuer brings, no better fruet from Roem.

Poyſons do mutch, but murthers ſmell of ſmoek,
(A fit perfuem, for plutoes fellows all)
They are ſent ore, vnder a conning cloek,
To ſhrowd a plaeg, that one ſome ſhoulders fall,

The

Of wicked rebellion.

The Sacrament, firſt traytors muſt receiue,
To doo fowll deeds? is that relygion good,
Fy on that fayth, that ſhall mans ſowll diſceaue,
By bold attempts, and bathing hands in blood,
Without eſkues, theas faults muſt ſuffer blaem,
(In ſecret ſayd;) aut come to open ſhaem.

Treaſons do end, with plaegs and ſkorgis great,
A iuſt reward, for wilfull fowll offence,
Than what is won, by bloddy angers heat,
As Iudas ſold, our Chriſt for thritty pens,
Hee hangd himſelf, for doing ſuch a deed,
The law loeks well, on all thoes diuliſh drifts,
Which coms to nought, for ſtrangly ſtill they ſpeed,
That wold gro great, By cruell ſhaemles ſhifts,
Death hell and fier, at heells doth follow thoes,
That from the prince, and ſtaet a gadding goes.

No Kingdom ſhoes, ſo many rebells yet, . . . oets
Althoguh a Freer, in France wold fellows haue, of [re]bells.[1]
Yee run ſo far, with ouer weening wit,
For traytors wants, the powre to powll and ſhaue,
Or cut our throets, ſharp razors how you may,
Tiem tells vs taells, of all your practyes throw,
Then fly hens foells, your deeds do you beewray,
Fowll murther brings, your naems in queſtion now,
Eſkaep in noen, but only throw the pyeks,
For all the world, your doings mutch mislyeks.

Kill oen kill all, Kill all, firſt hang your ſelus,
So allis ſaeff, for hee that all doth ſee,
Loeks down on thoes, that dayly digs and delus,
To ſaue from harms, all ſuch as harmles bee,
So on thoes props, that holds vp publyek ſtaet,
He loeks and doth, thearin as hee doth pleas,
And for a pawne, hee gius you all check maet,

[1] This marginal note is partly cut off.

Boern

A wiſhed reformacion, of wicked rebellion.

Boern heer at hoem, or bred beeyond the ſeas,
Than think on all, you wiſh to ouerthrow,
So is your fall, moer neerar than you know.

For as you wiſh, a change for hired cauſe,
So eury ſtaet, haets thoes that traytors bee,
No frinds you find, in common world or lawſe,
Whear conſtant fayth, your changing minds may ſee,
Think you our world, Loues traytors half ſo well,
That children wieus, and goods they do forget,
And will loes land, and houſis whear they dwell,
And roet vp all, vntyemly twigs to ſet?
Goe bloody brood, hatcht vp in rebell rowt,
Hyed heads in hoells, elſe world will find you out.

God may conuert, vyell men from vicyous arts,
Reform the mind, the body vertuous groes,
When ſhaem maeks bluſh, the face that playes bad parts,
Gods grace will work, moer goodneſſe then man knoes,
Ill lyef foer thought, fils hart with hoep and grace,
Repentance brings, ſweet reſt and bleſſings boeth,
Obedience fraems, a conſience in good cace,
True feare and loue, delights in loyall troeth,
But who ſeeks blood, in blood ſhall glotted bee;
And his own end, by blood ſhall quickly ſee.

I can but wiſh, the wicked wear reform'd,
And all the ruſt, and kancker ſkowred clean,
If no, bee ſure, thear madneſſe will bee worm'd,
And troblos tongs, bee tawght to ſing a mean,
Thear poyſonings aer, reueald by thear own crue,
Thear treaſons hath, no powre to paſſe vnknown,
Sediſhoes books, and ſawſſy lybols nue,
In fier and flaem, aer vtterly oerthrown,
Themſelues in dowbt, of death and daunger ſtill,
Vnder Gods wrath, and rightfull Princes will.

Finis qd. Thomas Churchyard.